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## VINDICATORY STANZAS.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

Whate'er I am, whatever sign I wear upon my sleeve,  
Whatever creed my inmost heart may teach me to believe,  
Woe ever right I recognise, whatever wrong endure,  
I ne'er can yield my honest love for freedom and the poor.

The lowly and the suffering,—the life-blood of the earth,—  
I'm one of them; to one of them I owe my children's birth;  
And in my after years of life, however high my state,  
I never can forget to feel for their unhappy fate.

For freedom did I say! Ah, yes! for freedom just and true,  
But not the lawless monster of the rancour-breathing few  
Who glide like serpents into hearts by toil and sorrow torn;—  
On them and their unholy deeds I fling my proudest scorn!

Freedom, whose law is order, and whose action, wide and strong,  
Can raise the wretched from the dust, and quell the rebel throng,—  
Can weigh, adjust, withhold, bestow, with calm and steady hand,  
And work in beauty, peace, and truth, for all within the land.

The poetry of England, in all its forms and hues;—  
The glowing words, the living thoughts of her transcendent muse;—  
The poetry that clings around her temples, halls, and towers,  
And nestles in the sylvan depths of all her vales and bowers;—

The poetry that clothes alike the cottage and the throne,  
And speaks from every classic haunt with high, majestic tone;—  
Those have my deepest reverence, in these my thoughts rejoice;  
"But the poetry of poverty should have a fitting voice."

It hath a voice, a stirring voice, sent from a thousand tongues,—  
From hearts that wish for all its rights, and feel for all its wrongs;  
'Tis not the voice of fierce complaint, loud insolence, and threat,  
But that of calm, persuasive power,—the best and surest yet.

And mine, too, feeble though it be, and of a fitful sound,  
But still the echo of a heart of sympathies profound,  
Shall sometimes mingle with the rest, in pain or peril's hour,  
To warn, teach, cheer, and elevate,—if such may be its power.

Perchance my lay hath ever been unsuited to the ear  
Of those who feast on fiery thought, on bitter taunt and jeer;  
But I am not of those who deem that words unwise and wild  
Can win one blessing for the poor, or make men reconciled.

A little song of cheerfulness, to make their labours light;  
A strain to open out their souls, and make them think aright;  
A lesson which may lead them on to mend their common weal;  
But not the stern anathema of false and fiery zeal.

There are, who with a puny pride my outward errors scan;  
Alas! what little power is theirs to judge the inner man!  
They think that my poor yielding heart, that impulse yet controls,  
Is narrow as their sympathies, and niggard as their souls.

Could they but read the hidden book, the life-book in my breast,  
With sorrows, which they never knew, a thousand-fold impress'd,—  
Could they but see its sentiments, its yearnings, love, and trust,  
And weigh its good against the ill, they could not but be just.

But that is not for them; and I dare not presume to claim  
More virtues than the lowliest who bear a human name;  
But in this world where men applaud, mistake, misjudge, condemn,  
I only ask that charity which I would give to them.

There's good in all things, and 'tis ours to seek it everywhere,  
And, when 'tis found, to honour it, and cherish it with care;  
There's good in all the various forms of still and stirring life,  
For all the boundless universe with excellence is rife.

And man hath always something good, or be he high or low  
In circumstance or intellect, in happiness or woe;  
His errors pity and remove, with mild and manly will,  
And be his higher gifts your care and admiration still.

My badge is that which singles me from out the lower clay;  
My motto, hope and thankfulness for blessings day by day;  
My creed, that holy creed of love which Christ himself has given,  
My party, all who walk the earth anticipating heaven!

## EARL OF CHATHAM.

From the Last Edinburgh Review.—[Continued.]

Fox had many noble and amiable qualities, which in private life shone forth in full lustre, and made him dear to his children, to his dependents, and to his friends; but as a public man he had no title to esteem. In him the vices which were common to the whole school of Walpole appeared, not perhaps in their worst, but certainly in their most prominent form; for his parliamentary and official talents made all his faults conspicuous. His courage, his vehement temper, his contempt for appearances, led him to display much that others, quite as unscrupulous as himself, covered with a decent veil. He was the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he sinned less.

He felt his unpopularity; but he felt it after the fashion of strong minds.

He became, not cautious, but reckless, and faced the rage of the whole nation with a scowl of inflexible defiance. He was born with a sweet and generous temper; but he had been goaded and baited into a savageness which was not natural to him, and which amazed and shocked those who knew him best. Such was the man to whom Bute, in extreme need, applied for succour.

Such succour Fox was not unwilling to afford. Though by no means of an envious temper, he had undoubtedly contemplated the success and popularity of Pitt with bitter mortification. He thought himself Pitt's match as a debater, and Pitt's superior as a man of business. They had long been regarded as well paired rivals. They had started fair in the career of ambition. They had long run side by side. At length Fox had taken the lead, and Pitt had fallen behind. Then had come a sudden turn of fortune, like that in Virgil's foot race. Fox had stumbled in the mire, and had not only been defeated, but befouled. Pitt had reached the goal, and received the prize. The emoluments of the Pay-Office might induce the defeated statesman to submit in silence to the ascendancy of his competitor, but could not satisfy a mind conscious of great powers, and sore from great vexations. As soon, therefore, as a party arose adverse to the war and to the supremacy of the great war-minister, the hopes of Fox began to revive. His feuds with the Princess Mother, with the Scots, with the Tories, he was ready to forget, if, by the help of his old enemies, he could now regain the importance which he had lost, and confront Pitt on equal terms.

The alliance was, therefore, soon concluded. Fox was assured that, if he would pilot the government out of its embarrassing situation, he should be rewarded with a peerage, of which he had long been desirous. He undertook on his side to obtain, by fair or foul means, a vote in favour of the peace. In consequence of this arrangement he became leader of the House of Commons; and Grenville, stifling his vexation as well as he could, sullenly acquiesced in the change.

Fox had expected that his influence would secure to the court the cordial support of some eminent Whigs who were his personal friends, particularly of the Duke of Cumberland and of the Duke of Devonshire. He was disappointed, and soon found that, in addition to all his other difficulties, he must reckon on the opposition of the ablest prince of the blood, and of the great house of Cavendish.

But he had pledged himself to win the battle; and he was not a man to go back. It was no time for squeamishness. Bute was made to comprehend that the ministry could be saved only by practising the tactics of Walpole to an extent at which Walpole himself would have stared. The Pay-Office was turned into a mart for votes. Hundreds of members were closeted there with Fox, and, as there is too much reason to believe, departed carrying with them the wages of infamy. It was affirmed by persons who had the best opportunities of obtaining information, that twenty-five thousand pounds were thus paid away in a single morning. The lowest bribe given, it was said, was a bank-note for two hundred pounds.

Intimidation was joined with corruption. All ranks, from the highest to the lowest, were to be taught that the King would be obeyed. The Lords-Lieutenant of several counties were dismissed. The Duke of Devonshire was especially singled out as the victim by whose fate the magnates of England were to be warned. His wealth, rank, and influence, his stainless private character, and the constant attachment of his family to the House of Hanover, did not secure him from gross personal indignity. It was known that he disapproved of the course which the government had taken; and it was accordingly determined to humble the Prince of the Whigs, as he had been nicknamed by the Princess Mother. He went to the palace to pay his duty. "Tell him," said the King to a page, "that I will not see him." The page hesitated. "Go to him," said the King, "and tell him those very words." The message was delivered. The Duke tore off his gold key, and went away boiling with anger. His relations who were in office instantly resigned. A few days later, the King called for the list of privy-councillors, and with his own hand struck out the Duke's name.

In this step there was at least courage, though little wisdom or good-nature. But as nothing was too high for the revenge of the court, so also was nothing too low. A persecution, such as had never been known before and has never been known since, raged in every public department. Great numbers of humble and laborious clerks were deprived of their bread, not because they neglected their duties, not because they had taken an active part against the ministry, but merely because they had owed their situations to the recommendation of some nobleman or gentleman who was against the peace. The proscription extended to tide-waiters, to gaugers, to doorkeepers. One poor man to whom a pension had been given for his gallantry in a fight with smugglers, was deprived of it because he had been befriended by the Duke of Grafton. An aged widow, who, on account of her husband's services in the navy, had, many years before, been made housekeeper to a public office, was dismissed from her situation, because it was imagined that she was distantly connected by marriage with the Cavendish family. The public clamour, as may well be supposed, grew daily louder and louder. But the louder it grew, the more resolutely did Fox go on with the work which he had begun. His old friends could not conceive what had possessed him. "I could forgive," said the Duke of Cumberland, "Fox's political vagaries, but I am quite confounded by his inhumanity. Surely he used to be the best-natured of men."

At last Fox went so far as to take a legal opinion on the question, whether the patents granted by George the Second were binding on George the Third. It is said, that if his colleagues had not flinched, he would at once have turned out the tellers of the Exchequer and justices in Eyre.

Meanwhile the Parliament met. The ministers, more hated by the people than ever, were secure of a majority, and they had also reason to hope that they would have the advantage in the debates as well as in the divisions. For



Pitt was confined to his chamber by a severe attack of gout. His friends moved to defer the consideration of the treaty till he should be able to attend. But the motion was rejected. The great day arrived. The discussion had lasted some time, when a loud huzza was heard in Palace-yard. The noise came nearer and nearer, up the stairs, through the lobby. The door opened, and from the midst of a shouting multitude came forth Pitt, borne in the arms of his attendants. His face was thin and ghastly, his limbs swathed in flannel, his crutch in his hand. The bearers set him down within the bar. His friends instantly surrounded him, and with their help he crawled to his seat near the table. In this condition he spoke three hours and a half against the peace. During that time he was repeatedly forced to sit down and to use cordials. It may be supposed that his voice was faint, that his actions were languid, and that his speech, though occasionally brilliant and impressive, was feeble when compared with his best oratorical performances. But those who remembered what he had done, and who saw what he suffered, listened to him with emotion stronger than any mere eloquence can produce. He was unable to stay for the division, and was carried away from the House amidst shouts loud as those which had announced his arrival.

A large majority approved the peace. The exultation of the court was boundless. "Now," exclaimed the Princess Mother, "my son is really King." The young sovereign spoke of himself as freed from the bondage in which his grandfather had been held. On one point it was announced, his mind was unalterably made up. Under no circumstances whatever should those Whig grandees, who had enslaved his predecessors and endeavoured to enslave himself, be restored to power.

His vaunting was premature. The real strength of the favourite was by no means proportioned to the number of votes which he had, on one particular division, been able to command. He was soon again in difficulties. The most important part of his budget was a tax on cider. This measure was opposed not only by those who were generally hostile to his administration, but also by many of his supporters. The name of excise had always been hateful to the Tories. One of the chief crimes of Walpole, in their eyes, had been his partiality for this mode of raising money. The Tory Johnson had in his Dictionary given so scurrilous a definition of the word 'excise,' that the Commissioners of excise had seriously thought of prosecuting him. The counties which the new impost particularly affected had always been Tory counties. It was the boast of John Philips, the poet of the English vintage, that the Cider-land had ever been faithful to the throne, and that all the pruning-hooks of her thousand orchards had been beaten into swords for the service of the ill-fated Stuarts. The effect of Bute's fiscal scheme was to produce an union between the gentry and yeomanry of the Cider-land and the Whigs of the capital. Herefordshire and Worcestershire were in a flame. The city of London, though not so directly interested, was, if possible, still more excited. The debates on this question irreparably damaged the government. Dashwood's financial statement had been confused and absurd beyond belief, and had been received by the House with roars of laughter. He had sense enough to be conscious of his unfitness for the high situation which he held, and exclaimed, in a comical fit of despair, 'What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street, and cry, "There goes the worst chancellor of the exchequer that ever was."'" George Grenville came to the rescue, and spoke strongly on his favourite theme, the profusion with which the late war had been carried on. That profusion, he said, had made taxes necessary. He called on the gentlemen opposite to him to say where they would have a tax laid, and dwelt on this topic with his usual prolixity. "Let them tell me where," he repeated, in a monotonous and somewhat fretful tone. "I say, sir, let them tell where. I repeat it, sir; I am entitled to say to them—tell me where." Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of well known song, 'Gentle shepherd, tell me where.' "If," cried Grenville, "gentlemen are to be treated in this way"—Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage, and everybody else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of the gentle shepherd.

But the ministry had vexations still more serious to endure. The hatred which the Tories and Scots bore to Fox was implacable. In a moment of extreme peril, they had consented to put themselves under his guidance. But the aversion with which they regarded him broke forth as soon as the crisis seemed to be over. Some of them attacked him about the accounts of the Pay-Office. Some of them rudely interrupted him when speaking, by laughter and ironical cheers. He was naturally desirous to escape from so disagreeable a situation, and demanded the peerage which had been promised as the reward of his services.

It was clear that there must be some change in the composition of the ministry. But scarcely any, even of those who, from their situation, might be supposed to be in all the secrets of the government, anticipated what really took place. To the amazement of the Parliament and the nation, it was suddenly announced that Bute had resigned.

Twenty different explanations of this strange step were suggested. Some attributed it to profound design, and some to sudden panic. Some said that the lampoons of the opposition had driven the Earl from the field; some that he had taken office only in order to bring the war to a close, and had always meant to retire when that object had been accomplished. He publicly assigned ill-health as his reason for quitting business, and privately complained that he was not cordially seconded by his colleagues; and that Lord Mansfield, in particular, whom he had himself brought into the cabinet, gave him no support in the House of Peers. Lord Mansfield was, indeed, far too sagacious not to perceive that Bute's situation was one of great peril, and far too timorous to thrust himself into peril for the sake of another. The probability, however, is, that Bute's conduct on this occasion, like the conduct of most men on most occasions, was determined by mixed motives. We suspect that he was sick of office; for this is a feeling much more common among ministers than persons who see public life from a distance are disposed to believe. And nothing could be more natural than that this feeling should take possession of the mind of Bute. In general, a statesman climbs by slow degrees. Many laborious years elapse before he reaches the topmost pinnacle of preferment. In the earliest part of his career, therefore, he is constantly lured on by seeing something above him. During his ascent he gradually becomes inured to the annoyances which belong to a life of ambition. By the time that he has attained the highest point, he has become patient of labour and callous of abuse. He is kept constant to his vocation, in spite of all its discomforts, at first by hope, and at last by habit. It was not so with Bute. His whole public life lasted little more than two years. On the day on which he became a politician he became a cabinet minister. In a few months he was, both in name and in show, chief of

the administration. Greater than he had been he could not be. If what he already possessed was vanity and vexation of spirit, no delusion remained to entice onward. He had been cloyed with the pleasures of ambition before he had been seasoned to its pains. His habits had not been such as were likely to fortify his mind against obloquy and public hatred. He had reached his forty-eighth year in dignified ease, without knowing, by personal experience, what it was to be ridiculed and slandered. All at once, without any previous initiation, he had found himself exposed to such a storm of invective and satire as had never burst on the head of any statesman. The emoluments of office were now nothing to him; for he had just succeeded to a princely property by the death of his father-in-law. All the honours which could be bestowed on him he had already secured. He had obtained the Garter for himself, and a British peerage for his son. He seems also to have imagined, that by quitting the treasury he should escape from danger and abuse without really resigning power, and should still be able to exercise in private supreme influence over the royal mind.

Whatever may have been his motives, he retired. Fox at the same time took refuge in the House of Lords; and George Grenville became first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

We believe that those who made this arrangement fully intended that Grenville should be a mere puppet in the hands of Bute; for Grenville was as yet very imperfectly known even to those who had observed him long. He passed for a mere official drudge; and he had all the industry, the minute accuracy, the formality, the tediousness, which belong to the character. But he had other qualities which had not yet shown themselves—devouring ambition, dauntless courage, self-confidence, amounting to presumption, and a temper which could not endure opposition. He was not disposed to be anybody's tool; and he had no attachment, political or personal, to Bute. The two men had, indeed, nothing in common, except a strong propensity towards harsh and unpopular courses. Their principles were fundamentally different.

Bute was a Tory. Grenville would have been very angry with any person who should have denied his claim to be a Whig. He was more prone to tyrannical measures than Bute; but he loved tyranny only when disguised under the forms of constitutional liberty. He mixed up, after a fashion then not very unusual, the theories of the republicans of the seventeenth century with the technical maxims of English law, and thus succeeded in combining anarchical speculation with arbitrary practice. The voice of the people was the voice of God; but the only legitimate organ through which the voice of the people could be uttered was the Parliament. All power was from the people; but to the Parliament the whole power of the people had been delegated. No Oxonian divine had ever, even in the years which immediately followed the Restoration, demanded for the King so abject, so unreasoning a homage, as Grenville, on what he considered as the purest Whig principles, demanded for the Parliament. As he wished to see the Parliament despotic over the nation, so he wished to see it also despotic over the court. In his view, the prime minister, possessed of the confidence of the House of Commons, ought to be mayor of the palace. The King was a mere Childeric or Chilperic, who might well think himself lucky in being permitted to enjoy such handsome apartments at St. James's, and so fine a park at Windsor.

Thus the opinions of Bute and those of Grenville were diametrically opposed. Nor was there any private friendship between the two statesmen. Grenville's nature was not forgiving; and he well remembered how, a few months before, he had been compelled to yield the lead of the House of Commons to Fox.

We are inclined to think, on the whole, that the worst administration which has governed England since the Revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads, outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the crown.

He began by making war on the press. John Wilkes, member of parliament for Aylesbury, was singled out for persecution. Wilkes had, till very lately, been known chiefly as one of the most profane, licentious, and agreeable rakes about town. He was a man of taste, reading, and engaging manners. His sprightly conversation was the delight of green-rooms and taverns, and pleased even grave hearers when he was sufficiently under restraint to abstain from detailing the particulars of his amours, and from breaking jests on the New Testament. His expensive debaucheries forced him to have recourse to the Jews. He was soon a ruined man, and determined to try his chance as a political adventurer. In parliament he did not succeed. His speaking, though pert, was feeble, and by no means interested his hearers so much as to make them forget his face, which was so hideous that the caricaturists were forced, in their own despite, to flatter him. As a writer, he made a better figure. He set up a weekly paper, called the North Briton. This journal, written with some pleasantry, and great audacity and impudence, had a considerable number of readers. Forty-four numbers had been published when Bute resigned; and, though almost every number had contained matter grossly libellous, no prosecution had been instituted. The forty-fifth number was innocent when compared with the majority of those which had preceded it, and indeed contained nothing so strong as may now be found daily in the leading articles of the Times and Morning Chronicle. But Grenville was now at the head of affairs. A new spirit had been infused into the administration. Authority was to be upheld. The government was no longer to be braved with impunity. Wilkes was arrested under a general warrant, conveyed to the Tower, and confined there with circumstances of unusual severity. His papers were seized, and carried to the Secretary of State. These harsh and illegal measures produced a violent out-break of popular rage, which was soon changed to delight and exultation. The arrest was pronounced unlawful by the Court of Common Pleas, in which Chief-Justice Pratt presided, and the prisoner was discharged. The victory over the government was celebrated both in London and the Cider-countries.

While the ministers were daily becoming more odious to the nation, they were doing their best to make themselves also odious to the court. They gave the King plainly to understand that they were determined not to be Lord Bute's creatures, and exacted a promise that no secret adviser should have access to the royal ear. They soon found reason to suspect that this promise had not been observed. They remonstrated in terms less respectful than their master had been accustomed to hear, and gave him a fortnight to make his choice between his favourite and his cabinet.

George the Third was greatly disturbed. He had but a few weeks before exulted in his deliverance from the yoke of the great Whig connection. He even declared that his honour would not permit him ever again to admit the members of that connection to his service. He now found that he had only exchanged one set of masters for another set still harsher and more imperious. In his distress he thought of Pitt. From Pitt it was possible that better terms



might be obtained than either from Grenville, or from the party of which Newcastle was the head.

Grenville, on his return from an excursion into the country, repaired to Buckingham House. He was astonished to find at the entrance a chair, the shape of which was well known to him, and indeed to all London. It was distinguished by a large boot, made for the purpose of accommodating the great Commoner's gouty leg. Grenville guessed the whole. His brother-in-law was closeted with the King. Bute, provoked by what he considered as the unfriendly and ungrateful conduct of his successors, had himself proposed that Pitt should be summoned to the palace.

Pitt had two audiences in two successive days. What passed at the first interview led him to expect that the negotiation would be brought to a satisfactory close; but on the morrow he found the King less complying. The best account, indeed the only trustworthy account of the conference, is that which was taken from Pitt's own mouth by Lord Hardwicke. It appears that Pitt strongly represented the importance of conciliating those chiefs of the Whig party who had been so unhappy as to incur the royal displeasure. They had, he said, been the most constant friends of the House of Hanover. Their power and credit were great; they had been long versed in public business. If they were to be under sentence of exclusion, a solid administration could not be formed. His Majesty could not bear to think of putting himself into the hands of those whom he had recently chased from his court with the strongest marks of anger. 'I am sorry, Mr. Pitt,' he said, 'but I see this will not do. My honour is concerned. I must support my honour.' How his Majesty succeeded in supporting his honour we shall soon see.

Pitt retired, and the King was reduced to request the ministers whom he had been on the point of discharging, to remain in office. During the two years which followed, Grenville, now closely leagued with the Bedfords, was the master of the court; and a hard master he proved. He knew that he was kept in place only because there was no choice except between himself and the Whigs. That, under any circumstances, the Whigs would be forgiven, he thought impossible. The late attempt to get rid of him had roused his resentment; the failure of that attempt had liberated him from all fear. He had never been very courtly. He now began to hold a language, to which, since the days of Cornet Joyce and President Bradshaw, no English King had been compelled to listen.

In one matter, indeed, Grenville, at the expense of justice and liberty, gratified the passions of the court while gratifying his own. The persecution of Wilkes was eagerly pressed. He had written a parody on Pope's Essay on Man, entitled the Essay on Woman, and had appended to it notes, in ridicule of Warburton's famous Commentary.

This composition was exceedingly profligate, but not more so, we think, than some of Pope's own works—the imitation of the second satire of the first book of Horace, for example; and, to do Wilkes justice, he had not, like Pope, given his ribaldry to the world. He had merely printed at a private press a very small number of copies, which he meant to present to some of his boon companions, whose morals were in no more danger of being corrupted by a loose book, than a negro of being tamed by a warm sun. A tool of the government, by giving a bribe to the printer, procured a copy of this trash, and placed it in the hands of the ministers. The ministers resolved to visit Wilkes's offence against decorum with the utmost rigour of the law. What share piety and respect for morals had in dictating this resolution, our readers may judge from the fact, that no person was more eager for bringing the libertine poet to punishment than Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. On the first day of the session of Parliament, the book, thus disgracefully obtained, was laid on the table of the Lords by the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Bedford's interest had made Secretary of State. The unfortunate author had not the slightest suspicion that his licentious poem had ever been seen, except by his printer and by a few of his dissipated companions, till it was produced in full Parliament. Though he was a man of easy temper, averse from danger, and not very susceptible of shame, the surprise, the disgrace, the prospect of utter ruin, put him beside himself. He picked a quarrel with one of Lord Bute's dependents, fought a duel, was seriously wounded, and, when half recovered, fled to France. His enemies had now their own way, both in the Parliament, and in the King's Bench. He was censured; expelled from the House of Commons; outlawed. His works were ordered to be burned by the common hangman. Yet was the multitude still true to him. In the minds even of many moral and religious men, his crime seemed light when compared with the crime of his accusers. The conduct of Sandwich, in particular, excited universal disgust. His own vices were notorious; and, only a fortnight before he laid the Essay on Woman before the House of Lords, he had been drinking and singing loose catches with Wilkes at one of the most dissolute clubs in London. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, the Beggar's Opera was acted at Covent Garden theatre. When Macheath uttered the words—'That Jemmy Twitchee should peach me I own surprised me,'—pit, boxes and galleries, burst into a roar which seemed likely to bring the roof down. From that day Sandwich was universally known by the nick name of Jemmy Twitchee. The ceremony of burning the North Briton was interrupted by a riot. The constables were beaten; the paper was rescued; and, instead of it, a jack-boot and a petticoat were committed to the flames. Wilkes had instituted an action for the seizure of his papers, against the under-secretary of state. The jury gave a thousand pounds damages. But neither these nor any other indications of public feeling had power to move Grenville. He had the Parliament with him; and, according to his political creed, the sense of the nation was to be collected from the Parliament alone.

Soon, however, he found reason to fear that even the Parliament might fail him. On the question of the legality of general warrants, the opposition, having on its side all sound principles, all constitutional authorities, and the voice of the whole nation, mustered in great force, and was joined by many who did not ordinarily vote against the government. On one occasion the ministry, in a very full House, had a majority of only fourteen votes. The storm, however, blew over. The spirit of the opposition, from whatever cause, began to flag at the moment when success seemed almost certain. The session ended without any change. Pitt, whose eloquence had shone with its usual lustre in all the principal debates, and whose popularity was greater than ever, was still a private man. Grenville, detested alike by the court and by the people, was still minister.

As soon as the Houses had risen, Grenville took a step which proved, even more signally than any of his past acts, how despotic, how acrimonious, and how fearless his nature was. Among the gentlemen not ordinarily opposed to the government, who, on the great constitutional question of general warrants, had voted with the minority, was Henry Conway, brother of the Earl of Hertford, a brave soldier, a tolerable speaker, and a well-meaning, though not a wise or vigorous politician. He was now deprived of his regiment, the merited reward

of faithful and gallant service in two wars. It was confidently asserted that in this violent measure the King heartily concurred.

But whatever pleasure the persecution of Wilkes, or the dismissal of Conway, may have given to the royal mind, it is certain that his Majesty's aversion to his ministers increased day by day. Grenville was as frugal of the public money as of his own, and morosely refused to accede to the King's request, that a few thousand pounds might be expended in buying some open fields to the west of the gardens of Buckingham House. In consequence of this refusal, the fields were soon covered with buildings, and the King and Queen were overlooked in their most private walks by the upper windows of a hundred houses. Nor was this the worst. Grenville was as liberal of words as he was sparing of guineas. Instead of explaining himself in that clear, concise, and lively manner, which alone could win the attention of a young mind new to business, he spoke in the closet just as he spoke in the House of Commons. When he had harangued two hours, he looked at his watch, as he had been in the habit of looking at the clock opposite the Speaker's chair, apologized for the length of his discourse, and then went on for an hour more. The members of the House of Commons can cough an orator down, or can walk away to dinner; and they were by no means sparing in the use of these privileges when Grenville was on his legs. But the poor young King had to endure all this eloquence with mournful civility. To the end of his life he continued to talk with horror of Grenville's orations.

About this time took place one of the most singular events in Pitt's life. There was a certain Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet of Whig politics, who had been a member of the House of Commons in the days of Queen Anne, and had retired to rural privacy when the Tory Party, towards the end of her reign, obtained the ascendancy in her councils. His manners were eccentric. His morals lay under very odious imputations. But his fidelity to his political opinions was unalterable. During fifty years of seclusion he continued to brood over the events which had driven him from public life, the dismissal of the Whigs, the peace of Utrecht, the desertion of our allies. He now thought that he perceived a close analogy between the well-remembered events of his youth and the events which he had witnessed in extreme old age; between the disgrace of Marlborough and the disgrace of Pitt; between the elevation of Harley and the elevation of Bute; between the treaty negotiated by St. John and the treaty negotiated by Bedford; between the wrongs of the house of Austria in 1712 and the wrongs of the house of Brandenburg in 1762. This fancy took such possession of the old man's mind that he determined to leave his whole property to Pitt. In this way Pitt unexpectedly came into possession of near three thousand pounds a-year. Nor could all the malice of his enemies find any ground for reproach in the transaction. Nobody could call him a legacy hunter. Nobody could accuse him of seizing that to which others had a better claim. For he had never in his life seen Sir William; and Sir William had left no relation so near as to be entitled to form any expectations respecting the estate.

The fortunes of Pitt seemed to flourish; but his health was worse than ever. We cannot find that, during the session which began in January, 1765, he once appeared in parliament. He remained some months in profound retirement at Hayes, his favourite villa, scarcely moving except from his arm-chair to his bed, and from his bed to his arm-chair, and often employing his wife as his amanuensis in his most confidential correspondence. Some of his detractors whispered that his invisibility was to be ascribed quite as much to affectation as to gout. In truth his character, high and splendid as it was, wanted simplicity. With genius which did not need the aid of stage tricks and with a spirit which should have been far above them, he had yet been, through life, in the habit of practising them. It was, therefore, now surmised that, having acquired all the consideration which could be derived from eloquence and from great services to the state, he had determined not to make himself cheap by often appearing in public, but, under the pretext of ill-health, to surround himself with mystery, to emerge only at long intervals and momentous occasions, and at other times to deliver his oracles only to a few favoured votaries, who were suffered to make pilgrimages to his shrine. If such were his object, it was for a time fully attained. Never was the magic of his name so powerful, never was he regarded by his country with such superstitious veneration, as during this year of silence and seclusion.

While Pitt was thus absent from parliament, Grenville proposed a measure destined to produce a great revolution, the effects of which will long be felt by the whole human race. We speak of the act for imposing stamp-duties on the North American colonies. The plan was eminently characteristic of its author. Every feature of the parent was found in the child. A timid statesman would have shrunk from a step, of which Walpole, at a time when the colonies were far less powerful, had said—'He who shall propose it, will be a much bolder man than I.' But the nature of Grenville was insensible to fear. A statesman of large views would have felt, that to lay taxes at Westminster on New England and New York, was a course opposed, not indeed to the letter of the statute-book, or to any decision contained in the Term Reports, but to the principles of good government, and to the spirit of the constitution. A statesman of large views would also have felt, that ten times the estimated produce of the American stamps would have been dearly purchased by even a transient quarrel between the mother country and the colonies. But Grenville knew of no spirit of the constitution distinct from the letter of the law, and of no national interests except those which are expressed by pounds, shillings, and pence. That his policy might give birth to deep discontents in all the provinces, from the shore of the Great Lakes to the Mexican sea; that France and Spain might seize the opportunity of revenge; that the Empire might be dismembered; that the debt—that debt with the amount of which the perpetually reproached Pitt—might, in consequence of his own policy, be doubled; these were possibilities which never occurred to that small, sharp mind.

The Stamp Act will be remembered as long as the globe lasts. But, at the time, it attracted much less notice in this country than another act which is now almost forgotten. The King fell ill, and was thought to be in a dangerous state. His complaint, we believe, was the same which, at a later period, repeatedly incapacitated him for the performance of his royal functions. The heir-apparent was only two years old. It was clearly proper to make provision for the administration of the government, in case of a minority. The discussions on this point brought the quarrel between the court and ministry to a crisis. The King wished to be entrusted with the power of naming a regent by will. The ministers feared, or affected to fear, that, if this power was conceded to him, he would name the Princess Mother, nay, possibly the Earl of Bute. They, therefore, insisted on introducing into the bill words confining the King's choice to the royal family. Having thus excluded Bute, they urged the King to let them, in the most marked manner, exclude the Princess Dowager also. They assured him that the House of Commons would undoubtedly strike her name out, and by this threat they wronged from him a reluctant as



sent. In a few days, it appeared that the representations by which they had induced the King to put this gross and public affront on his mother were unfounded. The friends of the Princess in the House of Commons moved that her name should be inserted. The ministers could not decently attack the parent of their master. They hoped that the opposition would come to their help, and put on them a force to which they would gladly have yielded. But the majority of the opposition, though hating the Princess, hated Grenville more, beheld his embarrassment with delight, and would do nothing to extricate him from it. The Princess's name was accordingly placed in the list of persons qualified to hold the regency.—[To be continued.]

### THE OUTCAST.—A TALE.

BY THE MEDICAL STUDENT.—[Concluded.]

Jaques' jealousy grew even more and more rankling, and his anger more vehement, and both acting on his despair for himself, produced paroxysms of passion at once most violent in themselves and heart-rending to be witnessed. At one time he would assail me with the blackest epithets, accuse me of worming myself into his confidence and coming into his house under the mask of false friendship, to seduce from him the only being who held him in regard; he would impute to me the most criminal intentions and conduct, say every thing he thought would wound me, and, when his attack upon me was exhausted, would launch into exclamations of wild lament and blasphemous expressions, and cries of agony, that no one, however used to them, could bear to listen to. He would order me from his house, never to see him more; and, if I offered to go, would implore me to stay.

"You must not, you shall not go," he would scream. "You have us in your power—you will expose us—you will betray what you have seen. Oh, fool, fool that I was, to be duped by such shallow artifices!"

Then he would revert to his own misery and despair, and rave wildly and incoherently, with frantic gestures and writhing features, till he became utterly exhausted in strength, and remained trembling, pale as death, unable to speak above a whisper, or weeping silently and copiously. Shortly afterwards he would address me, beseeching pardon.

"Oh, forgive me, E—," he would say, "I am a poor slave of passion—I never doubted your truth and honour. You have ruined your prospects through your friendship for me, I know. And what am I? In one way a poor, ignorant, uneducated, spiritless, afflicted creature; in another, a being under Heaven's dreadful ban—an outcast—a reproach to humanity—a blot on the fair front of his species. Oh! what return can I ever make to you? There is Rachel—take her—make her your own. You love one another, and are happy in your love—I love her also—but what is love to me—misery. A hideous barrier stands for ever between us—why then should I make it also come between you? But one thing—when you are happy with her, and I know you will be, do not forget the poor creature to whom it is decreed that woe in this world shall alone be known."

But Rachel and myself observing the feelings with which he appeared to regard our intimacy, only loved each other with more fondness, and in our conversations with one another, began to make as it were one cause together. Thus all confidences were interchanged between us, and in many sweet walks and other interviews we communicated our mutual histories.

She told me she did not know of what country she was a native; she could not recollect any land but my own; of her parentage, too, she was entirely ignorant. She had lived at the cottage ever since she was a child, and had all that time seen no one near or to speak to, save Mr. Hermann. Mr. Jaques, and the two women servants. She had not all that time observed any difference in either, save that the former seemed growing older and more feeble. She had been brought to the cottage by the old female, Tamar, and faintly remembered being with her for many days in a ship at sea. Her life since then had passed in one monotonous course, with a portion of which I was fully acquainted. She owned, to my delighted ears, that she loved me with her whole heart, if love meant the fact that she could never be happy, or even at rest in her mind, out of my society; that she would go with me anywhere, and always be kind to me; that she would leave Mr. Jaques, Mr. Hermann, Sarah, the cottage, garden, dog, and all with eager readiness, to be my humble and affectionate servant. I endeavoured to explain to her the higher doctrines of morals—the principles of natural religion, and afterwards of revelation. She heard with eager ears, trusting me in every thing; indeed, she could not but believe me, for her heart so inclined to me, that every sentence I uttered was received and loved, as if it were a portion of myself. Thereafter I taught her the tenets of that branch of the great Protestant faith, upon which I saw fit to rest my own prospects for futurity. I found that by this her feelings toward me were increased to an intensity of which I had previously no conception, unacquainted as I had been hitherto with woman's love.

But while this was going forward, Mr. Hermann, who had been gradually declining in health, sunk at length so far as to be confined to his bed. I had now been between five or six years familiar about the place, during which time my aid, in the way of my profession, had frequently relieved him. But it was evident to me that the system was exhausted, and I perceived, on conversing on the subject, that his own opinion coincided with mine.

I now began to be aware of a remarkable anxiety in the old man. I have stated that for some time back he had appeared to labour under some communication of importance, which he could not bring himself to make to me; and this weight on his mind was now become so harassing, as seriously to aggravate his complaint. I could hardly conceive a man so shaken, even with the thought of confessing a murder, as this man was. Often he would seem to have made up his resolution—but the words would appear to stick in his throat, while the agitation was certain to induce a paroxysm of his malady—a dry asthma, followed by great and long-continued weakness. I observed him also in frequent communication with Mr. Jaques, shut up together, and that the effect of these interviews was to exacerbate the misery of the latter to an extraordinary degree. His jealousy and freaks of passion had altogether gone from him, and he appeared as if Rachel had also completely left his thoughts, though both she and I were always near. He gave himself up almost entirely to solitude, and the expression of shame, and also of horror, sat continually upon his remarkable countenance, while his paroxysms of waiting and imprecation in the privacy of his own apartments were excessive and unremitting; so that I often, even in the lonely road by the demesne, have heard his cries. He never left the cottage, nor within was he ever at rest, but was continually starting and shifting about, wandering from room to room, like an animal to whose body some one has affixed a tormenting instrument.

At length one day they seemed to have come to a determination, and Mr. Hermann unbosomed himself to me. He was now very weak—so weak as to be unable to sit up or to speak louder than a thick whisper. Jaques had been

for several hours closeted with him, and now stood by his bed-side, silent, deadly pale, and with his eyes strangely sparkling.

"Mr. E—," said the old man, "I have not many hours to live, I believe—but before I die, there is a communication which must be made to some one, and I have at length persuaded Mr. Jaques to submit to having it made to you, for it regards him alone. Your profession, your circumstances, the long friendship you have borne for him, the excellence of your heart, your firm discretion, and your strong passion for Rachel, all unite to make you appear, as it were, a person appointed by Providence to know and guard the awful secret of his affliction. You are aware that I was always and am absolutely necessary to him, and somebody must ever be—for he is a creature utterly powerless and helpless—he cannot mingle with society—from that he is for ever debarred—for he could not travel—he could not indulge in wine—he could not lose command of himself for a moment—the slightest accident could not happen to him without a discovery being made, of which my mind cannot conceive the consequences, whether to himself, to his family and people, or to the public. But it is right I should first inform you who he is. He is the eldest son of the late —, a foreign Jew of great wealth. For many centuries there has not been such a thing among our people as what I am about to relate to you. Its cause who can tell? But his father when he saw it, broke his heart, declined, and died. Jaques, your friend, with whom you have been for years in daily intimacy, is a miserable—"

"Do not name the accursed word," shrieked Jaques, with frantic gestures—and springing away, while his whole frame shook, and his face flushed to crimson, and his eyes seemed to flame in their orbits, he rent his clothes in pieces, and stood before my bewildered eyes—A LEPER. Yes, with the exception of the head and neck, and hands and feet, his whole frame was a scaly mass of horrible leprosy—oh! most horrible! I could not look upon him, but covered my face with my hands, and staggered back, feeling sick, sick and feeble; and for a moment consciousness left me. I fainted, and fell upon the carpet. Presently the horizontal position restored me to recollection, and sitting up, the horrible scene came back upon my mind. I felt as one awakened from sleep, and recollecting a frightful dream. I looked—Jaques was gone, but there on the floor lay the torn and scattered fragments of his dress, and in bed near me lay Hermann, with his head turned away towards the wall.

I do not think I was ever so wrought upon by any emotion as I was by the mingled surprise, horror, disgust, and dread, that hideous spectacle produced in me. I remained for several minutes seated on the floor, feeble in limbs as a child, and utterly at a loss to direct my thoughts fixedly to any subject. At length observing a bottle of wine, from which I had been compounding some nectus for the dying man, I snatched it, and swallowed a long draught.

Thereupon rising, I approached the bed-side to see the state of Mr. Hermann. Slowly and languidly he turned his head round upon the pillow, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You have seen?" said he.

"I have," I replied, and an involuntary shudder passed over me as I spoke.

"You will be aware then at once of the cause of my poor friend's fear, misery, and despair. You will see from your own medical knowledge that there is no hope of any alleviation."

"None, except in death."

"No! it cannot be—he must still live on, and drag out his wretched existence. Suicide would expose the body to the public gaze, and drag the veil from the ancient shame of our race. He must not die. I am convinced it is only this consideration that in some manner keeps the poor creature—more sensitive as he is than any woman—from sinking and perishing under the weight of his awful affliction; discovery of his secret by any one would be death to him, and that most fearful death which springs from mental pangs. You will see that by this he is shut out from all communion with his fellow-men. You know your own disgust, though you have known him for years, and been his most intimate friend, nor can I conceal mine, though I have been his attendant from birth. He knows this and feels it. Oh, how bitterly the wretch feels it!"

"True," said I, "he was right—all pleasures must be for ever unknown to him. He must be for ever a solitary. Oh, what an accumulation of miseries crush the poor hopeless being! none of those enjoyments that make life bearable to other men, can by possibility ever be his—he must live, ay, in the gnawing feeling of sateless appetites—ungratifiable desires and affections—and no hope—no hope! He must be perpetually a burden—a disgust—a nuisance to himself, and all who know his horrible secret—a modern Philoctetes, with poisoned wounds. And, too, there is no way by which he may deliver his spirit from this bondage—every avenue of escape from his curse is by that very curse blocked up!"

"But to let you understand why I have made this communication, I hope when I am gone you will take your poor friend under your protection, and be to him what I have been, with this difference, that where I have been a faithful servant, you will be a confidential friend. He is, I may tell you, possessed of vast wealth, which he is for ever incapable of using; and this, as you have ruined your own prospects through attachment to him, he will place completely at your disposal, the only drawback upon it being his society, which it would appear that for five years past or more you have not considered any burden. If you accept this proposal, Rachel is yours. She is a Georgian girl, bought in the slave-market at Constantinople, by order of his relations, and sent here under charge of Tamar, the housekeeper. She was brought here at five years old, and intended to be reared up in the belief that all men were the same as Jaques, in order that she might become a companion, and solace to him, when in the course of things I should be removed. From different causes, among which was the exceeding shame of Jaques, his high sense of honour, and his disgust at the immoral nature of the whole proceeding, this was never attempted to be carried into effect, and she is now totally ignorant of this secret, which, although it may be a bitter heartburning to many abroad, is in England known but to you, to its unfortunate subject, and to myself. That she is beautiful, innocent, and good, you are yourself aware—and I swear as one swears who is laid on such a bed as mine, that she is intact and immaculate as the blue sky of heaven. Her you will marry, if the proposal be agreeable to you, and take possession of this house as the master of it. You will find, under my charge, nearly two thousand pounds in cash, and Mr. Jaques will procure you as much more as you like, by what will seem a sort of magic."

"—Alas! poor fellow!—I have already been deeply obliged by him."

"Him I recommend to the compassion and kindness of you both, trusting you will make his path to the grave as gentle, as I am convinced it will be short. I am sure you will do this, for if his disposition and manners were such as to win your friendship unaided, how much more will your pity and affection be attracted, when you know that without your protection this friend is naught, that more than his existence depends on your kindness and discretion, and that the



poor creature doles upon you both as the only beings to whom he has ever borne regard."

"I accept the proposal with joy," cried I. "My good Hermann, repose in peace—rely on me, that the same as I have been, will I continue to be—all the cares, comforts, and mitigations, my profession can suggest shall be applied, and my whole time and attention shall be devoted to him in soothing and palliation. I will be his constant companion and guard, and the aim of my every action shall be to lighten the burden of his misery."

"I am content," replied Hermann, "and with your assistance will send to his relations abroad a notification of the circumstances, with other suitable communications."

And thereupon we had a conversation of some time, until he seemed very much exhausted. I then sought Jaques, but he was locked in his own rooms, to which, on knocking, I found him indisposed to admit me.

Next day, however, on going to the cottage, I found him dressed carefully as usual, and waiting for me. He had the appearance of one to whom some sudden and great bereavement had taken place. He had an aspect too humiliated, almost grovelling—for his shame at the revelation made to me was excessive—and he looked as if he could not stand up in my presence. He was seated by a table, with his head leaning forward upon his arms, weeping much. When I spoke to him, he dropped upon his knees, and began to implore forgiveness for the imposition he had practised upon me, in palming upon me as a friend for so long a time the vilest wretch breathing. I entreated him to calm himself, and when I had restored him to his seat, blamed him greatly that this disclosure had not been made to me years before, when I might have put in requisition all the resources of my professional and general information to relieve or palliate his sufferings—if impossible with regard to those of the body, yet with strong hope of success, as far as concerned those of the mind. I then begged him to believe that my feelings towards him were not at all changed—that I had acquired a new feeling in addition to regard—that feeling we entertain for those who are helpless of themselves, and dependent on us for protection.

By and bye, as we conversed, he began to talk with freedom, lamenting and repining very much in his former style, and I soon perceived I was again acquiring his entire confidence, and shortly, grasping my hand, he poured forth to me all the gratitude of his heart, in the impassioned tones and phrases of deep and earnest feeling, calling me his father and his brother—his more than either.

"For they," cried he, "banished me here from them, leaving me to live or die among strangers; but you, all polluted as I am, have made me your friend and taken me to your heart—you are indeed a 'good Samaritan.'"

And here he heaped many blessings upon me, and all of my blood or house. But I soon led him to talk on affairs more of a business nature, and began with him to consider our future arrangements. Thereupon we withdrew to the chamber of Mr. Hermann, and before long had them satisfactorily completed. And that very day proceeded to act upon them, as from the illness of Mr. Hermann, I found there was a great deal of arrears to bring up.

The latter expired on the fourth day after the communication with regard to Jaques. He died in peace, apparently without a trouble on his mind, save the parting from his attached and grateful friend rather than master, who on his own side seemed to feel the bereavement acutely. Rachel too, mourned his loss with bitter and heartfelt sorrow, mingled with a powerful feeling of dread, for heretofore she had never known more of what death was than hearing the word spoken, or meeting it held up as a terror in her reading. For many days after, on coming suddenly upon her, I would find her weeping, and her general spirits received a shock, from which it was long ere they recovered.

Under my directions he was interred in a vault under one of the churches of our little town, which I purchased at a great expense, intending it, as it was safe from all violation, for the final rest of his master.

I now took up my residence at the cottage, and at once, almost to my surprise, found myself master of unlimited funds. With these I began to secure every comfort I could devise for my patient and friend, and to accumulate a library of books on scientific subjects, and others after my own heart. All luxuries of the table I likewise provided, and all of the cellar, and indeed, devoted my whole time to his interests and our mutual comfort.

I had not been long at the cottage, till having agreed with Rachel on the matter, I consulted Jaques with regard to her baptism. He made no objections. "For surely," said he, "your religion cannot be a bad one, if it be according to its principles you have acted in your connexion with me. It is well that she should be a Christian—for me, I must cling to the tenets of my people."

But when some days after I spoke to him of our marriage, I found a very different result. He consented readily, and wished me with her all joy, but fell immediately after into a dark mood I thought ominous of no good.

Nevertheless we were wedded as privately as possible, with no witnesses more than the law required. On the day of the marriage I observed about Jaques enough to convince me that he had some intentions of the darkest description, which I could not rest without thoroughly investigating, the more as he bade us both farewell when he left us, bursting into tears as he did so, and wringing my hand with a warmth and an expression of grasp, if I can be permitted such a phrase, that all but drew from me the same tokens of affection. For I reflected that I was taking to myself for ever the girl he doted on, with no excuse, save that I felt for her as strong an affection—and that he, from no demerit of his own, was unfit to possess her, while my claim on the contrary, arose from no merit of mine.

So strongly did a fear of some catastrophe oppress me, that I could not help ere I myself retired, entering his apartments.

I found him laid on his bed, apparently in a deep sleep, a strong smelling, stifling smoke pervading the room, which appeared to issue from beneath it. Panic-struck I snatched his arm, and endeavoured to rouse him, but he continued to slumber on, as if under the influence of some soporific drug. I shook him and shouted in his ear, but he only answered in indistinct murmurs. For a moment my mind failed me—I was unable to resolve on any course of conduct; but this indecision was of short duration. Examining beneath his bed I discovered an immense pile of wood—a regular funeral pile—partially on fire.

His object now rushed forcibly upon my thoughts, and the conversation I have detailed in the earlier part of this narrative, at the same time rose vividly before my mind. He had evidently stupified himself with opium, with a view to the incineration of his body.

Immediately I caught him in my arms, carried him to another apartment, and then returning, seized as rapidly as I could the burning billets, and scorching my hands and arms very much as I did it, thrust them, one by one, out of the window, through the iron stanchions into the flower-plot before the cottage.

I had enclosed a large field behind the garden, intending it to be a sort of exercise-ground. It was fenced temporarily with wooden stakes daubed with

tar, until a wall could be built, and these he had carried into the house, during my absence, to such a quantity, as must, if discovered on fire a few minutes later, have involved us all in one conflagration.

As soon as I had sufficiently cleared the room of these stakes, I hastened to where I had left him, with my hands so scorched, that on any thing I touched, they left the cuticle behind; nevertheless, I immediately proceeded to administer the strongest and most certain emetic I knew of, namely, sulphate of zinc, or white vitriol, at the same time rousing him up, and endeavouring to make him use his limbs.

Shortly the medicine acted, and I became aware of his having swallowed an enormous quantity of some preparation of opium—I found afterwards that it was the mild or camphorated tincture he had taken, in place of the common tincture, better known by the name of laudanum, having been misled by the Latin labels on my bottles. Notwithstanding this, so great had been the quantity swallowed, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep him stirring till the morning. Yes, all night long, I dragged him up and down the apartment, allowing not to his most urgent entreaties a moment's rest, for I knew that to him sleep was death. All the night was I thus employed, and while I was so, my burnt hands and arms caused me the most acute anguish. At last, towards morning, the pain subsided, and wearied out I dropped asleep myself. He slept also, but the power of the poison had been overcome, and his sleep was like mine, more from exhaustion.

When I awoke I found him still asleep, but fevered from reaction. I left him to come back to consciousness by himself, and went to attend to my own burns, and thus was passed the day and night.

When I next saw Jaques, nothing could exceed his shame and contrition, or his fervently expressed gratitude and admiration of myself. A hundred extravagant ways in the ebullition of his heart, with tears, protestations, and vows, did he take to convey to me his sense of these feelings, and his appreciation as much of the good I had done in saving him from a great crime and a dreadful death, as of my discretion in allowing the whole to be known only to myself. Though fiercely indignant at his unhallowed attempt on not only his own life, but those of Rachel and myself, yet at such a season I did not blame him, or make any display of anger—I remained calm and serious, leaving him to his own reflections until I had completely cured him of the effects of the opium, when by expressing my resolution to remove from him for good, and persisting in it, I brought him to such a state of abject humiliation and entreaty, to an exhibition of helplessness so extreme, and a dread of being deserted so overmastering, that I found the effects upon his constitution more difficult to remove than those of the opium. By this means I got him as completely under my power, as a maniac should be under that of his keeper.

It was useless at any subsequent time to inquire with regard to the motives that induced this attempt, for the very allusion to it afterwards, used to put him into such a state of excited emotion, so to overwhelm him with sorrow and penitence, that he could not do more than express himself by tears and interjections, and seemed to suffer so much from the recollection that I could not bear to call it up. But I, from my knowledge of his character, easily perceived that it was jealousy and despair that prompted the act, and I could fully sympathise with him and forgive him, as far as forgiveness from me went to soothe him. This affair was known only to ourselves—to Rachel I made some excuse, which, as it was untrue, I do not choose to remember.

After this I continued to devote myself altogether to the comfort of my friend and patient, and the solacement of his sufferings. I at length succeeded in breaking him of a great part of his unreasonable timidity, and induced him to meet at the cottage several medical and other acquaintances of mine, men of education and discretion, among whom he might enjoy a chastened conviviality, introducing him to them as a resident patient. To this society he became devotedly attached. I also directed his mind to poetry, inducing him to attempt versification, a pursuit or amusement for which his exquisitely emotional turn of mind admirably fitted him, and I do believe he had a glimpse of pleasure when I showed him one of his pieces, a sweet wailing little ode, printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It was surely the smile of an author's joy that lighted his features, and not the usual sad smile of ardent affection with which he received any kindness from Rachel or myself. As soon as he conquered his jealousy—which he speedily did when he found that she, though my wife, continued to love him as much as ever—his attachment to us both increased, almost daily, and he returned to that sweet, gentle melancholy of temper and manner which had so charmed me with him as a friend, before his jealousy had ever been awakened. I also began from time to time to introduce him to a little general society, taking care to apologise previously in private for any thing odd in his manner, on the ground that he was in ill health. I will not be blamed for this when I explain that "Jeffer" in modern days is not infectious, nor did I scruple to allow my children to play freely with him about the rooms, or in the field behind the house. I began shortly to be persuaded that by these measures he was rendered perceptible of a degree of true happiness; for though his paroxysms were still violent and easily excited, yet there were long intervals of quiet pensiveness between, in which the interest of his mind was absorbed in poetry and painting. For I daubed a little myself, and he seeing me mixing colour, &c., began to try the pencil, and a pleasant rivalry commenced between us, in which Rachel was the acutely discriminating and impartial judge of merit. Alas! many of these pictures now hang around me, when he who painted, and she, the dear one, who awarded the meed of smiling praise, are in their graves! The subjects he chose were singular: one for instance was a picture of dreariness. It was an extended view of a lake or broad river, running across the canvass with a sombre wood beyond, and gray, cold-looking hills in the distance—while a bare common formed the foreground. In every part of the painting—the colour and appearance of the sky, the gloomy aspect of the wood, the bare bleak foreground and lead-coloured water, whose bent sedges and dock leaves, and rippled surface, betokened a March wind—in every line of it was indicated dreariness, or rather hopelessness to the mind, in a manner I never could analyse, though I felt it strongly.

Yes, surely that hitherto joyless being began to feel resignation, and in loving and being loved by us the pleasure of one who is not altogether alone on the earth; nor was he now ignorant of the delights of home so dear to others. Oh, how often in these dreary days, when the beauty of a Mediterranean climate is unable to give my spirits elasticity, or its warmth to make the blood more than drag its way through my weary heart, does my mind wander back to those evenings at the cottage with my only friend and my only beloved—to the snug parlour, the pleasant fire, cheerful candlelight, chess-board, and piled-up books—to the open piano and the flute laid along its keys, and to the big family Bible on the side table, awaiting its time to come into requisition. Nor is it clothful to recall the glass of negus, the cigar, or the new number of the new review—the little supper of the best delicacies wealth could secure, the tinkling laugh of Rachel, or the touching tones of poor Jaques' voice, whose very sounds



spoke sadness. Yes, he was happy; though his delight was not as that of other men, yet he had an ideal happiness of his own in the affection of us, his friends, in the gambols of our children, in heaping upon us every benefit his wealth could accomplish—in fondly loving us, and knowing that he had constantly in his neighbourhood a true, attached, and confidential friend, physician, and guard.

But although for these latter years, along with the habitual agony of mind, one so visited as he was could not help feeling, he experienced intervals of the most refined and exquisite happiness (I know it from his own assurance) yet still so preyed upon was his mind, and so shaken had it formerly been—so decayed, too, was the poor disorganised machine it animated—that I perceived him week by week, and day by day, slowly but surely declining to the natural rest from all his sufferings.

When he had lived under my charge as nearly as possible about seven years, he declined so far as to be unable to leave his bedroom. It is impossible to express on paper the depth of feeling with which he now spoke to me, as I sat continually ministering by his bedside, or the acuteness of sorrow with which I saw the flame as it were of his expiring candle sinking into the socket. Our conversations were most affecting, both in the matter and the manner; for he talked of his own life of shame and sorrow, his expulsion by his brother, and the kindness and brotherly love he had met with from me and mine; and now he was about, at the call of nature, to leave me whom he loved of all things or creatures most, and from whom alone he had received good, and to leave me for ever, for he was of the sect of the Sadducees, who believe in neither angel nor spirit, nor in the immortality of the soul. You may be sure I combated, as far as my powers went, this error, alleging his own case as an example. "If there be no future for you," said I, "and your life has been one of the greatest and most constant anguish, and that to all appearance unmerited by you, where is divine justice?" And this sentence contains the moral of my narrative.

Nevertheless he was deaf to all my arguments, his constant reply being, "I must abide by the ancient faith of my people." It was harrowing to me to hear one who had been so awfully afflicted leaving me in such a creed; but infinitely more cutting was it to listen to the clinging words of affection for its darling objects, while it was being dragged away as it were heartstring by heartstring, and believed they, the dear ones, were being lost for ever.

Whilst on his death-bed he had frequent interviews with Rachel—indeed, as often as I could so arrange matters as to make it convenient—for she never in her life knew or suspected his secret, and I was the only being that nursed him or ministered to him in any way. With the pathos of these interviews, and the hopeless language of the sufferer, despairing, even in those circumstances in which hope is most needed, she was deeply stricken, and its effect upon her was evident after many days.

Thus declining, at length he died, and his spirit, as it took flight, left the words "dear friend" on his lips.

His body I tended for the grave with my own hands, and he was buried in the vault I had purchased on the death of Mr. Hermann. A large slab of stone, without name or date, covered him, and for epitaph I made the following line, which was graved upon it:—

"HIC DORMIT TANDEM, CUI MORS FUIT UNA VOLUPTAS."

Meaning, "Here one sleeps at last whose single pleasure was death."

I may state that the property I inherited from him by bequeathal formed, and now forms, for me an ample independence.

Since then I never see a person repining, or feel myself inclined to repine under the light trials of ordinary life, but I think of that poor young man, guilty of no crime, yet denied all pleasures, and cursed with an inconceivable misery, nor cheered under it by even a ray of hope for the future.

#### FOUR YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

BY A FIELD OFFICER.—[Concluded.]

About nine o'clock in the morning, we received orders to march, and leaving the field of battle, moved in the direction of Nivelles, where we halted and encamped that night. When about two miles upon the road, I remember turning to look back at the ground upon which the action had been fought; at that distance, it appeared exactly as I have seen a ploughed field in winter, covered with crows, so numerous were the dead bodies upon it. In silence I breathed a prayer to the God of battles, who had preserved me through its dangers; and blessed be His holy name who shielded me then and since, 'mid all the perils and vicissitudes of a soldier's care-worn life, whether my path was on the stormy deep, or through the leaden shower of battle, or in chimes where many a gallant comrade, the survivor of a hundred fights, has fallen victim to the pestilential blast of fever, whilst we who have stood around his grave, to pay the last sad tribute to the departed brave, have expected that perhaps the next sunset might see our companions there to perform the same friendly office for one of us.

Soldiers must not, however, moralize, and I will therefore proceed with our now delightful marches. The weather was fine, and, in imagination, we already beheld the spires of Paris; our first halt was at Cambray, which the enemy not immediately surrendering, we were ordered to carry by escalade; little or no resistance was made, a few shots only were fired, as the troops, moving forward with great intrepidity, intimidated the small garrison, who fled into the citadel, and soon surrendered; we had some half dozen men of the regiment killed and wounded. One day, on this march, I thoughtlessly left the division, and lost my road; after walking more than twenty miles, I sat down, nearly done up with fatigue and vexation, when who should I espy but the Head-Quarter Staff approaching; frightened out of my wits, as the Duke, who, the instant he saw me, crossed the broad French road, and rode up close to where I was resting, but his good-natured manner of addressing me soon dispelled all fear of a reprimand. "Well, youngster, what are you doing here—what regiment do you belong to?" At my reply, he knew instantly its brigade, division, and where it was to halt that night. "D—n it, you have come a devil of a way out of your road, but never mind; give him in writing the place where it is to halt to-night." Then telling me to be careful and not lose my road again, he bade me good bye, and rode on, laughing and talking good-humouredly, and leaving me with twenty five long miles still to walk before dark but perfectly contented and happy, for I had a short conversation with Wellington himself; there was the conqueror of Napoleon, and the first soldier in the world, not to be mistaken in the glance of his eagle eye, though, in his plain frock and unplumed hat, the simplest-dressed person of the whole group; the only thing peculiar about his dress which I remember noticing at the time, was, that he wore three or four cockades on his hat. The same day, towards evening, I went into a French house to ask for some water; the woman, after looking at me for a moment, gave a scream, burst into tears, and the whole family were about me in an instant; I was seized hold of, overwhelmed and half-killed with kindness; they brought me food to eat, wine to drink, made

me lie down on a bed, washed and rubbed my poor blistered feet; and the secret of all this was, that the young English officer, was the living image of the *enfant de famille*, who had followed the fortunes of the Emperor, and who the mother, with sobs and tears, said she feared had perished at Waterloo; but I was so like him—his very self; what could they do for me?" Poor creatures, they entreated that I would remain there, if only for that night, whilst the poor mother stood staring at me, and sobbing as if her heart would break. "Ah! she should never see her child again—he was gone for ever." I left them and departed, laden with the blessings and good wishes of these simple-hearted peasants, and reached our camp about nine o'clock at night, completely worn out, having walked nearly fifty miles, and next morning could scarcely rise; but a day's ride in a waggon completely set me up again, and the day following I was all right.

Not many days after this, towards the close of one of our day's marches, the dome of the Invalides and the spires of Paris rose upon the horizon, and were greeted by the army with as much joy as the sight of the sea by the tired warriors of Xenophon. There was the mighty city at last, the end of all our toils, the crowning-stone of all our labours; the capital of continental Europe lay right before us. True, it was still occupied by Napoleon's troops; we deemed another battle certain; but then we were again certain of victory, and Paris was to be our reward. Our post was in the immediate front of St. Denis, strongly fortified, and occupied by the enemy. The Prussians, who had preceded us, and whom we relieved on this side of Paris, moved in a column of about eight thousand men close past us, as we halted to let them go by. They were splendid-looking troops, and as each regiment, headed by a fine band, neared our column, they struck up "God save the King," and gave us three loud cheers. These we joyfully returned, whilst our bands played their national anthem. The day was beautiful, Paris in sight, the troops all animated, and wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, longing for the storm and conquest of the city, towards which our Prussian allies pointed their hands, and for the plunder of which they no doubt longed with most zealous fervour. Their feelings were those of deadly hate and unsatisfied revenge—ours those of generous foes. We, thanks to the God of battles, who had kept the foe from our shores, had never been conquered, an enemy had never entered our capital in triumph, trod on the neck of our Sovereign, insulted our national feeling by parading through our streets as conquerors, and violating the sanctity of our happy homes—nothing of this kind had we suffered; we longed but for the glory of conquest, we fought not for spoil or retaliation; the pride, the hope of victory beat alone in our bosoms.

We pitched our tents upon the ground lately occupied by the Prussians; close to us was the country residence of Jerome Buonaparte, a beautiful house, but with which our allies had made sad havoc; and it presented a melancholy scene of plunder and ruin when I entered it. The glass sashes of the windows had been broken out of the front, it being barricaded as a post for a piquet; most of the large mirrors in the room dashed to pieces; books torn from the library, and thrown into the moat; the cloth cut from the billiard-table; magnificent chaires, tables, and every article of the most beautiful kind of furniture broken and smashed to atoms; soldiers still trying to ferret out plunder from the well-sacked premises. As I gazed upon this one feature of war, I thought that the French "were now indeed reaping the whirlwind," tasting some of the miseries they themselves had inflicted for so many years upon other lands. Long as it had been delayed, retribution was come at last. Here we were, the representatives of all Europe, at the gates of that great city, now hombled to the dust, although once the mistress and arbitress of the destinies and fate of every nation in the civilised world, save one, her unconquered and her eternal foe—England.

Before St. Denis, as our portion of the work, we sat ourselves down, it being allotted to us to storm and carry the town and fortified camp on its right, then moving across the plain, combine in the general attack to be made simultaneously with our allies on Paris.

Next day my company was ordered with several others to occupy the village of Ambrai-bliers, half of which was held by the French troops; and there we were popping away from the corners of streets, looking out of windows, the muzzles of our muskets almost touching each other; but this skirmishing, in accordance with our old chivalric Peninsular ideas, could not last long, since it was a useless waste of ammunition for piquets and sentinels to continue crack- away at every chacko that turned a corner or glanced out of a window. We soon grew friends, and in the full security of honourable warfare some of us crossed the streets and entered into conversation with the officers. They good-naturedly asked us how we were off for eatables, and offered to send us some white bread and tobacco, and the nearest piquet was immediately furnished with a good supply, for which the sutler-woman was well paid, though the French refused at first to take payment. They asked us into the house, and gave us an excellent luncheon, and whilst we were all laughing and talking away, one of the officers, by his epaulettes apparently a Major, took hold of the button of my jacket, and looking at it, exclaimed, "Ah, 51st! Was Monsieur with his regiment in Spain? for I saved the life of one of your Captains, whom we captured at the battle of Nivelle; he was *un brave homme, bel homme*. Is he alive? I should so much like to see him." It was rather singular that the person of whom he spoke was the Captain of my company, and I accordingly told the Frenchman that his wish could be easily and instantly gratified, that the "Brave" was in a house not a hundred yards distant, and I immediately sent for him. He soon came; the Gaul was delighted, flew into his arms, kissed him on one cheek, and then on the other, talked with the utmost rapidity, asked a hundred questions, and never waited for an answer from my gallant old chief, who, when he got breathing time, recognised him instantly, shook him heartily by the hand, acknowledged that he had saved his life, prevented his being plundered or ill-used, and that he behaved in the kindest and most generous manner possible to him. No one that saw us all clustered together in this friendly manner amongst these mustachioed veterans of Napoleon, would ever have imagined that we were foes, and that perhaps in a short half-hour from this we might be seeking each other's lives, and bayonets clashing and bullets whizzing from those hands now so cordially grasped in kind and grateful feeling, without one spark of national hate or animosity between us. They affirmed that they would have no other King but the son of Napoleon. They would not have the *Cochon Louis*, and if we attempted to force him upon them, they would fight to the last, and wish us find their graves under the walls of Paris. In one hour from this conversation not a single French soldier was in our front; the capitulation had been signed, and Paris had surrendered to the Allies. Not a shot was fired in its defence, although these gallant fellows, I doubt not, would have kept their word, and, in all loyal love and affection to their old chief, would (if permitted) have fought to the last and died, burying themselves in the ruins of their capital.

That night we rejoined our division, now encamped in advance of St. Denis,



and the next morning (Sunday) it was occupied by the King and his court, borne back to his capital and his throne on the tops of our bayonets; and yet, to have seen the groups of Parisians, of all ages and conditions, flocking out to meet the royal cortege, adorned with white cockades and ribands, and covered with lilies, one would have imagined that Louis might have said with our own profligate and witty Charles, "That surely it was his own fault he either went or staid away so long, since his subjects seemed so delighted to have him back." This looked like hypocrisy, and yet it is impossible to call the French hypocrites: it is their nature, their volatile feelings, and love of sight-seeing, conquer for the moment even their national vanity. "Vive la bagatelle." Here are armies of strangers, reviews, the illustrious great of every nation to be gazed at, and, therefore, looking only upon the bright side of things, they chose to forget that we were their conquerors, and gilding the bitter pill, with one accord they welcomed us as their "brave Allies, who had brought back to them their King, their Louis le Désiré, their ben Père de Famille, their own much-loved Monarch." Happy people! that view life ever in its rose-coloured garb, and, as Sterne says, "Laugh, and sing, and dance away sorrows that bow the spirits of other nations to the dust."

The following morning we moved to the Bois de Boulogne, and were delightfully encamped in this pretty wood. This, in accordance with the capitulation, being the first day that the Allies were to enter Paris, so soon as we had settled our companies, I, with some of my brother officers, obtained leave to go into the city. As we rode through the Place Louis Quinze, the tri-coloured banner was still to be seen floating proudly from the summit of the Immortal Pillar, in the Place Vendôme. Proceeding through the streets in our uniform, cries of "A bas les Anglais! A bas les habits rouges!" saluted our ears; but we heeded them not, and scarcely were they uttered, when, again looking up, we saw the white flag giving its unsullied folds to the breeze, and on all sides we were now deafened with loud shouts of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive Louis le Désiré!" "Vive Louis Dix-huit!" for now the royal procession had passed the barrier of St. Denis, and the King was coming back to the palace of his ancestors, amidst the loyal cheers of his faithful subjects. Lilies were showered down upon the Swiss and few Guards who had followed him into exile, and now preceded the royal carriage. Every window, balcony, and house-top was crowded with spectators, male and female, covered from head to foot with the lily emblem, and making the welkin ring again with cheers of loyalty and love. Borne along with the enthusiastic crowd, we saw the King enter his palace, the Tuileries, in triumph, from whence but a few short months since he had issued a banished and fugitive outcast; no soul then cried "God save the King," and though no dust or dirt was thrown upon his honoured head, yet gladly was he seen by his people to depart. Could this be the same nation! What had he done in that short period to give birth to these violent demonstrations of devoted loyalty?

Hardly was the King safely housed in his palace, when the drums and bands of the Prussians were heard, as these splendidly-dressed troops, regiment after regiment, in open column of companies, moved with proud and haughty looks along the beautiful avenue of the Boulevards, to take up their quarters in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The Parisians gazed upon them in silence. No "Vive les Prussiens" was heard; the scene was too mortifying. At every barrier were seen strong piquets of the Allies, and loaded cannon with lighted matches; brigades of infantry, parks of artillery, encamped in the Champs Elysées; and thus, although their own King was there, the duty of his palace taken by his own Gardes de Corps, the good town of Paris looked what it really was—a city in the possession of its conquerors. The Prussian and Russian Royal Guards were in Paris; our light brigade, with its artillery, were encamped close to the "Promenade de Long champ;" and the remainder of the British and Hanoverian troops occupied the Bois de Boulogne. Thus, within a mile of the gayest city in the world, the representatives of almost every civilised nation of Europe, and even portions of the Tartar tribes, from their homes in the deserts of Asia, here mingled in the closest bonds of friendship with their relations of the great family of mankind, all equally partaking the pleasures of civilised life, and presenting a picture as novel as it was delightful and instructive. Such scenes occur not in the lapse of centuries; for insatiate and overbearing must have been the ambition of that man, which, thus rousing the vengeance of the whole world, could make rival and distant nations forget their national antipathies and jealousies, and coalescing together, thus pour in one mighty mass their strength to hurl the despot from his throne, and drive him from his capital to perish on a distant rock in the Atlantic.

Nothing could, however, humble the French; they flocked in crowds to see the Emperor of Russia, and all the monarchs and great chiefs now at Paris. There they were, with their pretty wives and daughters, in their gay equipages, as light-hearted and as joyous at all our reviews and martial sights, and enjoying them just as much as if all the foreign armies had been there assembled solely for their amusement, and by their own desire. But the scene changed when in a short time afterwards they saw the preparations that were making to restore the plundered statues and pictures that adorned the Louvre, to their proper owners: then murmurs were heard, countenances lowered, and we were no longer their brave allies, the restorers of their rightful monarch; but now we were plunderers and robbers. This act of justice on our parts was deemed by them one of savage barbarism, thus forgetting that the same right of conquest which had originally wrested them from their lawful possessors, was ours, in a thousand-fold stronger degree, to restore these treasures to the nations from whom they had been plundered. They would have resisted had they dared; but each picture and statue, as it was taken forth from the Louvre, was escorted by strong guards. The Parisians well knew the hopelessness of resistance; loaded cannon, with lighted matches, pointing down each street, and the well-disciplined columns of their bitterest foes, the Prussians and Russians, only longing for the slightest outbreak as an excuse to fill this beautiful city with plunder, murder, and rapine. I saw the Venetian horses taken down; but though the Place du Carrousel was filled with Parisians, nothing was heard save a few half-suppressed murmurs. Dark looks were, however, seen on every face; no resistance was offered; they looked on; "curses not loud but deep" were all the opposition that the now humbled French people attempted to offer to this act of retributive justice. They talked of the capitulation of Paris as broken; but where was, where could be, the clause to prevent the lawful owner, when the proud robber of his property lay humbled at his feet, that property before his eyes, from taking what was justly his own?

But our part in this glorious drama was nearly over. Peace was arranged and we remained encamped in the Bois de Boulogne until the approach of winter; we were then cantoned in villages in the neighbourhood of Paris; and on the formation of the army of occupation, the regiment, not having a second battalion, or being sufficiently strong to form one of the corps destined for that

force, we were marched down to Calais, and embarked for England, which we safely reached early in 1816.

The gallant old corps has had one tour of service in the Mediterranean since that year; but when it shall again take the tented field God only knows: It is now, alas! quartered in a penal settlement, but as "the sun breaks through the darkest clouds," so we may hope that "honour even peereth in a den of thieves," and that the day shall yet come when, in some more congenial scene of duty, on some future battle plain, it shall rear aloft its purple banner, and add fresh trophies to the many glorious names which now crowd its silken folds. And now farewell! Would that I could say with Gil Blas—

"Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valet,  
Sat me iustitia; ludite nunc alios."

But a soldier and a wanderer I was torn, and a soldier and a wanderer I fear I shall die.

## MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

### PART XIV.

My third letter was Mordecai to the life—a bold, hurried, yet clear view of the political bearings of the time. It more than ever struck me, in the course of his daring paragraphs, what a capital leader he would have made for a Jewish revolution; if one could imagine the man of a thousand years of slavery grasping the sword and unfurling the banner. Yet bold minds may start up among a fallen people; and when the great change, which will assuredly come, is approaching, it is not improbable that it will be begun by some new and daring spirit throwing off the robes of humiliation, and teaching Israel to strike for freedom by some gallant example—a new Moses smiting the Egyptian, and marching from the house of bondage, the fallen host of the oppressor left weltering in the surge of blood behind.

After some personal detail, and expressions of joy at the recovering health of his idolized but wayward daughter, he plunged into politics. "I have just returned," said he, "from a visit to some of our German kindred. You may rely upon it, that a great game is on foot. Your invasion is a jest. Your troops will fight, I allow, but your cabinets will betray. I have seen enough to satisfy me that, if you do not take Paris within the next 3 months, you will not take it within ten times the number of years. Of course, I make no attempt a prediction. I leave infallibility to the grave fools of conclaves and councils; but the French mob will beat them all. What army can stand before a pestilence? When I was last in Sicily, I went to the summit of Etna during the time of an eruption. On my way I slept at one of the convents on the slope of the mountain. I was roused from my sleep by a midnight clamour in the court of the convent—the monks were fluttering in all corners, like frightened chickens. I came down from my chamber, and was told the cause of the alarm in the sudden turn of a stream of the eruption towards the convent. I laughed at the idea of hazard from such a source, when the building was one mass of stone, and, of course, as I conceived, incombustible. 'Saxatissima Madre' exclaimed the frightened superior, who stood wringing his hands and calling on all the saints in his breviary; 'you do not know of what stone it is built. All is lava; and at the first touch of the red-hot rocks now rolling down upon us, every stone in the walls will melt like wax in the furnace.' The old monk was right. We lost no time in making our escape to a neighbouring pinnacle, and from it saw the stream of molten stone roll round the walls, inflame them, scorch, swell, and finally melt them down. Before daylight, the site of the convent was a gulf of flame. This comes of sympathy in stones—what will it be in men! Wait a twelvemonth; and you will see the flash and flame of French republicanism melting down every barrier of the Continent. The mob has the mob on its side for ever. The offer of liberty to men who have spent a thousand years under despotism, is irresistible. Light may blind, but who loves utter darkness? The soldier may melt down like the rest; he is a man, and may be a madman like the rest; he, too, is one of the multitude.

"Their language may be folly or wisdom, it may be stolen from the ramblings of romance writers or be the simple utterance of irrepressible instincts within; but it is the language which I hear every where around me. Men eat and drink to it, work and play to it, awake and sleep to it. It is in the rocks and the streams, in the cradle, and almost on the deathbed. It rings in the very atmosphere; and what must be the consequence? If the French ever cross the Rhine, they will sweep every thing before them, as easily as a cloud sweeps across the sky, and with as little power in man to prevent them. A cluster of church steeples or palace spires could do no more to stop the rush of a hurricane.

"You will call me a panegyrist of Republicanism, or of France. I have no love for either. But I may admire the spring of the tiger, or even give him credit for the strength of his tusks, and the grasp of his talons, without desiring to see him take the place of my spaniel on the hearth-rug, or choosing him as the companion of my travels. I dread the power of the multitude. I despair of its discipline, and I shrink from the fury of its passions. A republic in France can be nothing but a funeral pile, in which the whole fabric is made, not for use, but for destruction; which man cannot inhabit, but which the first torch will set in a blaze from the base to the summit; and upon which, after all, corpses alone crown the whole hasty and tottering erection. But this I shall say, that Germany is at this moment on the verge of insurrection; and that the first French flag which waves on the right bank of the Rhine will be the signal of explosion. I say more; that if the effect is to be permanent, pure, or beneficial, it will not be the result of the tricolor. The French conquests have always been brilliant, but it was the brilliancy of a soap-bubble. A puff of the weakest lips that ever breathed from a throne, has always been enough to make the nation conquerors; but the hues of glory no sooner began to colour the thin fabric, than it burst before the eye, and the nation had only to try another bubble. It is my impression, that the favouritism of Revolution at this moment will even receive its death-blow from France itself. All is well while nothing is seen of it but the blaze ascending, hour by hour, from the fragments of her throne, or nothing heard but the theatrical songs of the pageants which perform the new idolatry of 'reason.' But when the Frenchman shall come among nations with the bayonet in his right hand and with the proclamation in his left—when he turns his charger loose into the corn-field, and robs the peasant whom he harangues on the rights of the people—this republican baptism will give no new power to the conversion. The German phlegm will kick the French vivacity will scourg, and then alone will the true war begin. Yet all this may be but the prelude. When the war of weapons has been buried in its own ashes, another war may begin, the war of minds—the struggle of mighty nations, the battle of an ambition of which our purblind age has not even a glimpse—a terrible strife, yet worthy of the immortal principle.



ple of man, and to be rewarded only by a victory which shall throw all the exploits of soldiery into the shade."

While I was meditating on the hidden meanings of this letter, in which my Jewish friend seemed to have imbibed something of the dreamy spirit of Germany itself, I was startled by a tremendous uproar outside the hospital—the drums beat to arms, thearrison hastily mustered, the population poured into the streets, and a strong and startling light in all the casements, showed that some great conflagration had just begun. The intelligence was soon spread that the Hôtel de Ville, the noblest building in the city, a fine specimen of Italian architecture of the seventeenth century, and containing some incomparable pictures by the Italian masters, and a *chef d'œuvre* of Rubens, had been set on fire by a bomb, and was now in a blaze from battlement to ground. The next intelligence was still more painful. The principal convent of the city, which was close in its rear, had taken fire, and the unfortunate nuns were seen at the windows in the most imminent danger of perishing. Feeble as I was, I immediately rose. The *Députés* rushed in at the moment, wringing her hands and uttering the wildest cries of terror at the probable destruction of all these unhappy women. I volunteered my services, which were accepted, and I hurried out to assist in saving them if possible. The spectacle was overwhelming.

The Hôtel de Ville was a large and nearly insulated building, with a kind of garden-walk round three of its sides, which was now filled with the populace. The garrison exhibited all the activity of the national character in their effort to extinguish the flames. Scaling-ladders were applied to the windows, men mounted them thick as bees; fire-buckets were passed from hand to hand, for the fire-engines had been long since destroyed by the cannonade; and there seemed to be some hope of saving the structure, when a succession of agonizing screams fixed every eye on the convent, where the fire had found its way to the stores of wood and oil, and shot up like the explosion of gunpowder. The efforts of the troops were now turned to save the convent; but the intense fury of the flame defeated every attempt. The scaling ladders no sooner touched the casement than they took fire; the very walls were so hot that none could approach them; and every new gust swept down a sheet of flame, which put the multitude to flight in all directions. Artillery was now brought out to breach the walls; but while there remained a hundred and fifty human beings within, it was impossible to make use of the guns. All efforts at length ceased; and the horror was deepened, if such could be, by seeing now and then a distracted figure rush to a casement, toss up her arms to heaven, and then rush back again with a howl of despair.

I proposed to the French officers that they should dig under the foundations, and thus open a way of escape through the vaults. The attempt was made, but it had the ill-success of all the rest. The walls were too massive for our strength, and the pickaxe and spade were thrown aside in despair. From the silence which now seemed to reign within, and the volumes of smoke which poured from the casements, it began to be the general impression that the fate of the nuns was already decided; and the officers were about to lumber up their guns and retire, when I begged their chief to make one trial more, and fire at a huge iron door which closed a lofty archway leading to the Hôtel de Ville. He complied; a six pound ball was sent against the door, and it flew off its hinges. To the boundless exultation and astonishment of all, we saw the effect of this fortunate shot, in the emergence of the whole body of the nuns from the smoking and shattered building. They had been driven, step by step, from the interior to the long stone-built passage which in old times had formed a communication with the town, and which had probably not been used for a century. The troops and populace now rushed into the Hôtel de Ville to meet and convey them to places of safety. I followed with the same object, yet with some unaccountable feeling that I had a personal interest in the rescue. The halls and apartments were on the huge and heavy scale of ancient times, and I was more than once bewildered in ranges of corridors filled with the grim reliques of civic magnificence: fierce portraits of forgotten men of city fame, portentous burghers, and mailed captains of train bands. The unhappy women were at length gathered from the different galleries to which they had scattered in their fright, and were mustered at the head of the principal entrance, or *grand escalier*, at whose foot the escort was drawn up for their protection.

But the terrors of that fearful night were not yet at an end. The light of the conflagration had caught the eye of the besiegers, and a whole flight of shells were sent in its direction. Some burst in the street, putting the populace to flight on every side; and while the women were on the point of rushing down the stair, a crash was heard above, and an enormous shell burst through the roof, carrying down shattered rafters, stones, and a cloud of dust. The batteries had found our range, and a succession of shells burst above our heads, or tore their way downwards. All was now confusion and shrieking. At length one fell on the centre of the *escalier*, rolled down a few steps, and bursting, tore up the whole stair, leaving only a deep gulf between us and the portal. The women fled back through the apartment. I now regarded all as lost; and expecting the roof to come down every moment on my head, and hearing nothing round me but the bursting and hissing of those horrible instruments of havoc, I hurried through the chambers, in the hope of finding some casement from which I might reach the ground. They were all lofty and difficult of access, but I at length climbed up to one, from which, though twenty or thirty feet from the path below, I determined to take the plunge. I was about to leap, when to my infinite surprise I heard my name pronounced. "*Adieu, pour toujours!*" All was dark within the room, but I returned to discover the speaker. It was a female on her knees near the casement, and evidently preparing to die in prayer. I took her hand, and led her passively towards the window; she wore the dress of a nun, and her veil was on her face. As she seemed fainting, I gently removed it to give her air. A sheet of flame suddenly threw a broad light across the garden, and in that face I saw—Clotilde! She gave a feeble cry, and fell into my arms.

Our escape was accomplished soon after, by one of the scaling ladders which was brought at my call; and before I slept, I had seen the being in whom my very existence was concentrated, safely lodged with the principal family of the town. Slept, did I say? I never rested for an instant. Thoughts, reveries, a thousand wild speculations, rose, fell, chased each other through my brain, and all left me feverish, half-frantic, and delighted.

At the earliest moment which could be permitted by the formalities of France, even in a besieged town, I flew to Clotilde. She received me with the candour of her noble nature. Her countenance brightened with sudden joy as she approached me. In the *salle de reception* she sat surrounded by the ladies of the family, still full of enquiries on the perils of the night, congratulations on her marvellous escape, and no slight approval of the effect of the convent costume on the contour of her fine form and expressive features. My entrance produced a diversion in her favour, and I was showered with showy speeches from the seniors of the circle; the younger portion suddenly relapsing into that fri-

gid propriety which the Mademoiselle retains until she becomes the Madame, and then flings off for ever like her girlish wardrobe. But their eyes took their full share, and if glances at the "Englishman" could have been transferred into words, I should have enjoyed a very animated conversation on the part of the *Jeunes Innocentes*. But I shrank from the panegyric of my "heroism," as it was pronounced in all the tones of courtesy; and longed for the voice of Clotilde alone. The circle at last withdrew, and I was left to the most exquisite enjoyment of which the mind of man is capable—the full, fond, and faithful outpouring of the heart of the woman he loves. Strange to say, I had never exchanged a syllable with Clotilde before; and yet we now as deeply understood each other—were as much in each other's confidence, and had as little of the repulsive ceremonial of a first interview; as if we had conversed for years.

"You saved my life," said she; "and you are entitled to my truest gratitude to my last hour. I had made up my mind to die. I was exhausted in the attempt to escape from that terrible convent. When at last I reached the Hôtel de Ville, and found that all the sisterhood had been driven back from the great stair by the flames, I gave up all hope: and may I acknowledge unblamed, to you—but from you what?—have I now to conceal any secret of my feelings?—I was not unwilling to lay down a life which seemed to grow darker from day to day."

"You were wearied of your convent life?" said I, fixing my eyes on hers with eager enquiry. "But you must not tell me that you are a nun. The new laws of France forbid that sacrifice. My sweet Clotilde, while I live I shall never recognise your vows."

"You heed not," she answered, with a smile that glowed

"Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

"I have never taken them. The superior of the convent was my near relative, and I fled to her protection from the pursuit of one whom I never could have respected, and whom later thoughts have made me all but abhor."

"Montrecour! I shall pursue him through the world."

"No," said Clotilde; "he is as unworthy of your resentment as of my recollection. He is a traitor to his king, and a disgrace to his nobility. He is now a general in the Republican service—Citizen Montrecour. But we must talk of him no more."

She blushed deeply, and after some hesitation said, "I am perfectly aware that the marriages customary among our noblesse were too often contracted in the mere spirit of exclusiveness; and I own that the proposal of my alliance with the Marquis de Montrecour was a family arrangement, perfectly in the spirit of other days. But my residence in England changed my opinion on the custom of my country, and I determined never to marry." She stopped short, and with a faint smile said, "But let us talk of something else." Her cheek was crimson, and her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"No, Clotilde, talk of nothing else. Talk of your feelings, your sentiments, of yourself, and all that concerns yourself. No subject on earth can ever be so delightful to your friend. But, talk of what you will, and I shall listen with a pleasure which no human being has ever given me before, or ever shall give me again."

She raised her magnificent eyes and fixed them full upon me with an involuntary look of surprise, then grew suddenly pale, and then closed them as if she were fainting. "I must listen," said she, "to this language no longer. I know you to be above deception. I know you to be above playing with the vanity of one unused to praise, and to such praise. But I have a spirit as high as your own. Let us be friends. It will give an additional honour to my name; shall I say—and she faltered—"an additional interest to my existence. Now we must part for a while."

"Never!" was my exclamation. "The world does not contain two Clotildes. And you shall never leave me. You have just told me that I preserved your life. Why shall I not be its protector still? Why not be suffered to devote mine to making yours happy? But the bitter thought struck me as I uttered the words—how far I was from the power of giving this incomparable creature the station in society which was hers by right! How feeble was my hope even of competence! How painfully I should look upon her beauty, her fine understanding, and her generous heart, humbled to the narrow circumstances of one whose life depended upon the chances of the most precarious of all professions, and whose success in that profession depended wholly on the caprice of fortune. But one glance more drove all doubts away, and I took her hand."

She looked at me with speechless embarrassment, sighed deeply, and a tear stole down her cheek. At length, withdrawing her hand, she said, in almost a whisper, and with an evident effort, "This must not be. I feel infinite honour in your good opinion—deeply grateful for your kindness. But this must not be. No, I should rather wear this habit for my life, than make so ungenerous a return to the noble spirit that can thus offer its friendship to a stranger."

"No, Clotilde, no. Again, in my turn, I say, this must not be; you are no stranger. I know you at this hour as well as if I had known you from the first hour of my being. I gave my heart to you from the moment when I first saw you among your countrywomen in England. It required no time to make me feel that you were my fate. It was an instinct, a spell, a voice of nature, a voice of heaven within me!"

She listened and trembled. I again took the hand, which was withheld no more. "From that day, Clotilde, you were my thought by day and my dream by night. All my desires of distinction were, that it might be seen by your eye; all my hopes of fortune, that I might be enabled to lay it at your feet. If a throne were offered to me on condition of renouncing you, I should have rejected it. If it were my lot to labour in the humblest rank of life, with you by my side I should have cheerfully laboured; and, with your hand in mine, I should have said, I have found what is worth the world—happiness!"

Tears flowed down her cheeks, which were now like marble. She feebly attempted to smile, while, with eyelids drooping, and her whole frame quivering with emotion, she murmured in broken accents, "It is impossible—utterly impossible! Leave me. I must not bring you a portionless, a helpless, a nameless being—a mere dependent on your kindness, a burden on your fortune, an obstacle to your whole advance in the world!" A rich flush suddenly lighted up her lovely countenance, and a new splendour flashed from her eyes. She threw back her head loftily, and looking upwards, as if to draw thoughts from above—"Sir," said she, "I am as proud as you. I have had noble ancestors; I have borne a noble name. If that name has fallen, it is in the common wreck of my country. Our fortunes have sunk, only where the monarchy has gone down along with them; and I shall never degrade the memory of those ancestors, nor humiliate still more the fallen name of our house, by imposing my obscurity, my poverty, on one who has honoured me as you have done."



Now—farewell! My resolution is fixed. Farewell, my friend! I shall never forget this day." She turned away her face, and wept abundantly; then, fixing a deep look on me, she added—"I own that it would be a consolation to Clotilde de Tourville to believe that she may be sometimes remembered; but, until times change, we meet no more—if they change not, we part for ever."

I was so completely startled, so thunderstruck, by this declaration, that I could not utter a word. I stood gazing at her with open lips. I felt a mist gathering over my eyes; a strange sensation about my heart chilled my whole frame. I tottered to the sofa, and pressed my hand in pain upon my eyes; when I withdrew it, I was alone—Clotilde was gone, she had vanished with the silence of a vision.

I left the house immediately, in a state of mind which seemed like a dissolution of all my faculties. I could not speak—I could scarcely see—I could only gasp for air, and retain sufficient power over my limbs to guide my steps to my melancholy dwelling. There I threw myself on my rough bed, and lingered throughout the day in an exhaustion of mind and body, which I sometimes thought to be the approach of death. How little could Clotilde have intended that I should suffer thus for her high-toned delicacy! Still, in all my misery of soul, I did her justice. I remembered the countenance of melancholy beauty with which she announced her final determination. The accents of her impassioned voice continually rose in my recollection, giving the dearest testimony of a heart struggling at once with affection and a sense of duty. In my wildest reveries during that day and night of wretchedness, I felt that, if she could have spared me a single pang, she would have rejoiced to cheer, to console, to tranquillize me. Those were strange feelings for a rejected lover, but they were entirely mine. There was so lofty a spirit in her glance, so true a sincerity in her language, so pure and transparent a truth in her sighs, and smiles, and involuntary tears, that I acquitted her from my soul, of all attempts to try, or triumph over my devotion to her. More than once, during that night of anguish, I almost imagined the scene of the day actually passing a gain before my eyes. I saw her sorrows, and vainly endeavoured to subdue them; I heard her convulsive tones, and attempted to calm them; I reasoned with her, talked of our common helplessness, acknowledged the dignity and the delicacy of her conduct, and even gave her lip the kiss of peace and sorrow as I bade her farewell. Deep but exquisite illusion! which I cherished, and strove to renew; until, suddenly aroused by some changing of the sentinels, or passing of the attendants, I looked round, and saw nothing but the gloomy roof, the old flickering of the huge lanterns hanging from the centre of the hall, and the beds where so many had slept their last, and which so many of the sleepers were never to leave with life. I then had the true experience of human passion. Love in the light and gay, may be as sportive as themselves; in the calm and grave, it may be strong and deep: but in some, it is strong as tempest and consuming as flame.

I should probably have closed my days in that place of all afflicting sights and sounds, but for my good old Beguine. On her first visit at dawn, she lectured me prodigiously on the folly of exposing myself to the hazards of the night air, of which she evidently thought much more than of the Austrian cannon-balls. "They might shower upon the buildings as they pleased, but," said the Beguine, "if they kill, their business is done. It is your cold, your damp, your night air that carries off, without letting any one know how," the perplexity of science on the subject plainly forming the chief evil in poor Juliet's mind.

"See my own condition," said she, striving to bring her recollections in aid of her advice. "At fifteen I was a barmaid at the Swarts Adler; there I ran in and out, danced at all the family fetes, and was as gay as a bird on the tree. But that life was too good to last. At twenty, a corporal of Prussian dragoons fell in love with me, or I with him—it is all the same. His regiment was ordered to Silesia, and away we all marched. But if ever there was a country of fogs, that was the one. There are, now and then, a few even in our delightful France; but, in Silesia, they have a patent for them, they have them *par privilege*; if men could eat them, there would never be a chance of starving in Silesia. Cannon and musketry were nothing to them. Our dragoons dropped off like flies at the end of summer; and, unless we had been ordered away to keep the Turks from marching to Berlin, or the saints know where, the regiment would have had its last quarters in this world within a league of the marshes of Breslau. So I say ever since—take care of damp."

Having thus relieved her good-natured spirits of its burden, she proceeded to give me sketches of her history. The corporal had fallen a victim—though whether to Silesian fog, brandy, or bullet, she left doubtful—and she had married his successor in the rank. Love and matrimony in the army are of a different order from either in civil life; for the love is perpetual, the matrimony precarious. Juliet acknowledged that she never left above a month's interval between her afflictions as a widow and her consolations as a wife. In the course of time she changed her service. A handsome Austrian sergeant won her heart and hand, and she followed him to Hungary. There, between marsh fever and Turkish skirmishing, various casualties occurred in the matrimonial lists; and Juliet, who evidently had been a handsome brunette, and whose French vivacity distanced all the heavy charms of the Austrian peasantry, was never without a husband. At length, like other veterans, having served her country to the full extent of her patriotism, she was discharged with her tenth husband, and of course induced the honest Austrian to come to the only country on which, in a Frenchwoman's creed, the sun shines. There the Austrian died.

"I loved him," said the Beguine, wiping her eyes. "He was an excellent fellow, though dull; and I believe, next to smoking and schnaps, he loved me better than any thing else in the world. But on his emperor's birth-day, which he always kept with a bottle of brandy additional, he rambled out into the fog, and came back with a cold. *Preste!* I knew it was all over with him; but I nursed him like a babe, and he died, like a true Austrian, with his *meerschau* in his mouth, bequeathing me his snuff box, the certificate of his pension, and his blessing. I buried him, got pensioned, and was broken-hearted. What, then, was to be done? I was born for society. I once or twice thought of an eleventh husband; but I was rich. I had above a thousand francs, and a pension of a hundred; this perplexed me. I was determined to be married for myself alone. Yet, how could I know whether the hypocrites who clustered round me were not thinking of my money all the while? So I determined to marry no more—and became a Beguine."

In all my vexation, I could not help turning my eye upon the sentimentalist. She interpreted it in the happy way of her country. "You wonder at my self-denial," said she; "I perceive it in your astonishment. I was but fifty then. Yes," said she, clasping her hands and looking pathetic; "I acknowledge that it was cruel. What right had I to break so many hearts? I have much to answer for—and I but fifty! I am even now but fifty-six. Yes, ob-

serve, I have taken no vows; remark that, Monsieur le Capitaine. At the moment I am only a *Sœur de Charité*. No, nothing shall ever induce me to make or keep the vows. I am free to marry to-morrow; and I only beg, Monsieur le Capitaine, that when you are well enough to go abroad again, whether in the town or in the country, or in whatever part of Europe you may travel, you will have the kindness to state positively that Juliet Donnertrunk, née Ventrebien, has not taken, and never will take, any vows whatever!"

"Not even those of marriage, Juliet?" asked I.

She laughed, and patted my burning head, with "Ah, vous êtes bien bon! Ah, monneur Anglaise!" finishing with all the pantomime of blushing confusion, and starting away like a fluttering pigeon.

As soon as I felt able to move, which was not till some days after, my first effort was to reach the mansion in which Clotilde resided. But there I received the intelligence, that on the evening of the day of my first and last visit, she had left the town with the superior of the convent. She had made such urgent entreaties to the governor to be permitted to leave Valenciennes, that he had obtained a passport for her from the general commanding the trenches; and not only for her, but also for the nuns—the burning of whose convent had left them homeless.

Painful as it was thus to lose her, it was in some degree a relief to find that she was under the protection of her relative; and when I saw, from day to day, the ravage that was committed by the tremendous weight of fire, I almost rejoiced that she was no longer exposed to its perils.

But it was my fate, or perhaps my good fortune, never to be suffered to brood long over my own calamities. My life was spent in the midst of tumults, which, if they did not extinguish—and what could extinguish?—the seeds of such mental trials, at least prevented the echo of my complaints from returning to my ears. Before the midnight of that very day in which I had flung myself on my couch with almost total indifference as to my ever resting on another, the whole city was alarmed by the intelligence that the besiegers were evidently preparing for an assault. I listened undisturbed. Even this could scarcely add to the horrors in which the inhabitants lived from hour to hour; and to me it was the hope of a rescue, unless I should be struck by some of the shells, which now were perpetually bursting in the streets, or should even fall a victim to the wrath of the incensed garrison. But an order came suddenly to the officer in charge of the hospital, to send all the patients into the vaults, and throw all the beds on the roof, to deaden the weight of the fire. He was a man of gentlemanlike manners and had been attentive to me, in the shape of many of those minor civilities which a man of severe authority might have refused, but which mark kindness of disposition. On this night he told me, that he had orders to put all the prisoners in arrest; but that he regarded me more as a friend than a prisoner—and that I was at liberty to take any precaution for my security which I thought proper. My answer was, "that I hoped, at all events, not to be shut into the vaults, but to take my chance above ground." In the end, I proposed to assist in carrying the mattresses to the roof, and remain there until the night was over. "But you will be hit," said my friend. "So be it," was my answer. "It is the natural fate of my profession; but, at least, I shall not be buried alive."

"All will be soon over with us all, and with Valenciennes," said the officer; "though whether to-night or not, is a question. We have seen new batteries within the last twenty-four hours. The enemy have now nearly three hundred heavy guns in full play; and, to judge from the quantity of shells, they must have a hundred mortars besides. No fortress can stand this; and, if it continues, we shall soon be ground into dust." He took his leave; and, with my mattress on my shoulder, I mounted the numberless and creaking staircases, until the door of the roof and the landscape opened on me together.

The night was excessively dark, but perfectly calm; and, except where the fire from the batteries marked their position, all objects beyond the ramparts were invisible. The town around me lay silent, and looking more like a vast grave than a place of human existence. Now and then the light of a lantern gliding along the ruined streets, showed me a group of wretched beings burying a corpse to the next churchyard, or a priest seeking his way over the broken heaps to attend some dying soldier or citizen. All was utter desolation.

But a new scene—a terrible and yet a superb one—suddenly broke upon me. A discharge of rockets from various points of the allied lines, showed that a general movement was begun. The batteries opened along the whole extent of the trenches, and by their blaze I was able to discern, advancing and formed in their rear, two immense columns, which, however, in the distance and the fulfiness of the glare, looked more like huge clouds than living beings. The guns of the ramparts soon replied, and the roar was deafening; while the plunging of shot along the ramparts and roofs made our situation perilous in no slight degree. But, in the midst of this hurricane of fire, I saw a single rocket shoot up from the camp, and the whole range of the batteries ceased at the instant. The completeness of the cessation was scarcely less appalling than the roar. While every telescope was turned intently to the spot, where the columns and batteries seemed to have sunk together into the earth, a pyramid of blasting flame burst up to the very clouds, carrying with it fragments of beams and masonry. The explosion rent the air, and shook the building on which I stood as if it had been a house of sand. A crowd of engineers and staff-officers now rushed on the roof, and their alarm at the results of the concussion was undisguised. "This is what we suspected," said the chief to me; "but it was impossible to discover where the gallery of their mine was run. Our counter mine has clearly failed." He had scarcely spoken the words, before a second and still broader explosion tore up the ground to a great extent, and threw the counterscarp for several hundred yards into the ditch. The drums of the columns were now distinctly heard beating the advance; but darkness had again fallen, and all was invisible. A third explosion followed, still closer to the ramparts, which blew up the face of the grand bastion. The stormers now gave a general shout, and I saw them gallantly dashing across the ditch and covered way, tearing down the palisades, fighting hand to hand, clearing the outworks with the bayonet, and finally making a lodgement on the bastion itself. The red-coats, which now swarmed through the works, and the colours planted on the rampart, showed me that my countrymen had led the assault, and my heart throbbed with envy and admiration. "Why am I not there?" was my involuntary cry; as I almost wished that some of the shots, which were now flying about the roofs, would relieve me from the shame of being a helpless spectator. "Mon ami," said the voice of the brave and good natured Frenchman, who had overheard me—"if you wish to rejoin your regiment, you will not have long to wait. This affair will not be decided to-night, as I thought that it would be half an hour ago. I see that they have done as much as they intended for the time, and mean to leave the rest to night and famine. To-morrow will tell us something. Pack up your valise. *Bon soir!*"



## LAMARTINE.

Lamartine has traversed the same scenes with Chateaubriand and Millevoye, and yet he has done so in a different spirit; and the character of his work is essentially different from either. He has not the devout credulity of the first, nor the antiquarian zeal and knowledge of the last; but he is superior to either in the description of nature, and the painting vivid and interesting scenes on the mind of the reader. His work is a moving panorama, in which the historic scenes and azure skies, and placid seas and glowing sunsets, of the East, are portrayed in all their native brilliancy, and in richer even than their native colours. His mind is stored with the associations and the ideas of antiquity, and he has thrown over his descriptions of the scenes of Greece or Holy Writ, all the charms of such recollections; but he has done so in a more general and catholic spirit than either of his predecessors. He embarked for the Holy Land shortly before the Revolution of 1830; and his thoughts, amidst all the associations of antiquity, constantly reverted to the land of his fathers—its distractions, its woes, its ceaseless turmoil, its gloomy social prospects. Thus, with all his vivid imagination and unrivalled powers of description, the turn of his mind is essentially contemplative. He looks on the past as an emblem of the present; he sees, in the fall of Tyre and Athens and Jerusalem, the fate which one day awaits his own country; and mourns less the decay of human things, than the popular passions and national sins which have brought that instability in close proximity to his own times. This sensitive and foreboding disposition was much increased by the death of his daughter—a charming child of fourteen, the companion of his wanderings, the depository of his thoughts, the darling of his affections—who was snatched away in the spring of life, when in health and joy, by one of the malignant fetters incident to the pestilential plains of the East.

Though Lamartine's travels are continuous, he does not, like most other wanderers, furnish us with a journal of every day's proceedings. He was too well aware that many, perhaps most, days on a journey are monotonous or uninteresting; and that many of the details of a traveller's progress are wholly unworthy of being recorded, because they are neither amusing, elevating, nor instructive. He paints, now and then, with all the force of his magical pencil, the more brilliant or characteristic scenes which he visited, and intersperses them with reflections, moral and social; such as would naturally be aroused in a sensitive mind by the sight of the ruins of ancient, and the contemplation of the decay of modern times.

He embarked at Marseilles, with Madame Lamartine and his little daughter Julia, on the 10th July 1830. A night-scene on the coast of Provence gives a specimen of his descriptive powers.

"It was night—that is, what they call night in those climates; but how many days have I seen less brilliant on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, the Saône, or the Lake of Geneva! A full moon shone in the firmament, and cast into the shade our vessel, which lay motionless on the water at a little distance from the quay. The moon, in her progress through the heavens, had left a path marked as if with red sand, with which she had besprinkled the half of the sky; the remainder was clear deep blue, which melted into white as she advanced. On the horizon, at the distance of two miles, between two little isles, of which the one had headlands pointed and coloured like the Coliseum at Rome, while the other was violet like the flower of the lilac, the image of a vast city appeared on the sea. It was an illusion, doubtless; but it had all the appearance of reality. You saw clearly the domes glancing—dazzling lines of palaces—quays flooded by a soft and serene light; on the right and the left the waves were seen to sparkle and enclose it on either side; it was Venice or Malta reposing in the midst of the waters. The illusion was produced by the reflection of the moon, when her rays fell perpendicularly on the waters; nearer the eye, the radiance spread and expanded in a stream of gold and silver between two shores of azure. On the left, the gulf extended to the summit of a long and obscure range of serrated mountains; on the right opened a narrow and deep valley, where a fountain gushed forth beneath the shade of aged trees; behind, rose a hill, clothed to the top with olives, which in the night appeared dark, from its summit to its base—a line of Gothic towers and white houses, broke the obscurity of the wood, and drew the thoughts to the abodes, the joys, and the sufferings of man. Further off, in the extremity of the gulf, three enormous rocks rose, like pillars without base, from the surface of the waters—their forms were fantastic, their surface polished like flints by the action of the waves; but those flints were mountains—the remains, doubtless, of that primeval ocean which once overspread the earth, and of which our seas are but a feeble image."

A rocky bay on the same romantic coast, now rendered accessible to travellers by the magnificent road of the Corniche, projected, and in part executed by Napoleon, furnishes another subject for this exquisite pencil:—

"A mile to the eastward on the coast, the mountains, which there dip into the sea, are broken as if by the strokes of enormous clubs—huge fragments have fallen, and are strewn in wild confusion at the foot of the cliffs, or amidst the blue and green waves of the sea, which incessantly laves them. The waves break on these huge masses without intermission, with a hollow and alternating roar, or rise up in sheets of foam, which besprinkle their hoary fronts. These masses of mountains—for they are too large to be called rocks—are piled and heaped together in such numbers, that they form an innumerable number of narrow havens, of profound caverns, of sounding grottoes, of gloomy fissures—of which the children of some of the neighbouring fishermen alone knew the windings and the issues. One of these caverns, into which you enter by a natural arch, the summit of which is formed by an enormous block of granite, lets in the sea, through which it flows into a dark and narrow valley, which the waters fill entirely, with a surface as limpid and smooth as the firmament which they reflect. The sea preserves in this sequestered nook that beautiful tint of bright green, of which marine painters so strongly feel the value, but which they can never transfer exactly to their canvass; for the eye sees much which the hand strives in vain to imitate."

"On the two sides of that marine valley rise two prodigious walls of perpendicular rock, of an uniform and sombre hue, similar to that of iron ore, after it has issued and cooled from the furnace. Not a plant, not a moss can find a slope or a crevice wherein to insert its roots, or cover the rocks with those waving garlands which so often in Savoy clothe the cliffs, where they flower to God alone. Black, naked, perpendicular, repelling the eye by their awful aspect—they seem to have been placed there for no other purpose but to protect from the sea-breezes the hills of olives and vines, which bloom under their shelter; an image of those ruling men in a stormy epoch, who seem placed by Providence to bear the fury of all the tempests of passion and of time, to screen the weaker but happier race of mortals. At the bottom of the bay the sea expands a little, assumes a bluer tint as it comes to reflect more of the cloudless heavens, and at length its tiny waves die away on a bed of violets, as closely netted together as the sand upon the shore. If you disembark from the boat, you find in the cleft of a neighbouring ravine a fountain of living water, which gushes

beneath a narrow path formed by the goats, which leads up from this sequestered solitude, amidst overshadowing fig-trees and oleanders, to the cultivated abodes of man. Few scenes struck me so much in my long wanderings. Its charm consists in that exquisite union of force and grace, which forms the perfection of natural beauty as of the highest class of intellectual beings; it is that mysterious hymn of the land and the sea, surprised, as it were, in their most secret and hidden union. It is the image of perfect calm and inaccessible solitude, close to the theatre of tumultuous tempests, where their near roar is heard with such terror, where their foaming but lessened waves yet break upon the shore. It is one of those numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of creation which God has scattered over the earth, as if to sport with contrasts, but which he conceals so frequently on the summit of naked rocks, in the depth of inaccessible ravines, on the unapproachable shores of the ocean, like jewels which he unveils rarely, and that only to simple beings, to children, to shepherds or fishermen, or the devout worshippers of nature."

Here is another of his glowing pictures:—

"Between the sea and the last heights of Lebanon, which sink rapidly almost to the water's edge, extends a plain eight leagues in length by one or two broad; sandy, bare, covered only with *thorn arbutus*, browsed by the camels of caravans. From it darts out into the sea an advanced peninsula, linked to the continent only by a narrow *chaussée* of shining sand, borne hither by the winds of Egypt. Tyre, now called Sour by the Arabs, is situated at the extremity of this peninsula, and seems, at a distance, to rise out of the waves. The modern town, at first sight, has a gay and smiling appearance; but a nearer approach dispels the illusion, and exhibits only a few hundred crumbling and half-deserted houses, where the Arabs, in the evening, assemble to shelter their flocks which have browsed in the narrow plain. Such is all that now remains of the mighty Tyre. It has neither a harbour to the sea, nor a road to the land; the prophecies have long been accomplished in regard to it."

"We moved on in silence, buried in the contemplation of the *dest* of an empire which we trod. We followed a path in the middle of the plain of Tyre, between the town and the hills of grey and naked rock which Lebanon has thrown down towards the sea. We arrived abreast of the city, and touched a mound of sand which appears the sole remaining rampart to prevent it from being overwhelmed by the waves of the ocean or the desert. I thought of the prophecies, and called to mind some of the eloquent denunciations of Ezekiel. As I was making these reflections, some objects, black, gigantic, and motionless, appeared upon the summit of one of the overhanging cliffs of Lebanon, which there advanced far into the plain. They resembled five black statues, placed on a rock as their huge pedestal. At first we thought it was five *Bedouins*, who were there stationed to fire upon us from their inaccessible heights; but when we were at the distance of fifty yards, we beheld one of them open its enormous wings, and flap them against its sides with a sound like the unfurling of a sail. We then perceived that they were five eagles of the largest species I have ever seen, either in the Alps or our museums. They made no attempt to move when we approached; they seemed to regard themselves as kings of the desert, looked on Tyre as an appanage which belonged to them, and whither they were about to return. Nothing more supernatural ever met my eyes; I could almost suppose that behind them I saw the terrible figure of Ezekiel, the poet of vengeance, pointing to the devoted city which the divine wrath had overwhelmed with destruction. The discharge of a few muskets made them rise from their rock; but they showed no disposition to move from their ominous perch, and, soon returning, floated over our heads, regardless of the shots fired at them, as if the eagles of God were beyond the reach of human injury."

Jerusalem was a subject to awaken all our author's enthusiasm, and call forth all his descriptive powers. The first approach to it has exercised the talents of many writers in prose and verse; but none has drawn it in such graphic and brilliant colours as our author:—

"We ascended a mountain ridge, strewed over with enormous grey rocks, piled one on another as if by human hands. Here and there a few stunted vines, yellow with the colour of autumn, crept along the soil in a few places cleared out in the wilderness. Fig-trees, with their tops withered or shivered by the blasts, often edged the vines, and cast their black fruit on the grey rock. On our right, the desert of St. John, where formerly the voice was heard crying in the wilderness, sank like an abyss in the midst of five or six black mountains, through the openings of which, the sea of Egypt, overspread with a dark cloud, could still be discerned. On the left, and near the eye, was an old tower, placed on the top of a projecting eminence; other ruins, apparently of an ancient aqueduct, descended from that tower, overgrown with verdure, now in the sear leaf; that tower is Modin, the stronghold and tomb of the last heroes of sacred story, the Maccabees. We left behind us the ruins, resplendent with the first rays of the morning—rays, not blended as in Europe in a confused and vague illumination, but darting like arrows of fire tinted with various colours, issuing from a dazzling centre, and diverging over the whole heavens as they expand. Some were of blue, slightly silvered, others of pure white, some of tender rose hue, melting into grey; many of burning fire, like the coruscations of a flaming conflagration. All were distinct, yet all united in one harmonious whole, forming a resplendent arch in the heavens, encircling, and issuing from a centre of fire. In proportion as the day advanced, the brilliant light of these separate rays was gradually dimmed—or rather, they were blended together, and composed the colourless light of day. Then the moon, which still shone overhead, paled her intellectual fire, and melted away in the general illumination of the heavens."

"After having ascended a second ridge, more lofty and naked than the former, the horizon suddenly opens to the right, and presents a view of all the country which extends between the last summits of Judea and the mountains of Arabia. It was already flooded with the increasing light of the morning; but beyond the piles of grey rock which lay in the foreground, nothing was distinctly visible but a dazzling space, like a vast sea, interspersed with a few islands of shade, which stood forth in the brilliant surface. On the shores of that imaginary ocean, a little to the left, and about a league distant, the sun shone with uncommon brilliancy on a massy tower, a lofty minaret, and some edifices, which crowned the summit of a low hill of which you could not see the bottom. Soon the points of other minarets, a few loopholed walls, and the dark summits of several domes, which successively came into view, and fringed the descending slope of the hill, announced a city. It was JERUSALEM, and every one of the party, without addressing a word to the guides, or to each other, enjoyed in silence the entrancing spectacle. We rested our horses to contemplate that mysterious and dazzling apparition; but when we moved on, it was soon snatched from our view; for as we descended the hill, and plunged into the deep and profound valley which lay at its feet, we lost sight of the holy city, and were surrounded only by the solitude and desolation of the desert."



The environs of Jerusalem are described with equal force by the same master-hand:—

"The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be described in a few words. Mountains without shade, and valleys without water—the earth without verdure, rocks without grandeur. Here and there a few blocks of grey stone start up out of the dry and fissured earth, between which, beneath the shade of an old fig-tree, a gazelle or a hyena are occasionally seen to emerge from the fissures of the rock. A few plants or vines creep over the surface of that grey and parched soil; in the distance, is occasionally seen a grove of olive-trees, casting a shade over the arid side of the mountain—the mouldering walls and towers of the city appearing from afar on the summit of Mount Sion. Such is the general character of the country. The sky is ever pure, bright and cloudless: never does even the slightest film of mist obscure the purple tint of evening and morning. On the side of Arabia, a wide gulf opens amidst the black ridges, and presents a vista of the shining surface of the Dead Sea, and the violet summits of the mountains of Moab. Rarely is a breath of air heard to murmur, in the fissures of the rocks, or among the branches of the aged olives; not a bird sings, nor an insect chirps in the waterless furrows. Silence reigns universally, in the city, in the roads, in the fields. Such was Jerusalem during all the time that we spent within its walls. Not a sound ever met our ears, but the neighing of the horses, who grew impatient under the burning rays of the sun, or who furrowed the earth with their feet, as they stood picketed round our camp, mingled occasionally with the crying of the hour from the minarets, or the mournful cadences of the Turks as they accompanied the dead to their cemeteries. Jerusalem, to which the world hastens to visit a sepulchre, is itself a vast tomb of a people; but it is a tomb without cypresses without inscriptions, without monuments, of which they have broken the grave stones, and the ashes of which appear to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence and sterility. We cast our eyes back frequently from the top of every hill which we passed on this mournful and desolate region, and at length we saw for the last time, the crown of olives which surmounts the Mount of the same name, and which long rises above the horizon after you have lost sight of the town itself. At length it also sank beneath the rocky screen, and disappeared like the chaplets of flowers which we throw on a sepulchre."

From Jerusalem he made an expedition to Balbec in the desert, which produced the same impression upon him that it does upon all other travellers:—

"We rose with the sun, the first rays of which struck on the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that *éclat* which his brilliant light throws ever over ruins which it illuminates. Soon we arrived, on the northern side at the foot of the gigantic walls which surround those beautiful remains. A clear stream, flowing over a bed of granite, murmured around the enormous blocks of stone, fallen from the top of the wall which obstructed its course. Beautiful sculptures were half concealed in the limpid stream. We passed the rivulet by an arch formed by these fallen remains, and mounting a narrow breach, were soon lost in admiration of the scene which surrounded us. At every step a fresh exclamation of surprise broke from our lips. Every one of the stones of which that wall was composed was from eight to ten feet in length, by five or six in breadth, and as much in height. They rest, without cement, one upon the other, and almost all bear the mark of Indian or Egyptian sculpture. At a single glance, you see that these enormous stones are not placed in their original site—that they are the precious remains of temples of still more remote antiquity, which were made use of to encircle this colony of Grecian and Roman citizens."

"When we reached the summit of the breach, our eyes knew not to what object first to turn. On all sides were gates of marble of prodigious height and magnitude; windows, or niches, fringed with the richest friezes; fallen pieces of cornices, of entablatures, or capitals, thick as the dust beneath our feet; magnificent vaulted roofs above our heads; every where a chaos of confused beauty, the remains of which lay scattered about, or piled on each other in endless variety. So prodigious was the accumulation of architectural remains, that it defies all attempt at classification, or conjecture of the kind of buildings to which the greater part of them had belonged. After passing through this scene of ruined magnificence, we reached an inner wall, which we also ascended; and from its summit the view of the interior was yet more splendid. Of much greater extent, far more richly decorated than the outer circle it presented an immense platform in the form of a long rectangle, the level surface of which was frequently broken by the remains of still more elevated pavements, on which temples to the sun, the object of adoration at Balbec, had been erected. All around that platform were a series of lesser temples—or chapels, as we should call them—decorated with niches, admirably engraved, and loaded with sculptured ornaments to a degree that appeared excessive to those who had seen the severe simplicity of the Parthenon or the Coliseum. But how prodigious the accumulation of architectural riches in the middle of an eastern desert! Combine in imagination the Temple of Jupiter Stator and the Coliseum at Rome, of Jupiter Olympius and the Acropolis at Athens, and you will yet fall short of that marvellous assemblage of admirable edifices and sculptures. Many of the temples rest on columns seventy feet in height, and seven feet in diameter, yet composed only of two or three blocks of stone, so perfectly joined together that to this day you can barely discern the lines of their junction. Silence is the only language which befits man when words are inadequate to convey his impressions. We remained mute with admiration, gazing on the eternal ruins."

"The shades of night overtook us while we yet rested in amazement at the scene by which we were surrounded. One by one they enveloped the columns in their obscurity, and added a mystery the more to that magical and mysterious work of time and man. We appeared, as compared with the gigantic mass and long duration of these monuments, as the swallows which nestle a season in the crevices of the capitals, without knowing by whom, or for whom, they have been constructed. The thoughts, the wishes, which moved these masses, are to us unknown. The dust of marble which we tread beneath our feet knows more of it than we do, but it cannot tell us what it has seen; and in a few ages the generations which shall come in their turn to visit our monuments will ask, in like manner, wherefore we have built and engraved. The works of man survive his thought. Movement is the law of the human mind; the definite is the dream of his pride and his ignorance. God is a limit which appears ever to recede as humanity approaches him: we are ever advancing, and never arrive. This great Divine Figure which man from his infancy is ever striving to reach, and to imprison in his structures raised by hands, for ever enlarges and expands; it outsteps the narrow limits of temples, and leaves the altars to crumble into dust; and calls man to seek for it where alone it resides—in thought, in intelligence, in virtue, in nature, in infinity."

The plain of Troy, seen by moonlight, furnishes the subject of one of our author's most striking passages:—

"It is midnight; the vessel floats motionless on the resplendent surface. On our left, Tenedos rises above the waves, and shuts out the view of the open sea; on our right, and close to us, stretched out like a dark bar, the low shore and indented coasts of Troy. The full moon, which rises behind the snow-streaked summit of Mount Ida, sheds a serene and doubtful light over the summits of the mountains, the hills, the plain: its extending rays fall upon the sea, and reach the shadow of our brig, forming a bright path which the shades do not venture to approach. We can discern the *tumuli*, which tradition still marks as the tombs of Hector and Patroclus. The full moon, slightly tinged with red, which discloses the undulations of the hills, resembles the bloody buckler of Achilles; no light is to be seen on the coast, but a distant twinkling, lighted by the shepherds on Mount Ida—not a sound is to be heard but the lapping of the sail on the mast, and the slight creaking of the mast itself; all being dead like the past in that deserted land. Seated on the fore-castle, I see that shore, those mountains, those ruins, those tombs, rise like the ghost of the departed world, reappear from the bosom of the sea with shadowy form, by the rays of the star of night, which sleep on the hills, and disappear as the moon ecedes behind the summits of the mountains. It is a beautiful additional page in the poems of Homer, the end of all history and of all poetry! Unknown tombs rise without a certain name; the earth naked and dark, but imperfectly lighted by the immortal luminaries; new spectators passing by the old coast, and repeating for the thousandth time the common epitaph of mortality! Here lies an empire, here a town, here a people, here a hero! God alone is great, and the thought which seeks and adores him alone is imperishable upon earth. I feel no desire to make a nearer approach in daylight to the doubtful remains of the ruins of Troy. I prefer that nocturnal apparition, which allows the thought to repeople those deserts, and sheds over them only the distant light of the moon and of the poetry of Homer. And what concerns me Troy, its heroes, and its gods! That leaf of the heroic world is turned for ever!"

What a magnificent testimonial to the genius of Homer, written in a foreign tongue, two thousand seven hundred years after his death!

The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus have, from the dawn of letters, exercised the descriptive talents of the greatest historians of modern Europe. The ruthless chronicle of Villehardouin, and the eloquent pictures of Gibbon and Sismondi of the siege of Constantinople, will immediately occur to every scholar. The following passage, however, will show that no subject can be worn out when it is handled by the pen of genius:—

"It was five in the morning, I was standing on deck; we made sail towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, skirting the walls of Constantinople. After half an hour's navigation through ships at anchor, we touched the walls of the seraglio, which prolongs those of the city, and form, at the extremity of the hill which supports the proud Stamboul, the angle which separates the sea of Mar-mora from the canal of the Bosphorus, and the harbour of the Golden Horn. It is there that God and man, nature and art, have combined to form the most marvellous spectacle which the human eye can behold. I uttered an involuntary cry when the magnificent panorama opened upon my sight; I forgot for ever the bay of Naples and all its enchantment; to compare any thing to that marvellous and graceful combination would be an injury to the fairest work of creation."

"The walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the seraglio were on our left; with their base perpetually washed by the waters of the Bosphorus, blue and limpid as the Rhone at Geneva; the terraces which rise one above another to the palace of the Sultana, the gilded cupolas of which rose above the gigantic summits of the plane-tree and the cypress, were themselves clothed with enormous trees, the trunks of which overhang the walls, while their branches, overspreading the gardens, spread a deep shadow, even far into the sea, beneath the protection of which the panting towers repose from their toil. These stately groups of trees are from time to time interrupted by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilded and sculptured domes, or batteries of cannon. These maritime palaces form part of the seraglio. You see occasionally through the muslin curtains the gilded roofs and sumptuous cornices of those abodes of beauty. At every step, elegant Moorish fountains fall from the higher parts of the gardens, and murmur in marble basins, from whence, before reaching the sea, they are conducted in little cascades to refresh the passengers. As the vessel coasted the walls, the prospect expanded—the coast of Asia appeared, and the mouth of the Bosphorus, properly so called, began to open between hills, on one side of dark green, on the other of smiling verdure, which seemed variegated by all the colours of the rainbow. The smiling shores of Asia, distant about a mile, stretched out to our right, surmounted by lofty hills, sharp at the top, and clothed to the summit with dark forests, with their sides varied by hedge-rows, villas, orchards, and gardens. Deep precipitous ravines occasionally descended on this side into the sea, overshadowed by huge overgrown oaks, the branches of which dipped into the water. Further on still, on the Asiatic side, an advanced headland projected into the waves, covered with white houses—it was Scutari, with its vast white barracks, its resplendent mosques, its animated quays, forming a vast city. Further still, the Bosphorus, like a deeply imbedded river, opened between opposing mountains—the advancing promontories and receding bays of which, clothed to the water's edge with forests, exhibited a confused assemblage of masts of vessels, shady groves, noble palaces, hanging gardens, and tranquil havens."

"The harbour of Constantinople is not, properly speaking, a port. It is rather a great river like the Thames, shut in on either side by hills covered with houses, and covered by innumerable lines of ships lying at anchor along the quays. Vessels of every description are to be seen there, from the Arabian bark, the prow of which is raised, and darts along like the ancient galleys, to the ship of the line, with three decks, and its sides studded with brazen mouths. Multitudes of Turkish barks circulate through that forest of masts, serving the purpose of carriages in that maritime city, and disturb in their swift progress through the waves, clouds of albatross, which, like beautiful white pigeons' rise from the sea on their approach, to descend and repose again on the unruffled surface. It is impossible to count the vessels which lie on the water from the seraglio point to the suburb of Eyoub and the delicious valley of the Sweet Waters. The Thames at London exhibits nothing comparable to it."

"Beautiful as the European side of the Bosphorus is, the Asiatic is infinitely more striking. It owes nothing to man, but everything to nature. There is neither a Buyukdere nor a Therapia, nor palaces of ambassadors, nor an Armenian nor Frank city; there is nothing but mountains with glens which separate them; little valleys enameled with green, which lie at the foot of overhanging rocks; torrents which enliven the scene with their foam; forests which darken it by their shade, or dip their boughs in the waves; a variety of forms, of tints, and of foliage, which the pencil of the painter is alike unable to represent or the pen of the poet to describe. A few cottages perched on the summit of projecting rocks, or sheltered in the bosom of a deeply indented bay, alone tell you



of the presence of man. The evergreen oaks hang in such masses over the waves that the boatmen glide under their branches, and often sleep cradled in their arms. Such is the character of the coast on the Asiatic side as far as the castle of Mahomet II., which seems to shut it in as closely as any Swiss lake. Beyond that, the character changes; the hills are less rugged, and descend in gentler slopes to the water's edge; charming little plains, checkered with fruit-trees and shaded by planes, frequently open; and the delicious Sweet Waters of Asia exhibit a scene of enchantment equal to any described in the Arabian Nights. Women, children, and black slaves in every variety of costume and colour; veiled ladies from Constantinople; cattle and buffaloes ruminating in the pastures; Arab horses clothed in the most sumptuous trappings of velvet and gold; caïques filled with Armenian and Circassian young women, seated under the shade or playing with their children, some of the most ravishing beauty, form a scene of variety and interest probably unique in the world."

These are the details of the piece; here is the general impression:—

"One evening, by the light of a splendid moon, which was reflected from the sea of Marmora, and the violet summits of Mount Olympus, I sat alone under the cypresses of the 'Ladders of the Dead,' those cypresses which overshadow innumerable tombs of Mussulmans, and descend from the heights of Pera to the shores of the sea. No one ever passes at that hour; you would suppose yourself an hundred miles from the capital, if a confused hum, wafted by the wind, was not occasionally heard, which speedily died away among the branches of the cypress. These sounds weakened by distance; the songs of the sailors in the vessels; the stroke of the oars in the water: the drums of the military bands in the barracks; the songs of the women who lulled their children to sleep; the cries of the muezzim, who, from the summits of the minarets, called the faithful to evening prayers; the evening gun which boomed across the Bosphorus, the signal of repose to the fleet—all these sounds combined to form one confused murmur, which strangely contrasted with the perfect silence around me, and produced the deepest impression. The seraglio, with its vast peninsula, dark with plane-trees and cypresses, stood forth like a promontory of forests between the two seas which slept beneath my eyes. The moon shone on the numerous kiosks; and the old walls of the palace of Amurath stood forth like huge rocks from the obscure gloom of the plane-trees. Before me was the scene, in my mind was the recollection, of all the glorious and sinister events which had there taken place. The impression was the strongest, the most overwhelming, which a sensitive mind could receive. All was there mingled—man and God, society and nature, mental agitation, the melancholy repose of thought. I know not whether I participated in the great movement of associated beings who enjoy or suffer in that mighty assemblage, or in that nocturnal slumber of the elements, which murmured thus, and raised the mind above the cares of cities and empires into the bosom of nature and of God."

## ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

From the Recollections of the Rifleman Harris.

EDITED BY HENRY CURLING.

### THE FIELD OF VIMIERO.

After I had shot the French light infantry man, as described in my last, and quenched my thirst from his calabash, finding he was quite dead, I proceeded to search him. Whilst I turned him about, in the endeavour at finding the booty I felt pretty certain he had gathered from the slain, an officer of the sixtieth approached, and accosted me.

"What! looking for money, my lad," said he, "eh?"

"I am, sir," I answered; "but I cannot discover where this fellow has hid his hoard."

"You knocked him over, my man," he said, "in good style, and deserve something for the shot. Here," he continued, stooping down, and feeling in the lining of the Frenchman's coat, "this is the place where these rascals generally carry their coin. Rip up the lining of his coat, and then search in his stock. I know them better than you seem to do."

Thanking the officer for his courtesy, I proceeded to cut open the lining of his jacket with my sword-bayonet, and was quickly rewarded for my labour by finding a yellow silk purse, wrapped up in an old black silk handkerchief. The purse contained several doubloons, three or four napoleons, and a few dollars. Whilst I was counting the money, the value of which, except the dollars I did not then know, I heard the bugle of the rifles sound out the assembly, so I touched my cap to the officer, and returned towards them.

The men were standing at ease, with the officers in front. As I approached them, Major Travers, who was in command of the four companies, called me to him.

"What have you got there, sir?" he said. "Show me."

I handed him the purse, expecting a reprimand for my pains. He, however, only laughed as he examined it, and turning, showed it to his brother-officer.

"You did that well, Harris," he said, "and I am sorry the purse is not better filled. Fall in." In saying this, he handed me back the purse, and I joined my company. Soon afterwards, the roll being called, we were all ordered to lie down and gain a little rest after our day's work.

We lay as we had stood enranked upon the field, and in a few minutes, I dare say, one half of that green line, overwheeled with their exertions, were asleep upon the ground they had so short a time before been fighting on. After we had lain for some little time, I saw several men strolling about the field, so I again quietly rose, with one or two others of the rifles, and once more looked about me, to see what I could pick up amongst the slain.

I had rambled some distance, when I saw a French officer running towards me with all his might, pursued by at least half a dozen horsemen. The Frenchman was a tall, handsome-looking man, dressed in a blue uniform; he ran swiftly as a wild Indian, turning and doubling like a hare. I held up my hand, and called to his pursuers not to hurt him. One of the horsemen, however, cut him down with a desperate blow, when close beside me, and the rest wheeling round, they leaned from their saddles, and passed their swords through his body.

I am sorry to say there was an English dragoon amongst these scoundrels; the rest, by their dress, I judged to be Portuguese cavalry. Whether the Frenchman thus slaughtered was a prisoner trying to escape, or what was the cause of this cold-blooded piece of cruelty, I know not, as the horsemen immediately galloped off without a word of explanation; and, feeling quite disgusted with the scene I had witnessed, I returned to my comrades, and again throwing myself down, was soon fast asleep as any there.

I might have slept perhaps half an hour, when, the bugles again sounding, we all started to our feet, and were soon afterwards marched off to form the picquets. Towards evening I was posted upon a rising ground, amongst a clump of tall trees. There seemed to have been a sharp skirmish here, as

three Frenchmen were lying dead amongst the long grass upon the spot where I was standing. As I threw my rifle to my shoulder, and walked past them on my beat, I observed they had been plundered, and their haversacks having been torn off, some of the contents were scattered about. Among other things, a small quantity of biscuit lay at my feet.

War is a sad blunter of the feelings, I have often thought since those days. The contemplation of three ghastly bodies in this lonely spot failed then in making the slightest impression upon me. The sight had become, even in the short time I had been engaged in the trade, but too familiar. The biscuits, however, which lay in my path I thought a blessed windfall, and, stooping, I gathered them up, scraped off the blood with which they were sprinkled with my bayonet, and ate them ravenously.

As I stood at the edge of the little plantation, and looked over to the enemies' side, I observed a large body of their cavalry drawn up. I love to call to mind the most trivial circumstances which I observed whilst in the Peninsula, and I remember many things, of small importance in themselves, and, indeed, hardly remarked at the time, as forcibly as if they had been branded into my memory. I recollect keeping a very sharp look-out at the French cavalry on that evening, for I thought them rather too near my post; and, whilst I stood beneath one of the tall trees and watched them, it commenced raining, and they were ordered to cloak up.

General Kellerman and his trumpets at this moment returned to the French side; and soon afterwards, the picquets being withdrawn, I was relieved from my post, and marched off to join my company. A truce, I now found, had been concluded, and we lay down to rest for the night. Next day was devoted to the duty of burying the dead, and assisting the wounded, carrying the latter off the field into a church-yard near Vimiero.

### THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

The scene in this churchyard was somewhat singular. Two long tables had been procured from some houses near, and were placed end to end amongst the graves, and upon them were laid the men whose limbs it was found necessary to amputate. Both French and English were constantly lifted on and off these tables. As soon as the operation was performed upon one lot, they were carried off, and those in waiting hoisted up: the surgeons with their sleeves turned up, and the hands and arms covered with blood, looking like butchers in the shambles. I saw as I passed at least twenty legs lying on the ground, many of them being clothed in the long black gaiters then worn by the infantry of the line. The surgeons had plenty of work on hand that day, and not having time to take off the clothes of the wounded, they merely ripped the seams and turned the cloth back, proceeding with the operation as fast as they could.

Many of the wounded came straggling into this churchyard in search of assistance, by themselves. I saw one man, faint with loss of blood, staggering along, and turned to assist him. He was severely wounded in the head, his face being completely incrustated with the blood which had flowed during the night, and had now stopped. One eyeball was knocked out of the socket, and hung down upon his cheek.

Another man I observed who had been brought in, and propped against a grave-mound. He seemed very badly hurt. The men who had carried him into the churchyard, had placed his cap filled with fragments of biscuit close beside his head, and as he lay he occasionally turned his mouth towards it, got hold of a piece of biscuit, and munched it.

As I was about to leave the churchyard, Dr. Ridgeway, one of the surgeons, called me back, to assist in holding a man, he was endeavouring to operate upon

"Come and help me with this man," he said, "or I shall be all day cutting a ball out of his shoulder."

The patient's name was Doubter, an Irishman. He disliked the doctor's efforts, and writhed and twisted so much during the operation that it was with difficulty Dr. Ridgeway could perform it. He found it necessary to cut very deep, and Doubter made a terrible outcry at every fresh incision.

"Oh, doctor dear!" he said, "it's murdering me you are! Blood-andsounds! I shall die!—I shall die! For the love of the Lord don't cut me all to pieces!"

Doubter was not altogether wrong; for, although he survived the operation, he died shortly afterwards from the effects of his wounds. After I was dismissed by the doctor, I gladly left the churchyard, and returning to the hill where the rifles were bivouacked, was soon afterwards ordered by Capt. Leech to get my shoe-making implements from my pack, and commence work upon the men's waist-belts, many of which had been much torn during the action, and I continued to be so employed as long as there was light enough to see by, after which I lay down amongst them to rest.

We lay that night upon the hill side, many of the men breaking boughs from the trees at hand, in order to make a slight cover for their heads; the tents not being then with us.

I remember it was intensely cold during that night. So much so that I could not sleep, but lay with my feet drawn up, as if I had a fit of the cramp. I was indeed compelled more than once during the night to get up and run about, in order to put warmth into my benumbed limbs.

### THE MARCH TO SPAIN.

Three days' march brought us without the walls of Lisbon, where we halted, and, the tents soon after coming up, were encamped. The second day after our arrival, as I was lying in my tent, Captain Leech and Lieutenant Cox entering it, desired me to rise and follow them. We took the way towards the town, and wandered about the streets for some time. Both these officers were good-looking men, and, in their rifle uniform, with the pelisse hanging from one shoulder, and hessian-boots then worn, cut a dash, I thought, in the streets of Lisbon. There were no other English that I could observe in the town this day; and, what with the glances of the black-eyed lasses from the windows, and the sulky scowl of the French sentinels as we passed, I thought we caused quite a sensation in the place. Indeed I believe we were the first men that entered Lisbon after the arrival of the army without its walls.

After some little time had been spent in looking about us, the officers spied an hotel, and entering it, walked up stairs. I myself entered a sort of taproom below, and found myself in the midst of a large assemblage of French soldiers, many of whom were wounded, some with their arms hanging in scarfs, and others bandaged about the head and face. In short, one half of them appeared to carry tokens of our bullets of a few days before.

At first they appeared inclined to be civil to me, although my appearance amongst them caused rather a sensation, I observed, and three or four rose from their seats, and with all the swagger of Frenchmen strutted up, and offered to drink with me. I was young then, and full of the natural animosity against the enemy so prevalent with John Bull. I hated the French with a deadly hatred,



and refused to drink with them, shewing by my discourteous manner the feelings I entertained; so they turned off, with a "Sacré!" and a "Bah!" and, reseating themselves, commenced talking at an amazing rate all at once, and no more listening to his fellow.

Although I could not comprehend a word of the language they uttered, I could pretty well make out that I myself was the subject of the noise around me. My discourteous manners had offended them, and they seemed to be working themselves up into a violent rage. One fellow, in particular, wearing an immense pair of moustachios, and his coat loosely thrown over his shoulders, his arm being wounded, and in a sling, rose up, and attempted to harangue the company. He pointed to the pouch at my waist, which contained my bullets, then to my rifle, and then to his own wounded arm, and I began to suspect that I should probably get more than I had bargained for on entering the house, unless I speedily managed to remove myself out of it, when, luckily, Lieutenant Cox and Captain Leech entered the room in search of me. They saw at a glance the state of affairs, and instantly ordered me to quit the room, themselves covering the retreat.

"Better take care, Harris," said the captain, "how you get amongst such a party as that again. You do not understand their language; I do: they meant mischief."

After progressing through various streets, buying leather and implements for mending our shoes, the two officers desired me again to await them in the street, and entered a shop close at hand. The day was hot, and a wine-house being directly opposite me, after waiting some time, I crossed over, and, going in, called for a cup of wine. Here I again found myself in the midst of a large assemblage of French soldiers, and once more an object of curiosity and dislike. However, I paid for my wine, and drank it, regardless of the clamour my intrusion had again called forth. The host, however, seemed to understand his guests better than I did, and evidently anticipated mischief. After in vain trying to make me understand him, he suddenly jumped from behind his bar, and seizing me by the shoulder without ceremony, thrust me into the street. I found the two officers looking anxiously for me when I got out, and not quite easy at my disappearance. I however excused myself by pleading the heat of the day, and my anxiety to taste the good wines of Lisbon, and together we left the town, with our purchases, and reached the camp.

Next morning Capt. Leech again entered my tent, and desired me to pick out three good workmen from the company, take them into the town, and seek out a shoemaker's shop as near the camp as possible.

"You must get leave to work in the first shop you can find," he said, "as we have a long march before us, and many of the men without shoes to their feet."

Accordingly, we carried with us three small sacks filled with old boots and shoes, and entering Lisbon, went into the first shoemaker's shop we saw. Here I endeavoured in vain to make myself understood for some time. There was a master shoemaker at work and three men. They did not seem to like our intrusion, and looked very sulky, asking us various questions, which I could not understand; the only words I could at all comprehend being "Bonos Irelandos. Brutu Englixa." I thought, considering we had come so far to fight their battles for them, that this was the north side of civil; so I signed to the men, and, by way of explanation of our wishes, and in order to cut the matter short, they emptied the three sacksful of boots and shoes upon the floor. We now explained what we would be at; the boots and shoes of the rifles spoke for themselves, and, seating ourselves, we commenced work forthwith.

In this way we continued employed whilst the army lay near Lisbon, every morning coming in to work, and returning to the camp every night to sleep.

After we had been three several days, our landlord's family had the curiosity to come occasionally and take a peep at us. My companions were noisy, good-tempered, jolly fellows, and usually sang all the time they hammered and strapped. The mistress of the house, seeing I was the head man, occasionally came and sat down beside me as I worked, bringing her daughter, a very handsome dark-eyed Spanish girl, and as a matter of course I fell in love.

We soon became better acquainted, and the mother one evening, after having sat and chattered to me, serving me with wine, made a signal for me to follow her. She had managed to pick up a little English, and I knew a few words of the Spanish language, so that we could pretty well comprehend each other's meaning; and, after leading me into their sitting-room, she brought her handsome daughter, and, without more circumstance, offered her to me for a wife. The offer was a tempting one; but the conditions of the marriage made it impossible for me to comply, since I was to change my religion, and desert my colours. The old dame proposed to conceal me effectually when the army marched; after which I was to live like a gentleman, with the handsome Maria for a wife.

It was hard to refuse so tempting an offer, with the pretty Maria endeavouring to back her mother's proposal. I, however, made them understand that nothing would tempt me to desert; and, promising to try and get my discharge when I returned to England, protested I would then return and marry Maria.

Soon after this the army marched for Spain; the rifles paraded in the very street where the shop I had so long worked at was situated, and I saw Maria at the window. As our bugles struck up, she waved her handkerchief; I returned the salute, and in half an hour I had forgotten all about her. So much for a soldier's love. Our marches were now long and fatiguing. I do not know how many miles we traversed ere we reached Almeida, which I was told was the last town in Portugal: some of my companions said we had come five hundred miles since we left Lisbon.

We now passed to the left, I remember, and bade adieu to Portugal for ever. We had fought and conquered, and felt elated accordingly. Spain was before us, and every man in the rifles seemed only anxious to get a rap at the drop again. On and on we toiled, till we reached Salamanca. I love to remember the appearance of that army, as we moved along at this time. It was a glorious sight to see our colours spread in these folds, I thought. The men seemed invincible; nothing, I thought, could have beaten them. We had some of as desperate fellows in the rifles alone as had ever toiled under the burning sun of an enemy's country in any age; but I lived to see hardship and toil lay hundreds of them low, before a few weeks were over our heads. At Salamanca we stayed seven or eight days, and during this time the shoemakers were again wanted, and I worked with my men incessantly during this short halt.

Our marches were now still more arduous; fourteen leagues a day, I have heard the men say, we accomplished before we halted; and many of us were found out, and felled in the road. It became every one for himself. The load we carried was too great, and we staggered on, looking neither to the right nor the left. If a man dropped, he found it no easy matter to get up again, unless his companion assisted him, and many died of fatigue. As for myself, I was nearly felled by this march; and, on reaching a town one night, which I think was called Ramora, I fell at the entrance of the first street we came to; the

sight left my eyes, my brain reeled, and I came down like a dead man. When I recovered my senses, I remember that I crawled into a door I found open, and, being too ill to rise, lay for some time in the passage unregarded by the inhabitants.

#### NEW WORK BY SAM SLICK.

*The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England. By the author of "The Clockmaker." Second and Last Series. 2 vols. Bentley.*

The clockmaker's last revelations were so truly diverting, that the present ones will be anxiously looked for. They will be read, we may at once add, without disappointment. Nevertheless, one or two differences have passed over Sam. Good society has not "taken the shine" out of his impudent shrewdness, nor blunted the edge of his acute common-sense; but it seems to have called out a certain sentimentality (*soft sauder* of a new quality), which we like less than his sarcastic humour. Perhaps—and the phenomenon may be noted as distinctive—no professedly comic writer has ever wholly escaped like temptations; seeing that the mirthful and the pathetic own one and the same source in a superior fineness of sensibility.

As early as his eighth page, the incomparable Sam treats us to a reading of the civility of our high civilization, well worth pondering, and in any case very droll. The scene is the Liners' Hotel at Liverpool, in the corner of which "sat or stood the barmaid, for the purpose of receiving and communicating orders."

"Look at that gall," said Mr. Slick, "ain't she a smasher! What a tall, well-made, handsome piece of furniture she is, ain't she? Look at her hair, ain't it neat? and her clothes fit so well, and are so nice, and her cap so white, and her complexion so clear, and she looks so good natured, and smiles so sweet, it does one good to look at her. She is a whole team and a horse to spare, that gall,—that's a fact. I go and call for two or three glasses of brandy-cocktail more than I want every day, just for the sake of talking to her. She always says, 'What will you be pleased to have, sir?' 'Somethin', says I, 'that I can't have, lookin' at her pretty mouth about the wickedest; well, see laughs, for she knows what I mean; 'P'raps you will have a glass of biters, sir?' and she goes and gets it. Well, this goes on three or four times a day, every time the identical same tune, only with variations. About an hour afore you came in I was there agin. 'What will you be pleased to have, sir?' laughin'. 'Somethin' I can't get,' says I, a laughin' too, and a smackin' of my lips and a lettin' off sparks from my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney. 'You can't tell that till you try,' says she, 'but you can have your bitters at any rate,' and she drew a glass and gave it to me. It tan'te so bad that, is it? Well, now she has seed you before, and knows you very well; go to her and see how nicely she will courtshy, how pretty she will smile, and how ladylike she will say, 'How do you do, sir? I hope you are quite well, sir; have you just arrived?—Here chambermaid, show this gentleman to No. 200—Sorry, sir, we are so full, to-morrow we will move you into a better room.—Thomas, take up this gentleman's luggage;' and then she'd courtshy agin, and smile handsome. Don't that look well now? do you want anything better nor that, eh? if you do you are hard to please, that's all. But stop a bit, don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry; think afore you speak; go there agin—set her a smilin' once more, and look close. It's only skin deep—just on the surface, like a cat's paw on the water, it's nothin' but a rimple like, and no more; then look closer still and you will discern the colour of it. I see you laugh at the colour of a smile, but still watch and you'll see it. Look now, don't you see the colour of the shilling there, it's white, and cold, and silvery,—it's a bought smile, and a bought smile, like an artificial flower, has no sweetness in it.—There is no natur—it's a cheat—it's a pretty cheat—it don't ryle you none, but still it's a cheat. It's like whipt cream; open your mouth wide, take it all in, and shut your lips down on it tight, and it's n'thin'—it's only a mouthfull of moonshine; yes, it's a pretty cheat, that's a fact. This aint confined to the women nother. Petticoats have smiles and courtshys, and the trowsers bows and scrapes and my-lords for you, there ain't no great difference that way; so send for the landlord. 'Landner,' says you, 'Sir,' says he, and he makes you a cold, low, deep, formal bow, as much as to say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant is a dog.' 'I want to go to church to-morrow,' says you; 'what church do you recommend?' Well, he eyes you over, careful, afore he answers, so as not to back up a wrong tree. He sees you are from t'other side of the water; he guesses, therefore, you can't be a churchman, and must be a radical; and then that calculate that way mis a figure as often as not, I can tell you. So he takes his cue to please you. 'St. Luke's, sir, is a fine church, and plenty of room; for their ain't no congregation; McNeil's church has no congregation, nother, in a manner you can only call it a well-dressed mob,—but it has no room: for folke go there to hear politics.' 'Why what is he?' says you.—'Oh, a churchman,' says he, with a long face as if he was the devil. 'No,' says you, 'I don't mean that; but what is his politics?' 'Oh, sir, I am sorry to say, violent.—'Yes; but what are they?' 'Oh,' says he, lookin' awful shocked, 'tory, sir.' 'Oh, then,' says you, 'he's just the boy that will suit me, for I am tory too, to the back-bone.' Landner seems whamble-cropt, scratches his head, looks as if he was delivered of a mistake, bows, and walks off, a sayin' to himself—'Well, if that don't pass, I swear; who'd a thought that cursed long-backed, long-necked, punkin-headed colonist was a churchman and a tory!'

Chapter the second, on boarding-schools, shows Mr. Slick on the side of Mr. Hood, whose 'Schoolmistress Abroad,' it may be recollected, was also devoted to the developement of the modern systems of female education. By the way, it is no small proof of the universal interest which the great question is exciting, that even the Clockmaker cannot pass the province of tight waists, routine lessons, and meagre learning, without throwing a 'smasher' over its perfectly-properly kept boundaries. That his own education has not been such as to extinguish the better qualities of heart as well as of head, he shortly afterwards gives us a signal proof. It appears that his triumphant boastings of his success in Old England, written to sister Sal, with other mysterious encouragements, have led to a determination on the part of the head of the Slicks to follow his son across the Atlantic. The news is more surprising than agreeable:—

"But, heavens and airth," says he, "what shall I do with father? I warn't brought up to it myself, and if I hadn't a been as soopie as moose wood, I couldn't have gotten the ins and outs of high life as I have. As it was, I most giv'in it up as a bad job; but now I guess I am as well dressed a man as any you see, use a silver fork as if it was nothin' but wood, wine with folks as easy as the beat on 'em, and am as free and easy as if I was to home. It's ginrally allowed I go the whole figure, and do the thing genteel. But father, airth and seas! he never see nothin' but Slickville, for Bunkerhill only lasted one night and a piece of next day, and continental troops warn't like Broadway or west-end folks, I tell you. Then he's considerable hard of hearin', and



you have to tell a thing out as loud as a training gun afore he can understand it. He swears, too, enough for a whole court-house when he's mad. He larnt that in the old year, it was the fashion then, and he's one o' them that won't alter nothin'. But that ain't the worst nother, he has some of them countryfied ways that ryle the Britishts so much. He chaws tobacco like a turkey. smokes all day long, and puts his legs on the table, and spits like an engine. Even to Slickville these revolutionary heroes was always reckoned behind the age; but in the great world, like New York, or London, or Paris, where folks go a-head in mannahts as well as everything else, why it won't go down no longer. I'm a peaceable man when I'm good-natured, but I'm ugly enough when I'm ryled. I tell you. Now folks will stuvov rather, and set him on to make him let out just for a laugh, and if they do, I'll be sure as rates I'll clear the room, I'll be switched, if I don't. No man shall insult father, and me a standin' by, without catching it, I know. For old, deaf, and rough as he is, he is father, and that is a large word when its spelt right.—Yes, let me see the man that will run a rigg on him, and by the Tarnal!

Col. Slick, the father of Sam, is almost, if not, the last of the heroes of Bunker's Hill. He is a capital character; and his interview with the Duke of Wellington, among other exploits, a rich bit of fun. His comparison of Bunker's Hill with Waterloo, giving of course the palm to the former, is a most amusing piece of satire, not merely on these events, but on human nature always exalting itself and its deeds above the rest of the world. Towards the end of the conversation at Apeley House, into which the Colonel had made his way by sending his name as "Lieutenant Colonel Slick, one of the Bunker Hill heroes," we read as follows:—"Well, well," said I, "only think that I, a hero of Bunker Hill, should have lived to see the hero of Waterloo. I wish you would shake hands along with me, giniral, it will be somethin' to brag of, I can tell you; it will show our folks you have forgiven us." "Forgiven you?" said he, lookin' puzzled. "Yes," says I, "forgiven us of the almighty everlastin' whippin' we give you in the revolutionary war." "Oh!" said he, smilin' again, "now I understand—oh! quite forgiven, I assure you," said he, "quite." "That's noble," said I, "none but a brave man forgives—a coward, giniral, never does; a brave man knows no fear, and is above all revenge. That's very noble of you, it shows the brave man and the hero. It was a tremendous fight that, at Bunker Hill. We allowed the British to come on till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let 'em have it. Heaven and airth! what capers the first rank cut, jumpin', rearin', plungin', staggerin', fadin'; then, afore they formed afresh, we laid into 'em agin and agin, till they laid in winrows like 'Praps nothin' was ever done so beautiful in this blessed world of our'n. There was a doctor from Boston commanded us, and he was unfortunately killed there. Tho' it's an ill wind that don't blow somebody good; if the doctor hadn't got his flint fixed there, p'raps you'd never heard of Washington. But I needn't tell you—in course you know all about Bunker Hill; every one has heard tell of that sacred spot." "Bunker Hill! Bunker Hill!" said the giniral, pertendin' to roll up his eyes—"Bunker Hill!—I think I have—where is it?" "Where is it, eh?" said I. "So you never heard tell of Bunker Hill, eh? and p'raps you never heard tell of Lexington, nother?" "Why," says he, "to tell the truth, Colonel Slick, the life I have led has been of such activity, I have had no time to look in a lexicon since I give up schoolin, and my Greek is rather rusty I confess." "Why damnation! man, said I, "Lexington aint in any of them Greek republics at all, but in our own everlastin' almighty one." "P'raps you mean Vinegar Hill," said he, "where the rebels fought in Ireland? Is it near Inniscorthy?" "Vinegar devil," said I, "for I began to get wrathly for to come for to go for to pretend that way. 'I don't wonder it is sour to you, and the vinegar has made your memory a little mothery.' 'No; it aint in Ireland at all; but in Massachusetts near Boston.' 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' he said; 'oh yes! the Americans fought well there, very well indeed.' 'Well sir,' said I, 'I was at that great and glorious battle; I am near about the sole survivor—the only one to tell the tale. I am the only man, I guess that can say—I have seen Waterloo, and Bunker's Hill—Wellington and Washington. (I put them two forrad first, tho' ourn was first in time and renown, for true politeness always says to the stranger, after you, sir, is manners.) And I count it a great privilege to, I do indeed, giniral. I heard of you afore I come here, I can tell you. Your name is well known in Slickville, I assure you—" "Oh, I feel quite flattered!" said the Duke. "Sam has made you known, I can assure you." "Indeed," said he, smilin' (there aint nothin' ferocious about that man, I can tell you.) "I am very much indebted to your son." "I hope I may be darned to damnation if he didn't," very much indebted," he said. "Not at all," said I. "Sam would do that, and twice as much for you any day."

The reader who recollects how rough a diamond or friend was on our first meeting with him, may be curious to hear how it was he got polished in a short space of time. And Sam—conversing always, be it recollected, in the fashion of the *aside*, the soliloquy of the stage—has no objection in the world to satisfy so natural a curiosity:—

"There is a change in the fashion here, Squire," said he; "black stocks aint the go no longer for full dress and white ones aint quite up to the notch nother; to my mind they are a leetle sarvanty. A man of fashion must mind his 'eye' always. I guess I'll send and get some white muslins, but then the difficulty is to tie them neat. Perhaps nothin' in natur' is so difficult as to tie a white cravat so as not to rumfozzle it or sile it. It requires quite a slight of hand, that's a fact. I used to get our beautiful little chamber-help to do it when I first come, for women's fingers aint all thumbs like men's; but the angeliferous dear was too short to reach up easy, so I had to stand her on the foot-stool, and that was so tottlish I had to put one hand on one side of her waist, and one on t'other, to steady her like, and that used to set her heart a beatin' like a drum, and kinder agitated her, and it made me feel sort of all overish too, so we had to ginn it up, for it took too long; we never could tie the knot under half an hour. But then, practice makes perfect, and that's a fact. If a feller 'minds his eye' he will soon catch the knack, for the eye must never be let go asleep, except in bed. Lord, is in little things a man of fashion is seen in! Now how many ways there be of eatin' an orange. First, there's my way when I'm alone; take a bite out, suck the juice, tear off a piece of the hide and eat it for digestion, and role up the rest into a ball and give it a shy into the street; or, if other folks is by, jist take a knife and cut it into pieces; or, if gals is present, strip him down to his waist, leavin' his outer garment hangin' graceful over his hips, and his upper man standin' in his beautiful shirt; or else quarter him, with hands off, neat, scientific, and workmanlike; or, if its forbidden fruit's to be carved, why tearin' him with silver forks into good sizeable pieces for helpin'. All this is larnt by mindin' your eye. And now Squire, let me tell you, for nothin' 'scapes me a'most, tho' I say it, that shouldn't say it, but still it taint no vanity in me to say that nothin' never escapes me. I mind my eye. And now let me tell you there aint no maxim in natur' hardy equal to that one. Folks may go crackin' and braggin' of their knowledge of Phisionomy, or their skill in Phrenology, but its all monshine. A feller can

put on any phiz he likes and deceive the devil himself; and as for a knowledge of bumps, why natur' never intended them for signs, or she wouldn't have covered 'em all over with hair, and put them out of sight. Who the plague will let you be puttin' your fingers under their hair, and be a foolin of their heads? If it's a man, why he'll knock you down, and if it's a gal, she will look to her brother, as much as to say, if this sassy feller goes a feelin' of my bumbs, I wish you would let your foot feel a bump of his'n. that will teach him better manners, that's all. No, it's 'all in my eye.' You must look there for it. Well, then, some fellers, and especially painters, go a ravin' and a pratin' about the mouth, the expression of the mouth, the seat of all the emotions, the speakin' mouth, the large print of the mouth, and such stuff; and others are for everlastingly a lecturing about the nose, the expression of the nose, the character of the nose, and soon, jist as if the nose was anything else but a speakin' trumpet that a sneeze blows thro', and the snuffles give the rattles to, or that cant uses as a flute; I wouldn't give a piece of tobacco for the nose, except to tell me when my food was good; nor a cent for the mouth, except as a kennel for the tongue. But the eye is the boy for me; there's no mistake there; study that well, and you will read any man's heart, as plain as a book. 'Mind your eye' is the maxim you may depend, either with man or woman. Now I will explain this to you, and give you a rule, with examples, as Minister used to say to night school, that's worth knowin' I can tell you. 'Mind your eye' is the rule; now for the examples. First, let's take man, and then woman. Now, Squire, the first railroad that was ever made, was made by natur'. It runs from the heart to the eye, and it goes so almighty fast, it can't be compared to nothin' but iled lightning. The moment the heart opens its doors, out jumps an emotion, whips into a car, and offs like wink to the eye. That's the station-house and terminus for the passengers, and every passenger carries a lantern in his hand as bright as an Argand lamp; you can see him ever so far off. Look, therefore to the eye, if there aint no lamp there, no soul leaves the heart that bitch; there aint no train runnin', and the station-house is empty. It taint every one that knows this, but as I said before, nothin' never escapes me, and I have proved it over and over agin. Smiles can be put on and off like a wig; sweet expressions come and go like shades and lights in natur'; the hands will squeeze like a fox-trap; the body bends most graceful; the ear will be most attentive; the manner will flatter, so your enchanted; and the tongue will lie like the devil—but the eye, never. And yet there are all sorts of eyes. There's an onmeanin' eye, and a cold eye; and a true eye, and a false eye; a sly eye, a kickin' eye, a passionate eye, a revengeful eye, a manœuvring eye, a joyous eye, and a sad eye; a squintin' eye, and the evil eye; and, above all, the dear little lovin' eye, and so forth. They must be studied to be larnt, but the two important ones to be known are the true eye and the false eye. Now what do you think of that statesman that you met to dinner yesterday, that stuck to you like a burr to a sheep's tail, a-takin' such an interest in your books and in colony governments and colonists as sweet as sugar-candy? What did you think of him, eh?"

Here is matter for the gentlemen who teach the art of knowing the world and behaving genteelly in twelve lessons (no entrance required)! And here follows a new commentary on the much-talked-of self-assertion of the Americans,—which we give, not so much for the sake of the universal truth it contains, as for the brilliancy of the illustration,—a Slick peal of the first water:—

"Tell you what it is, Minister," said Mr. Slick, "I am not the fool you take me to be. I deny the charge. I don't boast a bit more nor any foreigner, in fact, I don't think I boast at all. Here old Bull here, every day, talkin' about the low Irish, the poor, mean, proud Scotch, the Yankee fellers, the horrid foreigners, the 'nothin' but a colonist,' and so on. He asks me out to entertain me, and then sings 'Britannia rules the waves.' My old grandmother used to rule a copy book, and I wrote on it. I guess the British rule the waves,' and we write victory, on it. Then hear that noisy, splutterin' crittir, Bull-Frog. He talks you dead about the Grand Nation, the beautiful France, and the capitol of the world,—Paris. What do I do? why I only say, 'our great almighty republic is the toploftiest nation between the Poles.' That ain't nothin', nor crackin', nor nothin' of the sort. It's only jist a fact, like—all men must die—or any other truth. Oh, catch me a-boastin'! I know a trick worth two of that. It aint pleasant to be your own trumpeter always, I can tell you. It reminds me," said he (for he could never talk for five minutes without an illustration), "it reminds me of what happened to Queen's father in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward as they called him then. 'Once upon a time he was travellin' on the Great Western road, and most of the rivers, those days, had ferry-boats and no bridges. So his trumpeter was sent afore him to 'nounce his comin', with a great French horn, to the ferryman who lived on t'other side of the water. Well, his trumpeter was a Jarman, and didn't speak a word of English. Most all that family was very fond of Jarman, they settle them everywhere a'most. When he came to the ferry, the magistrates, and nob, and big bugs of the country were all drawn up in state, waitin' for Prince. In those days abusin' and usulin' of Governor, kickin' up a shindy in a province, and playin' the devil there, warn't no recommendation in Downin-street. Colonists hadn't got their eyes open then, and at that time was no school for the blind. It was Pullet Thomson taught them to read. Poor critters! they didn't know no better then, so out they all goes to meet the King's son, and pay their respects, and when Kissenkirk came to the bank, and they seed him all dressed in green, covered with gold-lace, and splendoriferous cocked-hat on, with lace on it, and a great big, old-fashioned brass French-horn, that was rubbed bright enough to put out eyes, a-hangin' over his shoulder, they took him for the Prince, for they'd never seed nothin' half so fine afore. The bugle they took for gold, 'cause, in course, a Prince wouldn't wear nothin' but gold, and they thought it was his huntin' horn—and his bein' alone they took for state, 'cause he was too big for any one to ride with. So they all off hats at once to old Kissenkirk, the Jarmin trumpeter. Lord, when he seed that, he was bungfundered! 'Thun sie ihren hut an du verdamnter thor,' said he, which means, in English, 'Put on your hats, you cursed fools.' Well, they was fairly stump. They looked feet at him and bowed, and then at each other; and stared vacant; and then he said agin, 'Mynheers, damn!' for that was the only English word he knew, and then he stampt agin, and said over in Dutch once more to put on their hats; and then called over as many (crooked) Jarman oaths as would reach across the river if they were stretched out strait. What in natur' is that?" said one: "Why, high dutch," said an old man; "I heard the Waldacker troops at the evakvation of New York speak it. Don't you know the King's father was a high Dutchman, from Brunswick; in course the Prince can't speak English." "Well," said the other, "do you know what it means?" "In course I do," says Loyalist, (and if some o' them boys couldn't lie, I don't know who could, that's all); by their own accounts it's a wonder how we ever got independence, for them fellers swore they won every battle that was fought." "In course I do," said he, "that is," said he, "I used to speak it at Long Island, but that's a long time



ago. Yes, I understand a little," said Loyalist. His Royal Highness' excellent Majesty said,—"Man the ferry-boat, and let the magistrates row me over the ferry.—It is a beautiful language, is Dutch." "So it is," said they, "if one could only understand it," and off they goes, and spreads out a roll of home-span cloth for him to walk on, and they form two lines for him to pass through to the boat. Lord! when he comes to the cloth he stops agin, and stamps like a jackass when the flies teas him, and gives the cloth a kick up, and wouldn't walk on it, and said in high Dutch, in a high Jarmin voice too, "You infernal fools!—you stupid blockheads!—you cursed jackasses!" and a great deal more of them pretty words, and then walked on. "Oh dear!" said they, "only see how he kicks the cloth; that's cause it's home-span. Oh dear! but what does he say?" said they. Well, Loyalist felt stung; he knew some 'scrow was loose with the Prince by the way he shook his fist, but what he couldn't tell; but as he had began to lie he had to go knee deep into it, and push on. "He said, he hopes he may die this blessed minit if he wont tell his father, the old King, when he returns to home, how well you have behaved," said he, "and that it's a pity to soil such beautiful cloth." "Oh!" said they, "was that it? we was afraid somethin or another had gone wrong; come, let's give three cheers for the Prince's Most Excellent Majesty," and they made the woods and the river ring agin. Oh, how mad Kissinkirk was! he expected the Prince would tie him up and give him five hundred lashes for his impudence in representin' of him. Oh! he was ready to bust with rage and vexation. He darstn't strike any one, or he would have given 'em a slap with the horn in a moment, he was so wrathly. No what does he do, as they was holdin' the boat, but ups trumpet and blew a blast in the Custos' ear, all of a sudden, and left him hard of hearin' on that side for a month; and he said in high Dutch, "Tunder and blitzen! Take that, you old fool; I wish I could blow you into the river." Well they rowed him over the river, and then formed agin two lines, and Kissinkirk passed up atween 'em as sulky as a bear; and he put his hand in his pocket, and took out somethin', and held it out to Custos, who dropt right down on his knee in a minit, and received it, and it was a fourpenny bit. Then Kissinkirk waved his hand to them to be off quick-stick, and muttered agin somethin' which Loyalist said was "Go across agin and wait for my servants," which they did. "Oh!" said the magistrates to Custos, as they was a-goin' back agin, "how could you take pay, squire! How could you receive money from Prince? Our country is disgraced for ever. You have made us feel as mean as Indians." "I wouldn't have taken it if it had been worth anythin'," said Custos, "but didn't you see his delicacy; he knowed that too, as well as I did, so he offered me a fourpenny bit, as much as to say, You are above all pay, but accept the smallest thing possible, as a keepsake from King's son." "Those were his very words," said Loyalist; "I'll swear to 'em, the very identical ones." "I thought so," said Custos, looking big. "I hope I know what is due to his Majesty's Royal Highness and what is due to me, also, as Custos of this county." And he drew himself up stately, and said nothin', and looked as wise as the owl who had been studyin' a speech for five years, and intended to speak it when he got it by heart. Jist then down come Prince and all his party, gallopin' like mad to the ferry, for he used to ride always as if old Nick was at his heels; jist like a streak of lightnin'. So up goes the Custos to prince, quite free and easy, without so much as touchin' his hat, or givin' him the time o'day. "What the plague kept you so long!" said he; "your master has been waitin' for you this half-hour. Come, bear a hand, the Prince is all alone over there." It was some time afore the Prince made out what he meant; but when he did, if he didn't let go it's a pity. He almost upstot the boat, he larfed so obstroperous. One squall o' larfin' was hardly over afore another come on. Oh, it was a tempestical time, you may depend; and when he'd got over one fit of it, he'd say, "Only think of them takin' old Kissinkirk for me!" and he'd larf agin ready to split. Kissinkirk was frightened to death; he didn't know how Prince would take it, or what he would do, for he was an awful strict officer; but when he seed him larf so he knowed all was right. Poor old Kissinkirk! the last time I seed him was to Windsor. He lived in a farm-house, on charity. He'd larnt a little English, though not much. It was him told me the story; and when he wound it up, he said, "It tante always sho shafe, Mishter. Solick, to be your own drummer; and I'll tell you what, Minister, I am of the same opinion with the old bugler. It is not always safe to be one's own trumpeter, and that's a fact."

And here, however loth, we must stoit for a week.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1844.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the U. S.

We have continued cause for expressing our gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the benefits and blessings which our country, under his kind Providence, has enjoyed during the past year. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes through which we have passed, nothing has occurred to disturb the general peace, or to derange the harmony of our political system. The great moral spectacle has been exhibited of a nation, approximating in number to 20,000,000 of people, having performed the high and important function of electing their Chief Magistrate for the term of four years, without the commission of any acts of violence, or the manifestation of a spirit of insubordination to the laws. The great and inestimable right of suffrage, has been exercised by all who were invested with it, under the laws of the different States, in a spirit dictated alone by a desire, in the selection of the agent, to advance the interests of the country, and to place beyond jeopardy the institutions under which it is our happiness to live. That the deepest interest has been manifested by all our countrymen in the result of the election, is not less true, than highly creditable to them. Vast multitudes have assembled from time to time, at various places, for the purpose of canvassing the merits and pretensions of those who were presented to their suffrages! but no armed soldiery has been necessary to restrain, within proper limits, the popular zeal, or to prevent violent outbreaks. A principle much more controlling was found in the love of order and obedience to the laws, which, with more individual exceptions, every where possesses the American mind, and controls with an influence far more powerful than hosts of armed men.

We cannot dwell upon this picture without recognising in it that deep and devoted attachment on the part of the People, to the institutions under which we live, which proclaims their perpetuity. The great objection which has always prevailed against the election, by the People, of their Chief Executive officer, has been the apprehension of tumults and disorders, which might involve in ruin the entire government. A security against this is found, not only in the fact before alluded to, but in the additional fact that we live under a confederacy embracing already twenty-six States; no one of which has power to control the election. The popular vote in each State is taken at the time appointed by the laws, and such vote is announced by the Electoral College, without reference to the decision of the other States. The right of suffrage, and

the mode of conducting the election, is regulated by the laws of each State; and the election is distinctly federative in all its prominent features. Thus it is that, unlike what might be the result under a consolidated system, riotous proceedings, should they prevail, could only affect the elections in Single States, without disturbing, to any dangerous extent, the tranquillity of others. The great experiment of a political confederacy—each member of which is supreme—as to all matters appertaining to its local interests, and its internal peace and happiness,—while by a voluntary compact with others, it confides to the united power of all the protection of its citizens, in matters not domestic—has been so far crowned with complete success. The world has witnessed its rapid growth in wealth and population; and, under the guide and direction of a superintending Providence, the developments of the past may be regarded but as the shadowing forth of the mighty future. In the bright prospects of that future we shall find, as patriots and philanthropists, the highest inducements to cultivate and cherish a love of union, and to frown down every measure or effort which may be made to alienate the States, or the People of the States, in sentiment and feeling, from each other.

A rigid and close adherence to the terms of our political compact, and, above all, a sacred observance of the guaranties of the Constitution, will preserve union on a foundation which cannot be shaken: while personal liberty is placed beyond hazard or jeopardy. The guarantee of religious freedom, of the freedom of the press, of the liberty of speech, of the trial by jury, of the habeas corpus, and of the domestic institutions of each of the States—leaving the private citizen in the full exercise of the high and ennobling attributes of his nature, and to each State the privilege which can only be judiciously exerted by itself, of consulting the means best calculated to advance its own happiness; these are the great and important guarantees of the Constitution, which the lovers of liberty must cherish and the advocates of union must ever cultivate. Preserving these, and avoiding all interpolations by forced construction, under the guise of an imagined expediency, upon the Constitution, the influence of our political system is destined to be as actively and as beneficially felt on the distant shores of the Pacific, as it is now on those of the Atlantic Ocean. The only formidable impediments in the way of its successful expansion (time and space) are so far in the progress of modification, by the improvements of the age, as to render no longer speculative the ability of representatives from that remote region to come up to the Capitol, so that their constituents shall participate in all the benefits of Federal legislation. Thus it is, that in the progress of time, the inestimable principles of civil liberty will be enjoyed by millions yet unborn, and the great benefits of our system of Government be extended to now distant and uninhabited regions. In view of the vast wilderness yet to be reclaimed, we may well invite the lover of freedom, of every land, to take up his abode among us, and assist us in the great work of advancing the standard of civilization, and giving a wider spread to the arts and refinements of cultivated life. Our prayers should evermore be offered up to the Father of the Universe for his wisdom to direct us in the path of our duty, so as to enable us to consummate these high purposes.

One of the strongest objections which has been urged against confederacies, by writers on Government, is, the liability of the members to be tampered with by foreign Governments, or the people of foreign States, either in their local affairs, or in such as affected the peace of others, or endangered the safety of the whole Confederacy. We cannot hope to be entirely exempt from such attempts on our peace and safety. The United States are becoming too important in population and resources not to attract the observation of other nations. It, therefore, may, in the progress of time, occur that opinions entirely abstract in the States in which they may prevail, and in no degree affecting their domestic institutions, may be artfully, but secretly, encouraged with a view to undermine the Union. Such opinions may become the foundation of political parties, until at last, the conflict of opinion, producing an alienation of friendly feeling among the People of the different States, may involve in one general destruction the happy institutions under which we live. It should ever be borne in mind, that what is true in regard to individuals, is equally so in regard to States. An interference of one in the affairs of another is the fruitful source of family dissensions and neighbourhood disputes; and the same cause affects the peace, happiness and prosperity of States. It may be most devoutly hoped that the good sense of the American People will ever be ready to repel all such attempts, should they ever be made.

There has been no material change in our foreign relations since my last Annual Message to Congress. With all the Powers of Europe we continue on the most friendly terms. Indeed, it affords me much satisfaction to state, that at no former period has the peace of that enlightened and important quarter of the globe ever been apparently, more firmly established. The conviction that peace is the true policy of nations, would seem to be growing and becoming deeper amongst the enlightened every where; and there is no people who have a stronger interest in cherishing the sentiments, and adopting the means of preserving and giving it permanence, than those of the United States. Amongst these, the first and most effective are, no doubt, the strict observance of justice, and the honest and punctual fulfilment of all engagements. But it is not to be forgotten that, in the present state of the world, it is no less necessary to be ready to enforce their observance and fulfilment, in reference to ourselves, than to observe and fulfil them, on our part, in regard to others.

Since the close of your last session, a negotiation has been formally entered upon between the Secretary of State and Her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary residing at Washington, relative to the rights of their respective nations in and over the Oregon territory. That negotiation is still pending. Should it, during your session, be brought to a definitive conclusion, the result will be promptly communicated to Congress. I would, however, again call your attention to the recommendations contained in previous messages, designed to protect and facilitate emigration to that Territory. The establishment of military posts at suitable points upon the extended line of land-travel would enable our citizens to migrate in comparative safety to the fertile regions below the falls of the Columbia, and make the provision for the existing convention for the joint occupation of the Territory by subjects of Great Britain, and the citizens of the United States, more available than heretofore to the latter. These posts would continue places of rest for the weary emigrant, where he would be sheltered securely against the danger of attack from the Indians, and be enabled to recover from the exhaustion of a long line of travel. Legislative enactments should also be made which should spread over him theegis of our laws, so as to afford protection to his person and property when he shall have reached his distant home. In this latter respect the British Government has been much more careful of the interests of such of her people as are to be found in that country, than the United States. She has made necessary provision for their security and protection against the acts of the viciously disposed and lawless; and her emigrant reposes in safety under the canopy of her laws. Whatever may be the result of the pending negotia-



tion, such measures are necessary. It will afford me the greatest pleasure to witness a happy and favorable termination to the existing negotiation, upon terms compatible with the public honor; and the best efforts of the Government will continue to be directed to this end.

It would have given me the highest gratification, in this, my last annual communication to Congress, to have been able to announce to you the complete and entire settlement and adjustment of other matters in difference between the United States and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty which were adverted to in a previous message. It is so obviously the interest of both countries, in respect to the large and valuable commerce which exists between them, that all causes of complaint, however inconsiderable, should be, with the greatest promptitude, removed—that it must be regarded as cause of regret, that any unnecessary delays should be permitted to intervene. It is true that, in a pecuniary point of view, the matters alluded to, are, altogether, insignificant in amount, when compared with the ample resources of that great nation; but they, nevertheless, more particularly that limited class which arise under seizures and detentions of American ships on the coast of Africa, upon the mistaken supposition indulged in at the time the wrong was committed, of their being engaged in the slave-trade—deeply affect the sensibilities of this Government and People. Great Britain having recognised her responsibility to repair all such wrongs, by her action in other cases, leaves nothing to be regretted upon this subject, as to all cases prior to the Treaty of Washington, than the delay in making suitable reparation in such of them as fall plainly within the principle of others, which she has long since adjusted. The injury inflicted by delays in the settlement of these claims, fall with severity upon the individual claimants, and make a strong appeal to her magnanimity and sense of justice for a speedy settlement. Other matters, arising out of the construction of existing treaties, also remain unadjusted, and will continue to be urged upon her attention.

The labours of the joint committee appointed by the two Governments to run the dividing line, established by the Treaty of Washington, were, unfortunately, much delayed in the commencement of the season, by the failure of Congress, at the last session, to make a timely appropriation of funds to meet the expenses of the American party, and by other causes. The U. S. Commissioner, however, expresses his expectation that, by increased diligence and energy, the party will be able to make up for lost time.

We continue to receive assurances of the most friendly feelings on the part of all the other European powers; with each and all of whom, it is so obviously our interest to cultivate the most amicable relations. Nor can I anticipate the occurrence of any event which would be likely, in any degree, to disturb those relations. Russia, the great Northern power, under the judicious sway of her Emperor, is constantly advancing in the road of science and improvement; while France, guided by the councils of her wise sovereign, pursues a course calculated to consolidate the general peace. Spain has obtained a breathing spell of some duration from the internal convulsions which have, through so many years, marred her prosperity; while Austria, the Netherlands, Prussia, Belgium, and the other powers of Europe, reap a rich harvest of blessings from the prevailing peace.

I informed the two Houses of Congress in my message of December last, that instructions had been given to Mr. Wheaton, our Minister at Berlin, to negotiate a treaty with the Germanic States composing the Zoll Verein, if it could be done—stimulating, as far as it was practicable to accomplish it, for a reduction of the heavy and onerous duties levied on our tobacco, and other leading articles of agricultural production; and yielding, in return, on our part, a reduction of duties on such articles the production of their industry, as should not come into competition, or but a limited one, with articles the product of our manufacturing industry.

The Executive, in giving such instructions, considered itself as acting in strict conformity with the wishes of Congress, as made known through several measures which it had adopted; all directed to the accomplishment of this important result. The treaty was, therefore, negotiated: by which essential reductions were secured in the duties levied by the Zoll Verein, on tobacco, rice, and lard, accompanied by a stipulation for the admission of raw cotton, free of duty. In exchange for which highly important concessions, a reduction of duties, imposed by the laws of the United States on a variety of articles, most of which were admitted free of all duty under the act of Congress commonly known as the Compromise law, and but few of which were produced in the United States, was stipulated for on our part. This treaty was communicated to the Senate at an early day of its last session, but not acted upon until near its close: when, for the want, as I am bound to presume, of full time to consider it, it was laid upon the table. This procedure had the effect of virtually rejecting it, in consequence of a stipulation contained in the treaty, that its ratifications should be exchanged on or before a day which has already passed. The Executive, acting upon the fair inference that the Senate did not intend its absolute rejection, gave instructions to our Minister at Berlin to re-open the negotiation, so far as to obtain an extension of time for the exchange of ratifications. I regret, however, to say that his efforts in this respect have been unsuccessful. I am nevertheless not without hope that the great advantages which were intended to be secured by the treaty, may yet be realized.

I am happy to inform you that Belgium has, by an "arrete royale," issued in July last, assimilated the flag of the United States to her own, so far as the direct trade between the two countries is concerned. This measure will prove of great service to our shipping interest; the trade having heretofore been carried on chiefly in foreign bottoms. I flatter myself that she will speedily resort to a modification of her system relating to the tobacco trade, which would decidedly benefit the agriculture of the United States, and operate to the mutual advantage of both countries.

No definitive intelligence has yet been received from our Minister of the conclusion of a treaty with the Chinese Empire; but enough is known to induce the strongest hopes that the mission will be crowned with success.

With Brazil our relations continue on the most friendly footing. The commercial intercourse between that growing Empire and the United States is becoming daily of greater importance to both; and it is the interest of both that the firmest relations of amity and good will should continue to be cultivated between them.

The Republic of New Grenada still withholds, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts have been employed by our Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Blackford, to produce a different result, indemnity in the case of the brig "Morris." And the Congress of Venezuela, although an arrangement has been effected between our Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of that Government for the payment of \$18,000 in discharge of its liabilities in the same case, has altogether neglected to make provision for its payment. It is hoped that a sense of justice will soon induce a settlement of these claims.

Our late Minister to Chili, Mr. Pendleton, has returned to the United States,

without having effected an adjustment in the second claim of the Macedonian, which is delayed on grounds altogether frivolous and untenable. Mr. Pendleton's successor has been directed to urge the claim in the strongest terms; and, in the event of a failure to obtain a permanent adjustment, to report the fact to the Executive at as early a day as possible, so that the whole matter may be communicated to Congress.

At your last session, I submitted to the attention of Congress the Convention with the Republic of Peru, of the 17th March, 1841, providing for the adjustment of the claims of citizens of the United States against that Republic; but no definitive action was taken upon the subject. I again invite to it your attention and prompt action.

In my last annual Message I felt it to be my duty to make known to Congress, in terms both plain and emphatic, my opinion in regard to the war which has so long existed between Mexico and Texas; which, since the battle of San Jacinto, has consisted altogether of predatory incursions attended by circumstances revolting to humanity. I repeat now what I then said, that after eight years of feeble and ineffectual efforts to recover Texas, it was time that the war should have ceased. The United States had a direct interest in the question. The contiguity of the two nations to our territory was but too well calculated to involve our peace. Unjust suspicions were engendered in the mind of one or the other of the belligerents against us; and as a necessary consequence, American interests were made to suffer, and our peace became daily endangered. In addition to which, it must have been obvious to all, that the exhaustion produced by the war, subjected both Mexico and Texas to the interference of other powers; which, without the interposition of this Government, might eventuate in the most serious injury to the United States. This Government from time to time exerted its friendly offices to bring about a termination of hostilities upon terms honourable alike to both the belligerents. Its efforts in this behalf proved unavailing. Mexico seemed, almost without an object, to persevere in the war, and no other alternative was left the Executive but to take advantage of the well-known dispositions of Texas, and to invite her to enter into a treaty for annexing her territory to that of the United States.

Since your last session Mexico has threatened to renew the war, and has made, or proposes to make, formidable preparations for invading Texas. She has issued decrees and proclamations, preparatory to the commencement of hostilities, full of threats revolting to humanity; and which, if carried into effect, would arouse the attention of all Christendom. This new demonstration of feeling, there is too much reason to believe, has been produced in consequence of the negotiation of the late treaty of annexation with Texas. The Executive, therefore, could not be indifferent to such proceedings; and it felt it to be due, as well to itself as to the honour of the country, that a strong representation should be made to the Mexican Government upon the subject. This was accordingly done; as will be seen by the copy of the accompanying despatch from the Secretary of State to the United States Envoy at Mexico. Mexico has no right to jeopard the peace of the world by urging any longer a useless and fruitless contest. Such a condition of things would not be tolerated on the European continent. Why should it be on this? A war of desolation, such as is now threatened by Mexico, cannot be waged without involving our peace and tranquillity. It is idle to believe that such a war could be looked upon with indifference by our own citizens inhabiting adjoining States; and our neutrality would be violated in despite of all efforts on the part of Government to avoid it. The country is settled by emigrants from the United States, under invitations held out to them by Spain and Mexico. Those emigrants have left behind them friends and relatives who would not fail to sympathize with them in their difficulties, and who would be led by those sympathies to participate in their struggles, however energetic the action of Government to prevent it. Nor would the numerous and formidable bands of Indians, the most warlike to be found in any land, which occupy the extensive regions contiguous to the States of Arkansas and Missouri, and who are in possession of large tracts of country within the limits of Texas be likely to remain passive. The inclination of those numerous tribes leads them invariably to war whenever pretexts exist.

Mexico had no just ground of displeasure against this Government or people for negotiating the treaty. What interest of hers was affected by the treaty? She was despoiled of nothing, since Texas was for ever lost to her. The independence of Texas was recognized by several of the leading Powers of the earth. She was free to treat—free to adopt her own line of policy—free to take the course which she believed was best calculated to secure her happiness. Her Government and People decided on annexation to the United States; and the Executive saw, in the acquisition of such a territory, the means of advancing their permanent happiness and glory. What principle of good faith then was violated? what rule of political morals trampled under foot? So far as Mexico herself was concerned, the measure should have been regarded by her as highly beneficial. Her inability to re-conquer Texas had been exhibited. I repeat, by eight—now nine—years of fruitless and ruinous contest. In the meantime Texas has been growing in population and resources. Emigration has flowed into her territory from all parts of the world, in a current which continues to increase in strength. Mexico requires a permanent boundary between the young Republic and herself. Texas, at no distant day, if she continue separate from the United States, will inevitably seek to consolidate her strength by adding to her domain the contiguous provinces of Mexico. The spirit of revolt from the control of the Central Government has, heretofore, manifested itself in some of those provinces; and it is fair to infer that they would be inclined to take the first favorable opportunity to proclaim their independence, and to form close alliances with Texas. The war would thus be endless; or, if cessation of hostilities should occur, they would only endure for a season.

The interests of Mexico, therefore, could in nothing be better consulted than in a peace with her neighbours, which would result in the establishment of a permanent boundary. Upon the ratification of the treaty, the Executive was prepared to treat with her on the most liberal basis. Hence the boundaries of Texas were left undefined by the treaty. The Executive proposed to settle these upon terms that all the world should have pronounced just and reasonable. No negotiation upon that point could have been undertaken between the United States and Mexico in advance of the ratification of the treaty. We should have had no right—no power—no authority, to have conducted such a negotiation; and to have undertaken it would have been an assumption equally revolting to the pride of Mexico and Texas, and subjecting us to the charge of arrogance; while to have proposed in advance of annexation, to satisfy Mexico or any contingent interest she might have in Texas, would have been to have treated Texas, not as an independent power, but as a mere dependency of Mexico. This assumption could not have been acted on by the Executive without setting at defiance your own solemn declaration that that Republic was an independent State. Mexico had, it is true, threatened war against the



United States in the event the Treaty of Annexation was ratified. The Executive could not permit itself to be influenced by this threat. It represented in this the spirit of our people, who are ready to sacrifice much for peace, but nothing to intimidation.

A war under any circumstances, is greatly to be deplored, and the United States is the last nation to desire it; but if, as the condition of peace, it be required of us to forego the unquestionable right of treating with an independent power, of our own Continent, upon matters highly interesting to both, and that upon a naked and unsustained pretension of claim by a third power, to control the free will of the power with whom we treat—devoted as we may be to peace, and anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the whole world, the Executive does not hesitate to say that the People of the United States would be ready to brave all consequences, sooner than submit to such condition. But no apprehension of war was entertained by the Executive; and I must express frankly the opinion that, had the Treaty been ratified by the Senate, it would have been followed by a prompt settlement, to the entire satisfaction of Mexico, of every matter and difference between the two countries. Seeing then that new preparations for hostile invasion of Texas were about to be adopted by Mexico,

and that these were brought about by the Executive upon the subject of Annexation, it could not passively have folded its arms and permitted a war, threatened to be accompanied by every act that could mark a barbarous age, to be waged against her, because she had done so.

Other considerations of a controlling character influenced the course of the Executive. The treaty which had thus been negotiated had failed to receive the ratification of the Senate. One of the chief objections which were urged against it, was found to consist in the fact that the question of annexation had not been submitted to the ordeal of public opinion in the United States. However untenable such an objection was esteemed to be, in view of the unquestionable power of the Executive to negotiate the treaty, and the great and lasting interests involved in the question, I felt it to be my duty to submit the whole subject to Congress as the best expounders of the popular sentiment. No definitive action having been taken on the subject by Congress, the question referred itself directly to the decision of the States and the People. The great popular election which has just terminated, afforded the best opportunity of ascertaining the will of the States and People upon it. Pending that issue, it became the imperative duty of the Executive to inform Mexico that the question of annexation was still before the American People, and that, until their decision was pronounced, any serious invasion of Texas would be regarded as an attempt to forestall their judgment; and could not be looked upon with indifference. I am most happy to inform you, that no such invasion has taken place, and I trust that, whatever your action may be upon it, Mexico will see the importance of deciding the matter by a resort to peaceful expedients, in preference to those of arms. The decision of the People and the States, on this great and interesting subject, has been decisively manifested. The question of annexation has been presented nakedly to their consideration. By the treaty itself, all collateral and incidental issues, which were calculated to divide and distract the public councils, were carefully avoided. These were left to the wisdom of the future to determine. It presented, I repeat, the isolated question of annexation; and in that form it has been submitted to the ordeal of public sentiment. A controlling majority of the People, and a large majority of the States, have declared in favour of immediate annexation. Instructions have thus come up to both branches of Congress, from their respective constituents, in terms the most emphatic. It is the will of both the People and the States, that Texas shall be annexed to the Union promptly and immediately. It may be hoped that, in carrying into execution the public will, thus declared, all collateral issues may be avoided. Future Legislatures can best decide as to the number of States which should be formed out of the territory, when the time has arrived for deciding that question. So with all others. By the treaty, the United States assumed the payment of the debts of Texas, to an amount not exceeding \$10,000,000, to be paid, with the exception of a sum falling short of \$400,000, exclusively out of the proceeds of the sales of her public lands. We could not, with honour, take the lands, without assuming the full payment of all encumbrances upon them.

Nothing has occurred since your last session, to induce a doubt that the dispositions of Texas remain unaltered. No intimation of an altered determination on the part of her Government and People, has been furnished to the Executive. She still desires to throw herself under the protection of our laws, and to partake of the blessings of our federative system; while every American interest would seem to require it. The extension of our coast-wise and foreign trade, to an amount almost incalculable—the enlargement of the market for our manufactures—a constantly growing market for our agricultural productions—safety to our frontiers, and additional strength and stability to the Union—these are the results which would rapidly develop themselves, upon the consummation of the measure of annexation. In such event, I will not doubt but that Mexico would find her true interest to consist in meeting the advances of this Government in a spirit of amity.

Nor do I apprehend any serious complaint from any other quarter: no sufficient ground exists for such complaint. We should interfere in no respect with the rights of any other nation. There cannot be gathered from the act, any design on our part to do so with their possessions on this Continent. We have interposed no impediments in the way of such acquisitions of territory, large and extensive as many of them are, as the leading powers of Europe have made, from time to time, in every part of the world. We seek no conquest made by war. No intrigue will have been resorted to, or acts of diplomacy essayed, to accomplish the annexation of Texas. Free and independent herself, she asks to be received into our Union. It is a question for our own decision, whether she shall be received or not.

The two Governments having already agreed, through their respective organs, on the terms of annexation, I would recommend their adoption by Congress in the form of a joint resolution, or act, to be perfected and made binding on the two countries, when adopted in like manner by the Government of Texas.

In order that the subject may be fully presented in all its bearings, the correspondence which has taken place, in reference to it, since the adjournment of Congress, between the United States, Texas, and Mexico, is herewith transmitted.

The amendments proposed by the Senate to the Convention concluded between the U. States and Mexico on the 20th November, 1843, have been transmitted through our Minister, for the concurrence of the Mexican Government; but, although urged thereto, no action has yet been had on the subject; nor has any answer been given which would authorize a favorable conclusion in the future.

The Degree of September, 1843, in relation to the retail trade, the order for

the expulsion of foreigners, and that of a more recent date in regard to ports—all of which are considered as in violation of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce between the two countries, have led to a correspondence of considerable length between the Minister for Foreign Relations and our Representative at Mexico, but without any satisfactory result. They remain still unjustified; and many and serious inconveniences have already resulted to our citizens in consequence of them.

Questions growing out of the act of disarming a body of Texian troops under the command of Major Snively, by an officer in the service of the United States, acting under the orders of our Government; and the forcible entry into the Custom-house at Bryarly's Landing, on Red River, by certain citizens of the United States, and taking away therefrom the goods seized by the Collector of the Customs, as forfeited under the laws of Texas, have been adjusted; so far as the powers of the Executive extend. The correspondence between the two Governments in reference to both subjects, will be found amongst the accompanying documents. It contains a full statement of all the facts and circumstances, with the view taken on both sides, and the principles on which the questions have been adjusted. It remains for Congress to make the necessary appropriation to carry the arrangements into effect, which I respectfully recommend.

The greatly improved condition of the Treasury, affords a subject for general congratulation. The paralysis which had fallen on trade and commerce, and which subjected the Government to the necessity of resorting to loans, and the issue of Treasury notes to a large amount, has passed away; and after the payment of upwards of \$7,000,000, on account of the interest, and in redemption of more than \$5,000,000 of the public debt, which falls due on the 1st of January next, and setting apart upwards of \$2,000,000 for the payment of outstanding Treasury notes, and meeting an instalment of the debts of the corporate cities of the District of Columbia—an estimated surplus of upwards of \$7,000,000, over and above the existing appropriations, will remain in the Treasury at the close of the fiscal year. Should the Treasury notes continue outstanding, as heretofore, that surplus will be considerably augmented. Although all interest has ceased upon them, and the Government has invited their return to the Treasury, yet they remain outstanding; affording great facilities to commerce, and establishing the fact that, under a well regulated system of finance, the Government has resources within itself, which render it independent in time of need, not only of private loans, but also of bank facilities.

The only remaining subject of regret is, that the remaining stock of the Government do not fall due at an earlier day; since their redemption would be entirely within its control. As it is, it may be well worthy the consideration of Congress, whether the law establishing the sinking fund—under the operation of which the debts of the Revolution and last war with Great Britain were, to a great extent extinguished—should not, with proper modifications, (so as to prevent an accumulation of surpluses, and limited in amount to a specific sum,) be re-enacted. Such provision, which would authorize the Government to go into the market for a purchase of its own stock, on fair terms, would serve to maintain its credit at the highest point, and prevent, to a great extent, those fluctuations in the price of the securities, which might under other circumstances, infect its credit. No apprehension of this sort is, at this moment, entertained; since the stocks of the Government which but two years ago were offered for sale to capitalists, at home and abroad, at a depreciation, and could find no purchasers, are now greatly above par in the hands of the holders; but a wise and prudent forecast admonishes us to place beyond the reach of contingency the public credit.

It must also be a matter of unmingled gratification, that, under the existing financial system—resting upon the act of 1788, and the resolution of 1816,—the currency of the country has attained a state of perfect soundness; and the rates of exchange between different parts of the Union, which, in 1841, denoted by their enormous amount, the great depreciation, and in fact worthlessness of the currency in most of the States—are now reduced to little more than the mere expense of transporting specie from place to place, and the risk incidental to the operation. In a new country like that of the United States—where so many inducements are held out for speculation—the depositories of the surplus revenue, consisting of Banks of any description, when it reaches any considerable amount, require the closest vigilance on the part of the Government. All banking institutions, under whatever denomination they may pass, are governed by an almost exclusive regard to the interest of the stockholders. That interest consists in the augmentation of profits, in the form of dividends, and a large surplus revenue entrusted to their custody is but too apt to lead to excessive loans and to extravagantly large issues of paper. As a necessary consequence, prices are nominally increased, and the speculative mania everywhere seizes upon the public mind. A fictitious state of prosperity for a season exists; and, in the language of the day, money becomes plenty. Contracts are entered into by individuals, resting on this unsubstantial state of things, but the delusion speedily passes away, and the country is overrun by an indebtedness so weighty as to overwhelm many, and to visit every department of industry with great and ruinous embarrassment. The greatest vigilance becomes necessary on the part of Government to guard against this state of things. The depositories must be given distinctly to understand that the favors of the Government will be altogether withdrawn, or substantially diminished, if its revenues shall be regarded as additions to their banking capital, or as the foundation of an enlarged circulation. The Government, through its revenue has, at all times an important part to perform in connexion with the currency; and it greatly depends upon its vigilance and care, whether the country is involved in embarrassments similar to those which it has had recently to encounter; or, aided by the action of the Treasury, shall be preserved in a sound and healthy condition.

The dangers to be guarded against are greatly augmented by too large a surplus of revenue. When that surplus greatly exceeds in amount what shall be required by a wise and prudent forecast to meet unforeseen contingencies, the Legislature itself may come to be seized with a disposition to indulge in extravagant appropriations to objects, many of which may—and most probably would—be found to conflict with the Constitution. A fancied expediency is elevated above constitutional authority; and a reckless and wasteful extravagance but too certainly follows. The important power of taxation, which when exercised in its most restricted form, is a burden on labor and production, is resorted to, under various pretexts, for purposes having no affinity to the motives which dictated its grant, and the extravagance of Government stimulates individual extravagance, until the spirit of a wild and ill-regulated speculation involves one and all in its unfortunate results. In view of such fatal consequences it may be laid down as an axiom, founded in moral and political truth, that no greater taxes should be imposed than are necessary for an economical administration of the Government; and that whatever exists beyond should be reduced or modified.



This doctrine does in no way conflict with the exercise of a sound discrimination in the selection of the articles to be taxed, which a due regard to the public weal would at all times suggest to the legislative mind. It leaves the range of selection undefined; and such selection should always be made with an eye to the great interests of the country. Composed as is the Union, of separate and independent States a patriotic Legislature will not fail, in consulting the interests of the parts, to adopt such course as will be best calculated to advance the harmony of the whole; and thus ensure that permanency in the policy of the Government without which all efforts to advance the public prosperity are vain and fruitless. This great and vitally important task rests with Congress; and the Executive can do no more than recommend the general principles which should govern in its execution.

I refer you to the report of the Secretary of War, for an exhibition of the condition of the army; and recommend to you, as well worthy your best consideration, many of the suggestions it contains. The Secretary in no degree exaggerates the great importance of pressing forward, without delay, in the work of erecting and finishing the fortifications, to which he particularly alludes. Much has been done towards placing our cities and roadsteads in a state of security against the hazards of hostile attack, within the last four years, but considering the new elements which have been, of late years, employed in the propelling of ships, and the formidable implements of destruction which have been brought into service, we cannot be too active or vigilant in preparing and perfecting the means of defence. I refer you also to his report for a full statement of the condition of the Indian tribes within our jurisdiction.

The Executive has abated no effort in carrying into effect the well-established policy of the Government, which contemplates the removal of all the tribes resident within the limits of the several States, beyond those limits; and it is now enabled to congratulate the country at the prospect of an early consummation of this object. Many of the tribes have already made great progress in the arts of civilized life; and through the operation of the schools established among them, aided by the efforts of the pious men of various religious denominations—who devote themselves to the task of their improvement—we may fondly hope that the remains of the formidable tribes which were once the masters of this country, will, in their transition from the savage state to a condition of refinement and cultivation, add another bright trophy to adorn the labors of a well directed philanthropy.

The accompanying report of the Secretary of the Navy, will explain to you the situation of that branch of the service. The present organization of the Department, imparts to its operations great efficiency; but I concur fully in the propriety of a division of the Bureau of Construction, Equipment and Repairs, into two Bureaux. The subjects, as now arranged, are incongruous and require, to a certain extent, information and qualifications altogether dissimilar.

The operations of the squadron on the coast of Africa have been conducted with all due attention to the objects which led to its organization; and I am happy to say that the officers and crews have enjoyed the best possible health, under the system adopted by the officer in command. It is believed the United States is the only nation which has, by its laws, subjected to the punishment of death, as pirates, those who may be engaged in the slave trade. A similar enactment on the part of other nations would not fail to be attended with beneficial results.

In consequence of the difficulties which have existed in the way of securing titles for the necessary grounds, operations have not yet been commenced towards the establishment of the Navy Yard at Memphis. So soon as this title is perfected, no further delay will be permitted to intervene. It is well worthy of your consideration, whether Congress should not direct the establishment of a rope-walk, in connection with the contemplated New Yard, as a measure not only of economy, but as highly useful and necessary. The only establishment of the sort now connected with the service is located at Boston; and the advantages of a similar establishment, convenient to the hemp-growing region, must be apparent to all.

The Report of the Secretary presents other matters to your consideration, of an important character in connection with the service.

In referring you to the accompanying report of the Postmaster General, it affords me continued cause of gratification to be able to advert to the fact, that the affairs of the Department, for the last four years, have been so conducted as, from its unaided resources, to meet its large expenditures. On my coming into office a debt of nearly \$500,000 existed against the Department, which Congress discharged by an appropriation from the Treasury. The Department, on the 4th of March next, will be found, under the management of the present efficient head, free of debt or embarrassment, which could only have been done by the observance and practice of the greatest vigilance and economy. The laws have contemplated, throughout, that the Department should be self-sustained; but it may become necessary, with the wisest regard to public interests, to introduce amendments and alterations in the system. There is a strong desire manifested in many quarters, so to alter the tariff of letter postage as to reduce the amount of tax at present imposed.

Should such a measure be carried into effect, to the full extent desired, it cannot well be doubted but that, for the first years of its operation, a diminished revenue would be collected, the supply of which would necessarily constitute a charge upon the Treasury. Whether such a result would be desirable, it will be for Congress, in its wisdom, to determine. It may in general be asserted, that radical alterations in any system should rather be brought about gradually, than by sudden changes; and by pursuing this prudent policy in the reduction of letter postage, the Department might still sustain itself through the revenue which would accrue by the increase of letters. The state and condition of the public Treasury has, heretofore, been such as to have precluded the recommendation of any material change. The difficulties upon this head have, however, ceased, and a large discretion is now left to the Government.

I cannot too strongly urge the policy of authorising the establishment of a line of steamships regularly to ply between this country and foreign ports, and upon our own waters, for the transportation of the mail. The example of the British Government is well worthy of imitation in this respect. The belief is strongly entertained that the emoluments arising from the transportation of mail matter to foreign countries, would operate of itself as an inducement to cause individual enterprise to undertake that branch of the task; and the remuneration of the Government would consist in the addition readily made to our steam navy in case of emergency by the ships so employed. Should this suggestion meet your approval, the propriety of placing such ships under the command of experienced officers of the Navy will not escape your observation. The application of steam to the purpose of naval warfare, cogently recommends an extensive steam marine as important in estimating the defences of the country. Fortunately, this may be attained by us to a great extent without incur-

ring any large amount of expenditure. Steam vessels to be engaged in the transportation of mails on our principal water courses, lakes, and parts of our coast, could also be so constructed as to be efficient as war vessels when needed; and would themselves constitute a formidable force in order to repel attacks from abroad. We cannot be blind to the fact, that other nations have already added large numbers of steam ships to their naval armaments, and that this new and powerful agent is destined to revolutionize the condition of the world. It becomes the United States therefore, looking to their security, to adopt a similar policy; and the plan suggested will enable them to do so at a small comparative cost.

I take the greatest pleasure in bearing testimony to the zeal and untiring industry which has characterized the conduct of the members of the Executive Cabinet. Each, in his appropriate sphere, has rendered me the most efficient aid in carrying on the Government, and it will not, I trust, appear out of place for me to bear this public testimony. The cardinal objects which should ever be held in view by those entrusted with the administration of public affairs, are, rigidly, and without favor or affection, so to interpret the national will, expressed in the laws, as that injustice should be done to none—justice to all. This has been the rule upon which they have acted; and thus it is believed that few cases, if any, exist, wherein our fellow-citizens, who from time to time have been drawn to the Seat of Government for the settlement of their transactions with the Government, have gone away dissatisfied. Where the testimony has been perfected, and was esteemed satisfactory, their claims have been promptly audited; and this in the absence of all favoritism or partiality. The Government which is not just to its own people, can neither claim their affection nor the respect of the world. At the same time the closest attention has been paid to those matters which relate more immediately to the great concerns of the country. Order and efficiency in each branch of the public service, have prevailed, accompanied by a system of the most rigid responsibility on the part of the receiving and disbursing agents. The fact, in illustration of the truth of this remark, deserves to be noticed, that the revenues of the Government, amounting in the last four years, to upwards of \$120,000,000, have been collected and disbursed, through the numerous Governmental agents, without the loss, by default, of any amount worthy of serious commentary.

The appropriations made by Congress for the improvement of the rivers of the West, and of the harbours on the lakes, are in a course of judicious expenditure under suitable agents; and are destined, it is to be hoped, to realize all the benefits designed to be accomplished by Congress. I cannot, however, sufficiently impress upon Congress, the great importance of withholding appropriations from improvements which are not ascertained, by previous examination and survey, to be necessary for the shelter and protection of trade from the dangers of storms and tempests. Without this precaution, the expenditures are but too apt to ensure to the benefit of individuals; without reference to the only consideration which can render them constitutional—the public interests and the general good.

I cannot too earnestly urge upon you the interests of this District, over which by the Constitution, Congress has exclusive jurisdiction. It would be deeply to be regretted should there be, at any time, ground to complain of neglect, on the part of a community which, detached as it is from the parental care of the States of Virginia and Maryland, can only expect aid from Congress, as its local legislature. Amongst the subjects which claim your attention, is the prompt organization of an asylum for the insane, who may be found, from time to time, sojourning within the District. Such course is also demanded by considerations which apply to branches of the public service. For the necessities in this behalf, I invite your particular attention to the report of the Secretary of the Navy.

I have thus, gentlemen of the two Houses of Congress, presented you a true and faithful picture of the condition of public affairs, both foreign and domestic. The wants of the public service are made known to you; and matters of no ordinary importance are urged upon your consideration. Shall I not be permitted to congratulate you on the happy auspices under which you have assembled, and at the important change in the condition of things which has occurred in the last three years? During that period, questions with foreign powers, of vital importance to the peace of our country, have been settled and adjusted. A desolating and wasting war with savage tribes has been brought to a close. The internal tranquillity of the country, threatened by agitating questions, has been preserved. The credit of the Government, which had experienced a temporary embarrassment, has been thoroughly restored. Its coffers, which, for a season, were empty, have been replenished. A currency, nearly uniform in its value, has taken the place of one depreciated and almost worthless. Commerce and manufactures, which had suffered in common with every other interest, have once more revived; and the whole country exhibits an aspect of prosperity and happiness. Trade and barter, no longer governed by a wild and speculative mania, rest upon a solid and substantial footing; and the rapid growth of our cities, in every direction, bespeaks most strongly the favourable circumstances by which we are surrounded.

My happiness, in the retirement which shortly awaits me, is the ardent hope which I experience, that this state of prosperity is neither deceptive nor destined to be short lived; and that measures which have not yet received its sanction, but which I cannot but regard as closely connected with the honor, the glory, and still more enlarged prosperity of the country, are destined, at an early day, to receive the approval of Congress. Under these circumstances, and with these anticipations, I shall most gladly leave to others, more able than myself, the noble and pleasing task of sustaining the public prosperity. I shall carry with me into retirement the gratifying reflection that, as my sole object throughout has been to advance the public good, I may not entirely have failed in accomplishing it; and this gratification is heightened in no small degree by the fact that when, under a deep and abiding sense of duty, I have found myself constrained to resort to the qualified Veto, it has neither been followed by disapproval on the part of the People, nor weakened in any degree their attachment to that great conservative feature of our Government.

WASHINGTON, December, 1844.

JOHN TYLER.

#### ADVENTURE AT CHAUD FONTAINE.

How annoying to be travelling in a country and ignorant of its language! How amusing to see two beings, in other respects well-informed and well-educated, making forced grimaces to understand each other, without being able to guess at their mutual wants and wishes! During a flying visit to Belgium, Mr T—— and his lovely wife stopped a couple of days at Chaud Fontaine, near Liege, so pleasantly situated in the valley of the Vesdre, and resembling in several of its most agreeable features our Magslock, though upon a smaller scale. They took up their quarters at the Hotel des Bains. On retiring for the night, the gentleman, either fancying he was not at sleeping pitch, or else not feeling



himself all right, resolved to line his night-cap with a stiff glass of grog, and rang the bell for that purpose; up came the attic nymph.

"Que veut Monsieur?" "Oo, ah; why, bring me a glass of brandy and water." "Qu'est ce que c'est, Monsieur? Je ne parle pas Anglais." "Why, Frank," said his wife, laughing, "where is the use of talking English to the girl? She doesn't understand a word of it; she's staring at you in amazement." "Well," quoth the husband, "I believe you; but what am I to do? What a bore, not to be able to make one's self understood; I'm determined to learn French as soon as I return home. Come, Bessy, my dear, you speak it better than I do; pray tell her what I want, and bid her look sharp." "So I will, but cannot for the life of me call to mind what is the word for brandy; let me see. Oh Mamsell, portez one glass d'eau" (pointing to a glass, and the water on the dressing table), "Ooi, oui, Madame, une verre d'eau." "Yes, oui; et un petty poor de chose dans it." "Une verre d'eau, et quelque chose dedans!" exclaimed the puzzled abigail, apparently at her wit's end, when all at once a light seemed to break in upon her—"Ah, que je suis bete! je comprends a cette heure, c'est une vieilleuse qu'on veut: je vais la chercher a l'instant," and out of the chamber she darted.

"Now, Frank, what do you think of that?" said Mrs. T—, quite delighted with her profound knowledge of the French; "don't you think I speak the language exceedingly well?" "Indeed you do, my love; I am astonished when and where you picked it all up." "Oh, don't be surprised at that; I have a natural talent for languages; and if I were to stay here a month, I should parley as well as the natives. But here comes the girl with your grog: don't let her come in; take it from her at the door." Accordingly the husband did as he was bid, took the glass, dismissed the maid, with an approving nod, turned to his better half, who was just considering how two people were to sleep in such a narrow bed—"Here is my love to you, Bessy." "Thank you, Frank; but pray leave a drop at the bottom." But oh horrible! instead of a stiff glass of grog, it was a night light, for so the girl had understood the order. Poor Frank had nearly swallowed the whole, when he was stopped by the floating wick, and a most violent feeling of disgust. How shall I describe his loathing and his rage, or his wife's screams of laughter, which she could not repress, in spite of every effort, at her husband's ridiculous blunder? The poor fellow is now reconciled to the nasty joke, which, he says, was the fruit of his wife having a natural talent for learning languages.

#### A GIPSEY STORY.

A lady of rank and fortune, who happened to have no children, and who lived in the neighbourhood, had taken so great a liking to a beautiful little gipsy girl, that she took her home, had her educated, and at length adopted her as her daughter. She was called Charlotte Stanley, received the education of a young English lady of rank, and grew up to be a beautiful, well-informed, and accomplished girl. In the course of time a young man of good family became attached to her, and wished to marry her. The nearer, however, this plan approached the period of its execution, the more melancholy became the young Hindostanee bride; and one day, to the terror of her foster-mother and her betrothed husband, she was found to have disappeared. It was known that there had been gipsies in the neighbourhood; a search was set on foot, and Charlotte Stanley was discovered in the arms of a long, lean, brown, ugly gipsy, the chief of the band. She declared she was his wife, and no one had a right to take her away from him, and the benefactress and the bridegroom returned inconsolable. Charlotte afterwards came to visit them, and told how, as she grew up, she had felt more and more confined within the walls of the castle, and an irresistible longing had at length seized her to return to her wild gipsy life. The fellow whom she had chosen for her husband was said to be one of the wildest and ugliest of the whole tribe, and to treat his beautiful and delicate wife in the most barbarous manner. He was some time after condemned to be hanged for theft; but his wife, through the influence of her distinguished connexions, procured the commutation of his sentence to that of confinement in the hulks. During the time of his imprisonment, she visited him constantly, and contrived in many ways to improve his situation, without the savage manifesting in return the smallest gratitude. He accepted her marks of affection as a tribute due from a slave, and frequently even during her visits ill-treated her. She toiled incessantly, however, to obtain his liberation, supplicating both her foster mother and her former lover to use all their efforts in his favour. At the very moment of his liberation, however, when Charlotte was hastening to meet him across the plank placed from the boat to the shore, the savage repulsed her so roughly, that she fell into the water. She was drawn out again, but could not be induced to leave him, and returned to her former wild way of life in the New Forest and the fairs of London. I saw the portrait of Charlotte Stanley, which was preserved by the friend of her youth. Her story is a kind of inversion to that of Preciosa, and might make an interesting romance. The Southampton committee, it is said, have not been more fortunate with the gipsies, whom at different times they have put out to service, than was the benefactress of Charlotte Stanley; for they all return, sooner or later, to their wild wandering life.

Kohl's England.

#### BATHS AND WASH HOUSES IN LONDON.

There is a saying as old as London itself, that cleanliness is next to godliness; and if there be any colour of truth in it, the Bishop, who is the head of the Church in the metropolis, was, though not ecclesiastically engaged, extremely well employed when he attended at the Mansion House a few days ago to advocate, as he did with animation, the establishment of baths and wash-houses for the poor of London.

The baths proclaim their own purpose, and opened to the working men at the lowest remunerative cost would be invaluable. The wash-houses, or as the Times proposes to call them, laundries, an equally well-known and of more definite character, would be open to a more numerous class. At such an establishment in Liverpool, it appears that more than 300,000 articles of clothing have been washed in a year, and farther provision is now called for. The importance of such conveniences in the various districts of the metropolis, especially in summer time, may be estimated by the cost of firing to the poor family, and frequently of procuring water; the heavy labour of carrying it up stairs and removing it, the destruction of comfort and the danger to health occasioned by washing in a room which is perhaps the family residence.

At objection to these proposed establishments is answered by the Bishop of London, in a tone rather liberal and pleasant for that prelate:—

"One person had objected to these institutions because he thought it undesirable to bring the women so much together. Mr. Cubitt says, 'I think it better not to mix families together, as the evil would preponderate over the good, and I would rather leave them to seek accommodation so as to do all the work in their own habitations.' They might seek it, but they would not find it. In Liverpool the poor were most anxious to retain the advantages which they de-

rived from the washing houses; no objection had been made, there was no access to ardent spirits, and no inconvenience of any kind had resulted. The women came to wash their clothes, and if during the process they talked over their grievances to each other he saw no great harm in it." [Cheers and laughter.]

The same considerate spirit possessed him when referring to the deteriorated health, in recent years, of the poorer classes of society:—

This was owing, perhaps, in some degree, to the excessive use of ardent spirits and other stimulants—but how great was the palliation for the use of these stimulants in the sufferings to which they were exposed. [Cheers.]—Partly, he believed, this was the reason of the deterioration of the health of the poor, but it resulted in a greater degree from the life they were compelled to live from one year's end to another, in crowded, damp, ill-ventilated rooms, in which washing was carried on."

And when there is no washing carried on the evil is owing to there being no washing done—to dirt, next to want of food the poor man's enemy.

The committee propose to erect four baths and wash houses in the metropolis, three on the Middlesex and one on the Surrey side of the Thames. To the baths, separate baths, the workingman may have access for a very small payment; and in the laundries six hours washing will cost but a penny, with the use of hot and cold water, boilers, and rooms where the clothes will be well and quickly dried by steam. No doubt seems to be entertained of the practicability of the project, and none can exist as to the positive and immediate advantages of it to the poor, so far as the project extends. The total inability of present legislation or public charity to ensure to every man constant work, and to his family a sufficiency of food, is no argument why the comfort and health of the poor should not be thus far extended; but on the contrary, it is the strongest of arguments why the attempt should be made.

The design has had an excellent beginning, and with perseverance will succeed. The rich were justly warned by another reverend speaker, to stir in this matter. "If I were to use a selfish argument," said Archbishop Wellesford, "I should say that the improvement of the poor was the most effectual mode of protecting the possessions of the rich. The rich would incur no greater risk than to wrap themselves up in their self-contemplation—no greater loss could they endure than to treat all as if all had been given them for their own gratification."

London Examiner.

#### THE HORSE ABATTOIRS OF PARIS.

Few things are more productive of melancholy than the condition and fate of horses in the latter days of their career. No matter how useful they may have been, what years of toil they may have endured, we find them at last dismissed without regret, and sold for a few shillings, or what their mere skin, flesh, bones, and other parts are worth. Thus, in London, and also in Paris, there are large establishments forming the abattoirs of horses—places, of course, whence all sentiments of pity are banished, and where the once sleek and beloved animals are deprived of existence, in the midst of scenes which reflect little credit on humanity.

Few men have any idea of the vast extent of the horse abattoirs at Montfaucon, in Paris. To this place all horses past service are conducted. Worn usually to skin and bone, they come in strings of twelve or twenty, are huddled into a stable where they cannot stir, or are left in the open air, tied to the carcasses of those that have just met their fate. A great number of horses, living and dead, are brought to Montfaucon annually; the winter season, when the poor cannot keep them, being most productive in this respect. By a calculation made for 1837, it was found that thirty-five came to the slaughter-house daily, making a yearly whole of 12,785. Three fourths of them came in life. As, in the same year, the total number of horses in Paris amounted to about 20,500, not less than five-eighths seem thus to perish annually. A deduction must be made, however, for the horses bought in the districts around the city. In any case, the number of victims is immense.

Four different methods are used at Montfaucon for killing the horses. One is by injecting air into an open vein, a tedious and little used, though cleanly process; a second is by piercing the spinal marrow in the neck; a third way is to fell the animal on the head, as is done with oxen; and a fourth method, that commonly practised, is to stab the animal in the chest. One melancholy sight follows the deaths of two or three horses. The stoutest of the victims next to fall is made to draw the newly slain bodies to the scene of the ulterior operations.

The hair of the mane and tail is removed before death, but the wretched hacks have usually lost or been stripped of these appendages before coming to Montfaucon. When accumulated in quantities, the hair is sold to saddlers and chairmakers. The skins of the horses are of course sold to tanners. Of the blood of the horses no use is made, though men of science have recommended its employment in the manufacture of Prussian blue, for which purple or blood is in great demand. The flesh is the next point. In 1739, an ordinance was revived, interdicting its sale in Paris as human food. During the times of the revolutionary scarcity, however, horse flesh was largely used in the capital and many, who took no other animal food for six months, felt not the slightest injury from it. The open use of it did not cease till 1803. In 1811, a time of scarcity, many butchers were caught making market of it; and soon afterwards, the medical men having declared the flesh of a sound horse wholesome, a permission was given to sell it openly, but only in given places. Withdrawn in 1814, this permission was renewed in 1816, and still holds good.

In feeding animals, and as manure, a large portion of the Montfaucon horse carcasses is admittedly employed; but it is also believed that no small quantity is sold to the poor, without their own knowledge. As for the numerous workmen at Montfaucon, they live on nothing else, and they thrive upon it. It perhaps strengthens their nerves for their disagreeable business, as it spirited up our early ancestors of the north to their human butcheries. The use of it among these latter nations only ceased on their conversion to Christianity, as is proved by existing papal bulls. However, Denmark has latterly returned to its old habits, being the first European nation that has authorised the open sale of horse-flesh among the ordinary contents of the shambles. A traveller relates, also, that he tasted some excellent smoked horse, on dining with the Tartarian Khan, Krim-Gorai. Baron Larrey, moreover, tell us that the French army, in various campaigns, were not only sustained well by such food, but were even seemingly feeced, by its healthiness, of scorbutic disease.

From different parts of animals killed at Montfaucon, glue, oil, and other marketable commodities are produced, and the shoes meet with a ready sale to the cutlers and others. In short, nothing is lost; for it is even a trade to gather the larvae as food for fowls; and thus the elegant animals which once pranced proudly in the Champs de Mars, and at the gay fetes of the French metropolis, are unscrupulously consigned to the shambles of Montfaucon, and put to the basest of purposes.



## Miscellaneous Articles.

**A JUDGE AND LAWYER PUZZLED.**—It was probably in the summer of 1786 or 1787, that Mr. Scott was opposed, in an important fishery cause on the circuit, to Mr. Bearcroft, a leader of considerable practice in London, specially retained for that trial. The Anecdote Book records the circumstances of it as follows:—"Bearcroft came down to the assizes at Carlisle, with a special retainer of 300 guineas, in a salmon fishery cause. I led the cause on the other side; and, at our consultation on the preceding evening, we agreed never to ask a witness a question except in the language and dialect of Cumberland, which Bearcroft could not understand. Accordingly, when I began to cross-examine his first witness, who had said a great deal about the salmon, good and bad, which the fishery had produced in different seasons, I asked whether they were obliged to make 'ould souldiers' of any of them. These words 'ould souldiers,' to be made out of salmon, puzzled Bearcroft, and he applied to me to give him an explanation of them. I told him that it was not my business to assist, in the leading of a cause, my adversary, whose abilities and knowledge, &c. &c. He then applied to the judge for an explanation, who told him he could give him none, because he could not conceive what the words meant. After a squabble between the judge and myself, I explained;—but throughout the whole cause there was hardly a question asked by us which did not produce a similar scene. The jury were astonished that neither judge nor Bearcroft had wisdom enough to understand what they all so well understood; and they inferred, from Bearcroft's extreme ignorance of what they all so well knew, that he had a rotten cause. We got a verdict, and Bearcroft swore that no fee should ever tempt him to come amongst such a set of barbarians as the Cumberland men again. "N.B. An 'ould souldier' is made by hanging up in a chimney a salmon caught out of due season, when the fish is white, instead of red; and it acquires in the chimney a colour like a soldier's old red coat half worn out.

Life of Lord Eldon.

The Inverness Courier states, that "Thomas Campbell has left amongst his papers a memoir of his own life, a number of letters, and some unpublished pieces of poetry," and that "these are now in the possession of his friend, Dr. Beattie."

The Congress of Orientalists sitting at Dresden has been momentarily troubled by an incident, whose ultimate effect, however, has only been to mark more strongly the improved tone of toleration spreading through Germany. Three members of the assembly are Rabbins; and Professor Weber, of Bremen, the only remaining town in Germany which excludes the Jews, had the taste to indulge in some pleasantries pointed at that people. The other Christian members of the assembly, forty-two in number, rose to a man; and Herr Thiersch, the celebrated linguist, in their name rebuked the Professor for his introduction of religious distinctions into a society purely scientific in its purposes. Herr Weber was refused the opportunity of reply, by the President; who decided, amidst the applause of the meeting, that the affair should terminate with the just remarks of Herr Thiersch,—and the discomfited Professor left the assembly. A few minutes afterwards, a letter was delivered to the President, in which Professor Weber disclaimed the intention of offending the Hebrew members, and retracted such words as might bear that construction; but he did not again appear at the Congress, and shortly afterwards quitted Dresden.

The Revue de Paris states that Taglioni has signed an agreement with a speculator from New York, Mr. Trenk,—by which she engages to accompany him to America, and play at all the States and on all the theatres which he shall appoint. Mr. Trenk is to pay all travelling and other expenses, and share the produce with Mdlle. Taglioni,—guaranteeing to her only a minimum benefit of £5,000. So great is the desire to see the Taglioni beyond the Atlantic, that the American is thought to have made an excellent bargain.

Mr. James Hogg, the only son of the Ettrick Shepherd, sails on Monday next for India, seeking his fortunes in the East, as the sons of Burns and the sons of Allan Cunningham have done before him. Mr. Hogg has been appointed to a situation in the Bank at Bombay. His father's fame will be no drawback to his advancement, and he has our best wishes for health and success. The only surviving son of Sir Walter Scott is now doing duty with his regiment in Madras. How strange the destinies of genius!—Milton's grandson was parish-clerk of Madras, when Addison's elder brother was governor of that settlement.

**STEAM WHISTLE.**—A novel and a valuable application of this melodious instrument is to give warning of the exhausted state of steam-boilers, or when the water in them has fallen to the spot "dangerous." Then, and not till then, the steam gains access to and rushes up a tube there placed and connected with a whistle, which immediately becomes the mouthpiece of the boiler, and shrieks, "I want water, or I shall burst."

**GREAT IRON BRIDGE.**—The Emperor of Russia has directed an iron bridge to be thrown across the Neva at St. Petersburg, where till now there has only been an inconvenient and uncertain bridge of boats. It is to be of 7 arches, and above 1070 feet in span.

**A CHINAMAN'S TAIL.**—A Chinaman's love for his tail is proverbial, and it is truly amusing to see the pains and trouble they take concerning them. Most of them are dressed with singular neatness and care, and are of such a length, that they sweep the ground when walking. Those, however, who are not sufficiently fortunate as naturally to possess a very handsome appendage, borrow a portion from their barbers; and should it get disengaged from his head, the owner has to bear the same ridicule as an unfortunate dandy does, who, in Europe, by ill-luck, should chance to lose his wig. The front portion of the head is very carefully shaved, for which purpose they make use of a curious and very peculiar description of razor, resembling in miniature a butcher's chopper. This love of their tails produces a very easy method of restoring order and restraining personal violence, when any cause of dissension or dispute may arise among them. The peons, or government police, catching some half-dozen of the crowd by these handy ornaments, deliver them over to one of their force, who, with a drawn sword, holds them in check, threatening, upon the slightest movement, to raze their honourable appendages. The intense love for their old friend and companion, that has grown with their growth, speedily overcomes their passions, and rather than run the chance of parting company, they submit with patience and resignation to the dictates of the authorities.

**WILL OF LORD KEANE, G. C. B.**—The will of Lord Keane has just been proved in Doctor's Commons. His Lordship by this instrument gives to his wife, Charlotte Maria, his mansion, carriages, several articles of plate, and the sum of £10,000. To his daughter, Charlotte, £5,400. He observes:—"As my son, Edward Arthur Wellington Keane is entitled to a pension of £2,000 a year from Government, I consider him sufficiently provided for, and bequeath

him my Ghuznee sword." To his son George Keane he gives "the sword given me by the King of Cabul, and the Lahore matchlocks and artillery models brought from India." To his son, Hussey Fane Keane, his "Cutch sword and Scinde rifle." He observes—"My collar, riband, and badge of the Order of the Bath will have to be given up to the Heralds' office, but my other stars are my own property, and I bequeath them to my wife." He gives to his sons a bond of Lord Vivian for £10,000. To his executors he gives £2,000 to purchase a company in one of her Majesty's regiments for his son John, and directs them to supply an additional £2,000 for his benefit, till such company is obtained. To his "faithful servant, Richard Hyman, £200." The remainder of his property is bequeathed to his wife and two sons, Hussey and George Keane. The executors appointed are Ronald Macdonald, Esq. George Keane, Esq., and Charles Hopkinson, Esq., (the banker). The property is sworn under £45,000. The will bears date July, 1844. Britannia.

**A GODSEND.**—In Paris, on Wednesday week, a poor dealer in old furniture met with one of those pieces of good fortune which sometimes come to the relief of the miserable. In the old narrow street called St. Eloi, famed in the annals of Paris as that in which King Pepin resided, and immediately opposite where his palace stood, is the shop of a petty broker. Amongst his articles for sale was an old arm-chair, so worn with age that no one would give him forty sous, all he asked for it. Tired of seeing it so long a useless cumbrance, he resolved to break it up, and convert the horse-hair to some more profitable purpose, and burn the other fragments. On proceeding to this operation, he found concealed in the seat a roll of paper, in which were wrapped notes of the Bank of France to the amount of 11,500 francs, all of which were in the form adopted when this establishment was first founded.

**MARRIED.**—On Wednesday morning, 4th inst., in St. Bartholomew's Church, by the Rev. B. J. Haight, Henry Owen, to Catherine Ann, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. H. Sackett, of West Chester Co., N. Y.

**WANTED.**—No. 18 of Vol. I., and No. 11 of Vol. III, of the Anglo American, for which 12 cents each will be paid.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 10 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1844.

In our columns to-day will be found the President's Message to the present Congress; it will doubtless be read with increased interest, from the consideration that it is the last of his Excellency's official duties of this description. Public documents like that to which we now allude are always placed on our pages as matters of record, and as communications to our readers, but it forms no part of our plan to comment upon them; we therefore have merely to state the heads of the principal subjects touched upon in the Message before us. The President finds matter of congratulation in the general prosperity of the United States, in the goodness of the Crops, in the state of Commerce, in the condition of the Treasury, and in the nearly total absence of public defalcation in monetary affairs. He speaks in terms generally satisfactory of the progress of arrangements with Great Britain on matters not yet finally settled, although he expresses his wish that certain portions might proceed somewhat faster. He does not disguise his earnest desire for the annexation of Texas to the Union, provided it can be effected in a manner generally approved, nor does he disguise his ideas with regard to the objections and interference of Mexico in this proposed measure. He alludes to the purpose of commercial arrangements with the Zollverein, which were by delay rendered abortive, but which he thinks may yet be revived. He is very earnest respecting the chains of military posts for the defence of emigrants towards Oregon, and for their protection when they may have arrived there, and he instances the superiority of English care in that respect. He gives many of the cheering views of the revenue of the Post Office, and, without proposing anything specifically on that head, calls attention to the subject in a manner which leads us to suppose that the matter may be beneficially mooted in the Legislature. These, with the usual announcements of general friendly relations with foreign powers, and recommendations of appropriations for particular public services, make pretty nearly the sum of the Message, the whole being both an interesting and a cheering one.

**ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.**—This truly benevolent Institution, which has now been long in existence, and which need not yield to any other in regard to the extent of benefits and usefulness which it has conferred on poverty and helplessness, has frequently at this time of year had occasion to appeal to general sympathy for aid to the funds, upon which the calls are frequent, deep, and imperative, beyond the ordinary means of the Society, though these are dispensed with a prudent liberality. We need hardly press upon the recollection of our readers the number of Old Countrymen who annually come to these shores, nor of the natural consequence that many, too many, fall into unavoidable distress, or incur sickness, the usual concomitant of a change of climate and habits. The St. George's Society is never backward to alleviate these distresses to the utmost ability of its funds, but at the beginning of winter the calls are peculiarly urgent; the Society, however, has always found the public ready to respond to its call when there has been occasion to make it, and we doubt not that the present appeal will be as successful as heretofore. It is proposed to give a grand miscellaneous Concert in aid of the Funds of the St. George's Society, on Thursday evening, the 19th inst., and we are able to add that an immense array of talent, both vocal and instrumental, is already not merely secured, but generously offered in its behalf. The particulars of this very interesting entertainment are not yet fully arranged, but in our next we hope to give the full details. This, however, we have ascertained, that it will be the most magnificent affair, and consist of the greatest variety, that has occurred in the musical world since the memorable one given by the St. George's Society, for a similar purpose, at the National Theatre four years ago.



\* \* In our advertising columns to-day will be found an advertisement which has a most serious demand upon the attention of the community in nearly every class. It is that of the London "National Loan-Fund Life Assurance Society," of which the general manager in the United States and Canada, J. Leander Starr, Esq., has opened an office in Wall-street in this city. We are aware that it is everywhere too much a matter of regret that the most prudent steps for the future welfare of widows and children are frequently overlooked, even by those who in most other respects are careful, anxious, and discreet. In this country it is peculiarly the case, arising, perhaps, from the circumstance that in an extensive country, with a fertile soil, and a very sparse population, past generations dreamed not of the probability of scarcity or distress. These considerations have been lessening yearly, nay daily, these two hundred years, and may now be considered as completely abolished. Yet those to whom the institution of Life Assurances are of the greatest importance, namely, persons in sedentary occupations, or the fathers of large families, or engaged in precarious employments, are by means of such institutions enabled to set their hearts at comparative ease, by the payment annually of sums much smaller than they would deem necessary to lay up against the awful contingency of death, and its consequent bereavement to survivors. The system has been well matured in England, and some of the later institutions of that nature, with the experience of elder ones to assist their calculations, have been able to offer greatly increased advantages to insurers, with peculiar and cheering accommodations, and backed by large and undoubted capital. Of this kind is the Life Insurance of which we here speak, and, from a close perusal of the plan, and some little acquaintance with the rule of its calculations, we can strongly recommend it to both the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of the British Provinces. The fullest information is given by Mr. Starr, whom we have found most ready and obliging, and also by Mr. E. Grattan, of Boston (son of H. B. M. Consul there), who is the agent for that city.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF MISS BRAMSON AND MASTER SCONCIA.—These youthful aspirants after musical fame appeared before the public a second time on Wednesday evening, and they fully confirmed the general opinion of their excellence formed on their first night of performance. On this occasion the concert was in the name of young Sconcia, and in the performances he took the principal part. It must be frankly admitted that he is a youth of extraordinary capabilities; his style is firm and spirited to a degree, far beyond what we would expect from either the *physique* or the mind of so youthful an age, though, to be sure, the workings of a musical feeling are generally developed at an early period of life, growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength. Hence his playing is much more than mere mechanical execution; he seems to have attentively observed the peculiar excellencies of the great masters of the violin, who have of late been among us, and has caught many valuable hints, of which he has advantageously availed himself. He pleased us much, and we should have been still more pleased if his performances had been accompanied by a larger portion of that modest diffidence which is so peculiarly amiable in the deportment of young persons. Instead of which, there was but too much of decided self-possession, of that air of self-complacency, which denoted a child half-spoiled by insidious flatteries.

The little girl, on the contrary, although by no means deficient in the firmness so necessary in the performance of so arduous a duty as that of a public musical exhibition, and particularly upon an instrument whose very genius consists in brilliant passages, rapid runs, difficult chords, and long stretches of the fingers, was charmingly subdued in her personal manner, and apparently much more intent upon doing her part efficiently than in figuring herself as a prodigy to the assembled visitors. She played but twice on this occasion, but at each performance she attracted the most minute attention of the audience, and received the most unequivocal applause, both during the performances and at the close of each.

There is no speaking of the *relative* claims of these two young persons, because they are in such distinct walks of musical art, that they cannot by possibility clash with each other. It is evident, however, that a correct and refined ear is a *sine qua non* for the violinist in everything that relates to his art, while the pianist may acquire great mechanical skill, with hardly an ear for music at all. Thus, therefore, the violin is the prince of instruments only when used by proper hands; the Piano, however, requires many and delicate applications beyond those of mere mechanism. The touch, to certain degrees, may be imparted to a pupil by a master, but there are exquisite instances of touch which no master can impart, which must spring from causes existing in the mind and feelings of the performer, and which are the very things that make the difference between a *great* and a *clever* pianist. Miss Bramson, unless we are greatly mistaken, possesses largely this intuitive feeling, which will make her an impressive, and therefore a capital performer. We hope and trust that her friends will not, by redundant and superfluous praise and flattery, warp her from the true means of attaining perfection as an artist.

THE SLOMAN FAMILY'S CONCERT.—The Misses Sloman, assisted by their father, Mr. John Sloman, gave a musical Soiree on Wednesday evening at the Apollo Room. The elder of these young ladies obtained not a little celebrity as a Pianist some time ago, through her performances at Niblo's, the younger also plays the Piano in good style, and excels upon the harp; both of them are likewise of great capabilities as vocalists. They may be considered as *mezzo sopranos*, but the elder approaches towards the decided soprano quality, whilst the younger comes nearer to the contralto; thus, besides their tasteful singing as solo vocalists, they are very agreeable in duet. At present both of them

are deficient in volume, but have abundant taste; they are graceful in melody, but their previous labor in acquiring the expression enunciated is, as yet, made too visible. By the maxim "*Ars est celare artem*," they have not yet learned to profit, but that will come by and bye, if they keep it in view. Miss E. Sloman sang the "*Una voce poco fa*" very well, though her voice is thin in the upper part of her compass; and Miss Anne Sloman gave the beautiful ballad of "*Kathleen Mavourneen*" most charmingly. It was encored with enthusiasm. We regret that the house was not so full as the excellence of the performance deserved, but the weather was tempestuous enough fully to account for it.

Mr. Clirrhugh, whose manner of singing the Scottish Melodies has given delight to thousands, purposes to deliver a series of lectures on the history of Scottish music, and the progress of Scottish minstrelsy. We have known for some time that he has been engaged closely in consulting good authorities and making choice selections, and we have good reason to believe that he will make the series both valuable to the literary and historical enquirer, and entertaining to the lover of Scottish Melodies. More of this hereafter; for the present we refer to Mr. Clirrhugh's advertisement in the proper place in our columns.

PALMO'S ITALIAN OPERA.—Another, and an important accession to the vocal force of the Italian troupe, has appeared in the person of Signor Tomasi, who made his appearance in the opera of "*Belisario*," in which he was highly successful and at once established himself a favourite with all who patronise this house. It must be confessed that here is force enough now for the performance of good operas in good style, and if the members could but continue to keep up a good understanding in the public view, or at least only quarrel among themselves, we might have a fine season of Italian Opera. Here we have Borghese (Soprano), Picot (Contralto), Miss Moss (Soprano secondo), Perozzi and Antognini (Tenore), Sanquico (Buffo), and Tomasi and Valtellini (Bassi), to say nothing of the inferior singers, who are not to be despised either. But we beg, of all love, that the eternal sameness and interplagiarisms of Dorizetti, Bellini, and the rest of that jingling school, may be set aside occasionally, that we may be refreshed by the waters of the Mozart pure wells, or at least have a Rossini opera.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The new opera of "*The Bohemian Girl*" is running a most prosperous career. But we should not be justified in saying that it is essentially as an *Opera* to which its prosperity is owing. There is much due to Mr. Balfe as a composer, more especially in the instrumentation, and in the harmonies of the concerted vocalism, but there is very little indeed in the melodies that will be remembered out of doors. There is much also due to the excellent vocalists who have to sustain the principal characters of the piece; for indeed, if these had been in the hands and voices of mediocre talent, the opera would not have run three nights. As it is they throw a charm over the whole by the taste of their execution and general propriety of action. But the ballet is no small attraction also, and we perceive with pleasure that this part of the entertainment is vastly improved since the first representation. A Styrian dance has been introduced, in which Miss Turnbull and M. Martin acquit themselves admirably, and not only is the dancing itself exceedingly well executed, but the artists throw a piquancy into their manner which is highly gratifying and most deservedly applauded. The scenery also seems to give more and more pleasure to the audiences, each night of performance, and the orchestral services under the skilful direction of Mr. Chubb are—to use an expressive term "*first rate*." We are glad to perceive also that, as Mr. Andrews advances in recovered health, his performance of Count Arnheim improves. It may well be supposed that the character of Arnheim is no contemptible one in vocalism, when it is considered that Mr. H. Phillips, the very prince of Barytons, was its representative in London. Without disparagement to Mr. Andrews we wish he had been so here; then would not the purest quality and the most elegant taste of vocalism have been so materially lost to the musical public. Our patience is sorely put to the test when we think of the neglect with which the finest vocal artist that ever appeared in America was treated in this city, which piques itself on its musical taste! But we digress. It is as a *tout ensemble* that this piece is excellent, and in its joint character of Opera, Ballet, and Spectacle, it will have a brilliant course throughout this continent.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The mania is universal for Opera, and that which the pet theatre has adopted is not inferior to any other. It is the "*Marriage of Figaro*," in which the music of the immortal Mozart is considerably retained, and which gives to the performance such an air of classicity that we are bound to say we were abundantly refreshed and delighted at the performance notwithstanding a few occasional revulsions of feeling. Our favorite Marks, the leader, forcibly carried us back to the time in London when, to play the overture to this opera in two seconds over or under three minutes was a musical treason. Instinctively, at the tap of his bow we pulled out our watch, and perceived with delight that he carried us through that favorite composition in *exactly* the orthodox space of time. The words "*bravo, bravissimo*" spontaneously broke from us:—so much for the permanency of early associations, however trifling intrinsically. The cast for the performance as a drama was very superior; Mr. Walcott was an excellent *Figaro*, and moreover he sang his part generally in good style. His "*Count Almaviva*" song, was spirited, and the "*Non piu andrai*" was still better. Miss Taylor both acted and sang the part of *Susanna* better than we ever witnessed of her in anything she has hitherto done. She introduced Bishop's air "*Should he upbraid*" in artistic style; and her duet with *The Countess*, best known as "*Su l'aria*" was very chaste, expressive, and at the same time well acted. That musical



gem, the "Crudel perche," sung by her and *Dennison* was murdered, but not by her; the tenor singer seemed to have no sense or feeling of its beauty, and the shade of Mozart himself might well have arisen to chide the destroyer of so bright a jewel. *Mrs. Hardwick* as *The Countess* sung the "Vei che sapete," in a very neat manner, and also in the duet above-mentioned very well indeed; *Miss Clarke* was a capital spoiled page, her *Cherubino* delighted the audience greatly, and *Nickinson* as the *Count Almaviva* acquitted himself as he does in every thing he undertakes, well. Nor must we forget that son of Comedy, *Holland*, who as the drunken gardener, *Antonio*, kept the house in a roar. In short we were delighted far beyond our anticipations, and would recommend to all who read this, "go, and be delighted also."

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—That Horse! He is an equestrian Star; and if he were a whole constellation we should call him at once, Pegasus. He has played the principal characters in "Rookwood," in "Putnam," in "Mazepa," in "Marion," and now makes his appearance in the comic line, as an important adjunct in "William Snell." This last as the title indicates by its sound is a comic parody on the Helvetic hero and his exploits, for the sub-title of the piece is "or the Destruction of Guzzler,"—otherwise Dresler. Verily the good steed is an actor "of great versatility," and, what is more, he is a powerful attraction, for he and his biped fellow actors do certainly manage to fill the house regularly. The greatest of all wonders here, however, as regards the "Equestrian Star," is that he is so altered in appearance in this piece that his most intimate friends, not in the secret, would not be able to identify him.

**CHATHAM THEATRE.**—Eugene Sue seems to sway the destinies of Melodrama as largely as Charles Dickens has been wont to do; he has wrought upon a playwright for this house to dramatise "The Wandering Jew," and *Mr. Freer* takes the principal character therein. We have not yet seen it, but have no doubt of its being effective here, for these things are commonly well done at the Chatham Theatre.

**CANADA.**—By the Montreal Journals of the 29th ult., we learn that the Colonial Parliament met on the 28th. Upon proceeding to the choice of a Speaker in the House of Assembly, the members proposed were Sir Allan McNab and Mr. Morin, and the choice fell upon the former, by which the Conservatives had a majority of three.

We are not yet in possession of the report of the Governor General's speech at the opening of the Provincial Parliament, which was to be delivered on the 29th inst.

\* \* The Ball of the Scottish Guards is to take place on Monday evening, the 9th inst.—It is intended to be a very *recherché* affair, and will come off where the advantages for such a festival are pre-eminent, we need hardly add—at *Niblo's*.

### Literary Notices.

**BURKE, ON "THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL."**—Edited by Abraham Mills. }  
**ALISON, ON "THE PRINCIPLES OF TASTE."**—Edited by Abraham Mills. }

The Brothers Harper, of this city, have just put forth new editions of these *invaluable* works, under the supervision above-named. When a literary production, of a light and trifling nature is produced, the main end of which is but to amuse, he must be an ill-natured observer who shall be over-nice in his criticism, or captious as to either the style or the objects of the book. He will pass by slight objections which do not militate against sound morals, and will consider Aristarchus as but ill-employed in dissecting the parts of that which has no practical importance as a whole. Not so, when the master minds of a Burke or an Alison are about to be handled in detail, and presented piece-meal to discerning as well as to undistinguishing gaze. Every principle of reverence for intellectual greatness takes alarm, and we watch every motion of the bold hand stretched forth with so important a purpose, with anxiety and suspicion. We have opened the neat volumes above-named, and have remarked with pleasure the clearness of the type and the general correctness of the typography; we next looked upon the smaller type at the foot of each page, and perceived,—with the smile of contempt, we confess—the crude, clumsy, and meagre questions placed there, the answers to which were to be found in the Text. "What," said we, mentally, "are the *Enquiries* of the philosophic Burke, the definitions, and the demonstrations of the accurate and discriminating Alison, about to be adapted to the parrot-like recitations of a child's class at school?" We had thought that the very structure of Burke's work, modestly put forth by that great man as no more than an "Enquiry into the Nature of the Sublime and Beautiful," made it food too strong for the "babes and sucklings," of intellect, and not to be offered as nourishment to them until they should have begun to entertain habitual reflection, comparison, and distinctive perception. We had thought that the subject here handled by the elegant Alison was far too lofty to be grappled with until years of comparative discretion and judgment had arrived; and that neither of these noble works were matters for mere question and answer as if they were to be crammed into the recesses of the mind, there to fructify if they could. Notwithstanding this, however, we deemed that the questions were on the whole a negative good;—there was no great harm in them, unless it might lead a few readers to be more attentive to the letter than to the spirit of the texts; but they certainly did not exalt the editor much in our opinion, considering him as a professor of Belles Lettres.

But we were now induced to seek the editorial prefaces, and what found we there? That Mr. Mills had had the temerity, the audacity, to expurgate portions of Burke's text, and to correct certain portions of Alison's work. Contempt was at an end, and the most unqualified indignation has succeeded. We believe that Mr. Mills is the first man, and we think he will be the last, who can find in the writings of Edmund Burke either premeditated or accidental indelicacy, unless ideas of that kind should be generated in minds already prurient or otherwise sicklied over with that over-great sentimentality which is in itself a violation of delicacy, and which denotes too much acquaintance with what is really reprehensible in the mind. The Editor endeavours to make his remark somewhat justifiable by adding "expression that should peculiarly characterise the language of books designed for the use of schools." But these

are not books of the presumed description; both of them are treatises on intellectual matters beyond the reach of children; appertaining well enough, it is true, to persons beyond the mere period of unreflecting youth,—to persons who can as well as will attentively consider the subjects, and who consequently need not the very silly questions which the Editor has appended:—questions which are actually of no use except for the purpose of attaining the verbiage of the subjects, questions which disturb the spirit, and, we are bound to say, questions which denote the Editor to know but little of the essence of the works with which he has had the hardihood to tamper. How shall the reader of this edition of the books be able to ascertain which are Mr. Mills' interpolations, and what are the original writings, except he have copies of both before him, in which case the imaginary mischief is perpetrated, or unless he can distinguish the spurious from the genuine, by the difference of the style and spirit. This sort of thing is a posthumous injury; the illustrious dead are defrauded of their just fame and character, and there are no means of redress except in the indignation, voluntarily expressed, of those who are alive to such cruel violations of literary justice.

We are willing to believe that the Editor meant well; he is an absolute stranger to us both in name and report, and we would not willingly assail a labor which we cannot approve; but so dear to us are the interests of education, and so utterly do we abhor that which is nothing more than its semblance, that every consideration becomes merged in the one earnest wish to preserve the path of science and learning clear and pure, and to defend the literary character and writings of those who have deserved well of all mankind. The style of the Editor's prefaces, the nature and language of his questions, and the misapplication of the books themselves as subjects of study, convince us that they are beyond his grasp, and that the editions here put forth are calculated rather to be injurious than useful to the objects of the writers.

**THE ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.**—No. XIII.—New York: Harper & Brothers.—This fine work proceeds steadily, and well maintains its original hold on public favor.

**HISTORY OF GREECE.**—By Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall, D.D.—New York: Harper & Brothers.—The elegant and judicious history before us, is likely to supersede every other for popular use, both from the research it displays, and the cheap rate at which it is published.

**THE WANDERING JEW.**—Part VI.—Translated from the French.—New York: Harper & Brothers.—We presume that this publication was commenced before the translation was completed, as it comes out rather slowly for so small a fasciculus. The translation, however, is one of great spirit.

**INFATUATION.**—A Poem.—By Park Benjamin.—We took occasion to call attention to this poem when noticing the last Democratic Review, in which it had a place. Since then we have received a copy published in separate neat pamphlet. It is rather caustic, and now and then approaches quite near enough to personality. Otherwise it is replete with life, and the versification is scholar-like.

**THE NEVILLES OF GARRETTSTOWN.**—No. I.—By the Author of "Harry Lorrequer, &c."—New York: Harper & Brothers.—We need not give our recommendation of this clever tale in any other manner than by observing that we have given it in our own columns as regularly as the work has yet proceeded. It is very neatly got up in the form adopted by the enterprising publishers.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER, and HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE, FOR DECEMBER 1844.**—These come with the usual punctuality, and are, as usual, well filled with interesting and tasteful matter.

**THE DOUAY BIBLE.**—Part X.—The present number brings us to the Book of Psalms, and it is enriched with a fine engraving of "The Assumption of the Virgin."

**THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.**—We are truly glad to perceive that this excellent work, so important to the interests of Christianity, is likely to be revived. Mr. Mason, the original publisher of the American edition, and now the senior partner in the firm of Mason & Tuttle, General Advertising Agents, brought out the numbers in very neat style, and we doubt not that when it is resumed it will be in a manner equally good.

**THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1845.**—This is a beautiful work, and replete with useful information. It is a London edition printed from the Stereotype Plates of the publishers of the "London Illustrated News." The cuts are well designed and executed, and they are numerous as well as appropriate. This really cheap and useful Almanack is published and for sale at No. 111 Nassau Street, and its price is only 25 cents per copy.

### ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK. A GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

IN AID OF  
**THE CHARITABLE FUND OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,**  
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The Manner in Illustration will be announced in the Programme of each Lecture. These Lectures will commence at an early day, of which due notice will be given, and be continued once a week till concluded. D.7-tf.

### LONDON CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

**NOTICE.**—The Publishers of the American edition of the *Christian Observer* give notice that, at the earnest solicitation of the numerous Episcopalians, they propose to resume the publication of that work with the January No., 1845, provided a sufficient number of subscribers should be obtained within that time to warrant their so doing. In order to secure its permanent success the subscription price will be \$3 per annum, and the publishers hope to be sustained in their effort to circulate one of the best religious publications, by receiving the cordial support of all who desire the accomplishment of the undertaking.

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\* \* Periodical Dealers and the Trade generally will be supplied at the usual wholesale price. D.7-tf.

**POLLO ROOMS.**—Miss ELIZABETH SLOMAN and Miss ANNE SLOMAN, Harpists, Pianists, and Vocalists, respectfully announce their Second Concert on Monday Evening, Dec. 9, assisted by Mr. John Sloman. Full particulars in future Advertisements. Programmes may be obtained at the Music Stores. Tickets 50 cents. D.7-tf.



## PARK THEATRE.

**MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 9, 1844.**—Mr. SEGUIN'S Benefit—the Opera of "The Bohemian Girl," and other Entertainments.  
**TUESDAY**—Last night but 1 of "The Bohemian Girl," to which will be added the Melo Drama of "Aladdin."  
**WEDNESDAY**—Mr. FRAZER'S Benefit—"The Bohemian Girl," and other Entertainments.  
**THURSDAY**—(Thanksgiving Night)—"The Bohemian Girl," and the Melo Drama of "Aladdin."  
**FRIDAY**—Mrs. SEGUIN'S Benefit, and last night of the appearance of the Operatic Troupe.

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And transmitted to any paper in the  
 UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

✓ This Agency, which has been some time established and is now in successful operation, will be found useful to those who wish to Advertise, in any of the Country Newspapers, as by this medium considerable labor, expense and delay is saved to the Advertiser, for in whatever number of papers an advertisement may be ordered to appear, only one copy of it is required, while the charge is the same as made by the respective publishers.

✓ A File of all the principal Papers published in the United States and Canada is kept at the Office, with a List of Terms, the Population of the Towns, and the Counties through which the several papers circulate. n 30-4f.

**MR. W. R. BRISTOW**, Professor of Music, &c., would be very happy to receive a few pupils on the Organ or Piano Forte. For terms &c., apply at 95 Eldridge-street. Lessons in Harmony, Composition, &c. [Nov. 23-6m]

## INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

**THE UNDERSIGNED**, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sail of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the gratuitous use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEOEY, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, gratuitously.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. LEOEY, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.  
 ✓ P.S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners' below—Brigs', alone. Sp. 7.

**ALBION NEWSPAPER.**—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office. St.28-4f.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.**—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloitt. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.  
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.  
 " " " Harlem River.  
 View of the Jet at " "  
 Fountain in the Park, New York.  
 " in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.**—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by  
 June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

## LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

**A COSTIVE AND DYSENTERIC** time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Child in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Rash with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the **BRANDRETH PILLS**, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the **BRANDRETH LINIMENT**, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever and Ague the **BRANDRETH PILLS** are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the **BRANDRETH PILLS** secure to the human body, is **PURE BLOOD**.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**, which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the **BRANDRETH'S PILLS** surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly afflicted.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

**Dr. B. Brandreth, Sir,**—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1840 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my head-ache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

**J. HUGHES.**  
 Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Ag.17.]

**GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—LAW AGENCY.**—**THOMAS WARNER**, No. 18 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c., begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such Law business in England and Paris adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, T. W. on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby T. W. has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

T. W. therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill, and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms. St.28-3m.

## MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

**THIS ESTABLISHMENT** situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, **JAMES MCGREGOR**.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "MCGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

✓ Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. (Mar. 9-4f.)

## NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

**DAILY**, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat **WORCESTER**, Capt. J. H. Vanderhilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat **CLEOPATRA**, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs). Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf. N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting anyone on account of the above boats or owners. May 11-4f.



# SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Arsenic, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.*

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of removing pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with a generated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skillful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity of internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedily relieved by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself WELL and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, when I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,

218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the P. ace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen.—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing? He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight kick—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Everything I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good: the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above named Daniel McConnikan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,

Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

J. M. OWENS.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Kingston, T. Brickle, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Ag 3.

NOTICE.—W. THOMPSON, General Agent and Collector, Washington City, attends to the Collection of Accounts, and any other Agency and Commission Business, which may be entrusted to him by Publishers, Merchants, and others having subscribers or claims in the District of Columbia.

REFERENCES.—Messrs. Sturges, Bennett, & Co., Walker & McKenzie, J. O. Sullivan, and A. B. Paterson, Esq., New York; Messrs. Gowen & Jacobs, and Alderman Hays, Philadelphia; Messrs. Dobbin, Murphy & Bose, Baltimore; and Messrs. Gales & Seaton, Washington, D.C.

Ag 30-4m.

## DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the pilated directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account of a settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take BRANDRETH'S PILLS; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, butters, or drains; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; it upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Tonic or bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The BRANDRETH PILLS are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use BRANDRETH'S PILLS frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The BRANDRETH PILLS are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the BRANDRETH PILLS are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of acids or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day of bliss, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac-similes of the labels on the box, if like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine BRANDRETH PILLS, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. (Sent 25.)

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plans. Ap. 30-11.

M. RADEK, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacture acco. Ap. 30-17.

## OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1 July 10, Nov. 10, Mar. 10	Nov. 10, Mar. 10
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 10, Oct. 10, Feb. 10 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Dec. 1, April 1
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 10, Nov. 10, Mar. 10 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Jan. 1, May 1
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 10, Dec. 10, April 10 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	Feb. 1, June 1
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 10, Jan. 10, May 10 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

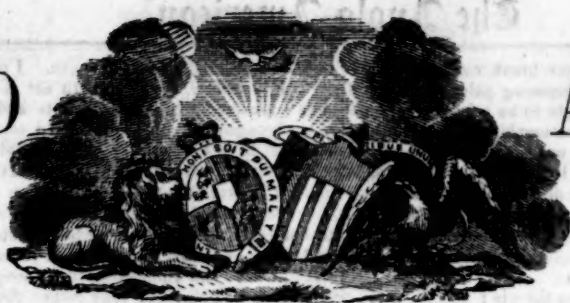
For freight or passage, apply to  
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,  
and to BARKING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.



A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.



E. L. GARVIN &amp; Co

PUBLISHERS

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.  
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1844.

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## LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE, thou art like the sky of night  
When moon and stars are shining bright;  
Dark, yet with many a form of light  
Within thee moving;  
That o'er thee still sweet radiance dart,  
And make thee, gloomy as thou art,  
O Life, a thing no human heart  
Can cease from loving.

Death, we can liken thee to nought  
That is familiar to our thought;  
We know thee, yet we know thee not;  
Our being over  
Thou broodest like a formless cloud,  
Descending life's fair stars to shroud;  
For ever o'er our spirit bow'd,  
Dark dost thou hover.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE  
OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.—CAPTIVITY.

Although Thurot and the passenger by compulsion on board his bark conversed amicably and freely together, they neither of them misunderstood their respective positions. So long as they were at sea, the relations of good fellowship were easily preserved; circumstances, when they came to land, might easily disturb them. Such a contingency was to be guarded against. Captain Thurot resolved that his part should be done.

"To-morrow," said he, on a dull evening as they sailed up the channel, "if no foul accident befall, we shall cast anchor. Have you any objection to arrange, while we are here, the terms of our future society. Believe me, I have no wish to play the gaoler, but I must keep trust. I need not repeat to you I am answerable for your appearance in France, or rather, perhaps, as I strongly suspect, for your non appearance in Ireland. I shall take your word if you give it to me that you will not attempt escaping, and you shall be very much your own master—what say you?"

"I pledge you my word," said Carleton, "that to the very best of my abilities, I will endeavour to escape from you; and this I say without in the least undervaluing the charms of your society. You must permit me to offer all I can, my warmest acknowledgements for courtesies which, had I been circumstanced otherwise than I am, would have made captivity light to me."

"You refuse to give me a pledge. Think again. You cannot escape from the good ship, that seems pretty clear. You have, I should say, just as little chance of making your escape from the coasts of France; indeed, taking into account the watch which will be set upon you, less chance when once you are landed. Reflect a little, say you prize our free intercourse above so hopeless a hazard."

"No; I stand by my word. I will give no promise. You may be perfectly right. I am sure your views are reasonable, but captives and exiles would be very miserable, if hopes were to be doled out to them by reason. You cannot imagine how many forms of deliverance have presented themselves to me in the inactivity of my voyage—all plausible. If it were only for the cheer they gave me when I was sometimes ready to despair, I owe them the grace not all at once to scout them."

"Say no more, you decide on remaining a prisoner."

Many days dragged heavily on after this conversation, before Carleton and Thurot met again. The bold Captain was summoned to Paris immediately after his ship reached port, and his young friend found himself installed in a spacious apartment, rendered as comfortable to him as the circumstances of his condition admitted. There he passed his solitary hours, seldom looking upon a human face, and never finding it possible to engage the attendant who periodically visited his chamber in even a brief interchange of conversation.

The suite of rooms which constituted Carleton's prison, bore token of an ancient grandeur mouldering to decay. Faded tapestry on the walls, and gilding now tarnished on cornices and ceiling, and on the capitals and pedestals of shapely pillars and pilasters—portraits and pictures in wood, in panels of rich carving, although the colours and the gold were smirched and dead, suggested to the imagination, times when princely dignities held high state in these gorgeous chambers, and when masque and dance and dainty revel, drew forth within them the exuberant spirits of early youth, and lavished upon the hours as they flitted by, these priceless and irrecoverable riches. How mournfully the echoes sounded when memories of such by-gone times were awakened by them. And how mysteriously, in the dim solitude of evening as it subdued itself into night, did the fancies of Carleton assume the character of reminiscences, and his imaginations of the past become visionary realities of the present, peopling the silence around him, as though the creatures of his reveries could part from him, and assume an actual and independent existence.

There were times, too, when realities, more poetical than airy visions, exerted their power to sway and move him. His chamber on one side looked upon the sea; sometimes the evening set in storm and tempest, and the wide expanse of waters before him was roused into wild commotion. Then, when billows of mountain magnitude flung themselves upon the rock and cast their white spray high above it, receding with fell purpose to return again; when every shock seemed like a notice to prepare for something more awful than had yet been witnessed—something terrific and supernatural—with which the dark-

ening menace of the lurid skies was loaded, in apprehension or welcome of which the sea-birds wheeled in giddier circles, and as they dipped their wings in the warring sea, screamed in exultation or affright; how passionately did Carleton pant for freedom, and how heavily his heart was smitten with a sense of feebleness and captivity.

And there were other distractions. An opposite wing of the Chateau was sometimes lighted up and gay with tantalizing festivities. At the distance, and through the coloured glass of the windows, forms were undistinguishable; but shadowy figures could be seen, and the light-hearted sounds of song and dance, and the laughter of the young that seems the glad voice of a spirit never crossed by sorrow or care, came rushing into his solitude; and he, so formed to enjoy and to grace these festal meetings; he, so near that he could clear almost by a bound the intervening space and mingle in the revel; he, was there, in darkness and neglect; as wholly unthought of as though he lay in the depths of the sea, and had left none on earth to remember him.

So passed the wearying hours for days and weeks, unenlivened by interchange of social converse or by an incident in which the captive could take a part or feel an interest. No changes but those which varied the aspect of sea and sky. No notice of cheerful life but the festive sounds which sometimes fell provokingly on his ear, to conjure up painful thoughts of the warm friends whom his disappearance filled with anxiety; and who, could he return to them, would greet him with so glad a welcome. No familiar face to look upon, but of the staid and mute attendant, whose periodical visits, with their premonitory notes of drawing bolt and bar, spite of himself, awakened a feeling of expectation that bore some sickly resemblance to hope, only for the sake of renewing within him, from time to time, the sharp reality of disappointment. So passed his heavy days.

Everything human has an end, suffering perhaps excepted—and even suffering must have a change—Carleton found it so. For some time, by strong effort he had averted his eyes from the door, when the bolts were withdrawn, and even walked towards the opposite side of the apartment, returning mechanically as his gaoler departed, to take his place listlessly at the table where his solitary meal was prepared. One evening, he found covers laid for two, and as he started and looked after the vanishing figure of the attendant, about to demand whether the arrangement was accidental, he was gratified more than he would have thought possible by seeing the spirited form of Thurot advancing to him.

"I have taken the liberty," said the gallant rover, "to invite myself as your guest this evening, and hope it will not derange you to sup in company, limited you will allow, if not very select."

Carleton gave the expected answer of invitation and felt the change from his late habits no ordinary improvement.

For the first time since his imprisonment (and a fortnight's restraint constituted no small proportion of the short time that he had lived as a man,) he experienced something like cheerfulness, and as he clinked his glass in exchange of courtesy with his companion, there was an emotion of manner which told plainly, how much the charm of society is enhanced by a period of solitary confinement.

"Apropos," said Thurot, laying down his glass, "apropos, as a good friend of mine says when he has something more than ordinarily irrelevant to introduce; do you know where you have been languishing since I was forced to leave you. This I can assure you is no vulgar habitation—who do you suppose was its founder?"

"Unless I had something of the diviner's art, or could work the miracle of loosing the tongues of the dumb, I must have remained ignorant as I am. The walls have no legend to tell of the hand that raised them, and they are not, I assure you half so silent, as the mute, who has day after day, glowered upon me and said nothing while he passed through them. How should I tell the history of my prison?"

"Know then that there are pages in its history worth studying and remembering. This was the castle, or the pleasure house, call it which you will, of one of the most extraordinary of the extraordinary men of the sixteenth century. It was a century fruitful in great men and great events. Kings, popes, sultans, counsellors, generals, monks, magicians, apostates, of that time have found their eulogists or their defamers, and have their place in the chronicles. Michael Angelo, the original master of this mansion, is less known than he deserves to be. The son of a ship-builder of Dieppe, commencing manhood in his father's trade, he passed soon from peaceful occupations to the royal trade of war. Before the vigour of his manhood had passed away, he had laid the fear of his name on kingdoms and kings; had taken stern vengeance upon royal navies for affronts done to his flag, had entertained his own sovereign, had received ambassadors of foreign principalities, and had dictated the terms on which he, Michael Angelo, condescended to grant peace. Had he gone off in his strength, history no doubt would have claimed him as one who should figure in her pages, but poor Angelo saw his fortunes set as shabbily as they rose proudly, and consented to survive them; and so, inasmuch as he did not go down with his glory, history would have nothing to say of him. Still Angelo was a rare and a great man. Let us drink to the memory of the brave. And now for another apropos. What are you disposed to say, if I renew a former proposition? Will you reject my offer or will you have freedom on parole?"

Carleton did not repeat his unqualified refusal.

"I am far from unwilling," said he, "to profit by your good will. On the contrary I mean to try it. Give me time to determine whether I accept the favour you offer; in the meantime do me the favour I ask. Let me have the power to communicate with a friend in Ireland. You can command the means of forwarding a letter to him and of letting me have his reply; on receiving it I shall at once either accept your good offer, or else I shall give up all hope of



freedom and reconcile myself to this tomb, if I cannot break out of it. And here," said he, clenching his hand and his colour becoming paler. "I ought to tell you, and whoever are your secret masters ought to be informed—I look upon no means which can effect my liberation as objectionable. I owe no man in this country forbearance or consideration. I have been most foully betrayed and ensnared. I am most basely incarcerated. I live the life of one who is desperate, and am ready to dare the utmost peril that desperation ever attempted. These are to be sure the words of a weak betrayed man; but I may find means to make them deeds."

Thurot replied—

"Like as a bird, which in a net is  
By struggling more entangles in the gin;  
So they who on love's labyrinth remain,  
With striving never can a freedom gain,  
The way to enter's broad, but, being in—  
No act, no labour can an exit win."

So wrote Cowley of love's captivity, and so say I, a man of tolerable experience, respecting captivity of another description. Take it as good humouredly as you can, and don't concern yourself to give any notice of your intentions. Reckon always that the state of things between a prisoner and his keeper is a state of war; all stratagems that a man like you will condescend to adopt, are fair, and it is superfluous to give notice of intention to make use of them. But to come back to the subject; I shall take charge of your letter, and will endeavour to procure an answer. It is not likely that I shall be here when it returns but I shall take care that my offer is made good to you, and that if you then think proper to go out on parole you have only to give notice of where you choose your residence, and you may go forth—

"Curbed by no baser chain than honour binds."

Carleton had resumed his composure; and, while he made acknowledgements for his friend's courtesy, assured him that he would not think his warmth without excuse if he knew all the circumstances which accounted for it.

"Don't suspect me," was the reply, "of such a character as to judge you unfairly for allowing a natural indignation to break out. What would a man be in mature life if there were no fire in him when he was young. But let me observe that the wrongs done you, great as they may be, are not the hardest to endure. I was more buffeted about by the world than you are ever likely to be. Indeed I may say without boasting that few have experienced so many changes of adverse fortune. Spoiled child, snubbed child, cabin boy, smuggler, sailor under rude captains, captain over sailors rough and rude as the elements they bore up against, gambler, agent in a cause which the party in power called treason; and in that cause taking all disguises, bog trotter, dancing master, peasant, courtier, servant, my lord's secretary, *miladi's* man of business; and what do you think was the suffering hardest to be borne. I have had ample power of choice—want, wounds, incessant labours, and hardships; continual dangers, the grossness of my poorer companions, the proud man's or master's contumely; what was my worst of ills?"

"Servitude, no doubt, it was the most ignoble condition."

"Perhaps," replied Thurot, "but not in the sense you take it. In the ordinary conflicts of human life, and in a career like mine, I should think it mad—ness to count, or think of, the buffets that strangers or enemies may have inflicted on me. From persons to whom I did no good, why should I expect good? And as to the injuries inflicted on me by enemies, I would take them just as wounds in an action where I would cut down a foe if I could, but would bear away no ill thought or ill-will of him. No, the hardships and mishaps of life among enemies and strangers never disturbed my spirit. I will tell you what I felt keenly. The wrongs done me by the men I served under. The being postponed because of the very services I rendered them, and of the uses I stooped to, to do them service. To see

—'Superior posts in meaner hands,'

is, in ordinary cases, a very inoffensive prospect—a prospect which all must look upon, who have been born to do the rough work of the world; but it is a different thing to see men set in posts which the utmost they are capable of doing is, to adorn while they betray them, and to see this choice made, simply because you have proved your ability to hold them. This is a wrong which might excite a passing anger.

"Come, I don't ask you to drink success to our new hero, fresh from the royal mint—bless the mark—our Admiral Conflans. Though Burgundy of this stamp might excuse a petty treason, but you can pledge me without the crime."

When they had set down their glasses, Thurot resumed.

"I will tell you what is the enduring evil of such wrongs as these; they lessen your respect for men you could wish to honour. For my part, I was born with respect for what I thought great, as a kind of appetite in my moral nature. Adventurous as I was, I can truly say that I came to respect myself only by finding my schemes and efforts successful. And that I looked up to the judgment of my superiors, as I thought them, with just the disposition that would have made me a capital Jesuit. How am I now? In the cause I serve and the men I serve under, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, I can venerate. 'My mind to me a kingdom is.' I can now say with all truth; and high as such an elevation may seem to be, it is far from enviable. It is an elevation too that threatens a fall. The leaders who manage a cause as ours is managed, are not the men to win. But, whatever is won or lost in the contention, a brave man can always take good heed that his honour is safe. This is now almost my only satisfaction. I do not think I ever spoke a word to you on the subject of my professional services and the kind of recompense they received."

"No," said Carleton, "you interested me a good deal by a sketch of your early years, but I know so little of the interval between your boyhood and the present day, as not to be able to appropriate the word professional to any particular department."

"It will not surprise you," said Thurot, "to learn that my party or rather the party that could call me theirs—"

"I admit the importance of the distinction," said Carleton.

"And you see in me an instance that it is real. It is, however, too often a distinction, classing the many on one side, and the few on the other; separating the great as they are styled from the lowly. The Jacobite party at this day, can perhaps number several (I should not be justified in disclosing how many) thousands, who are its instruments and who are to be, if necessary, its victims; while there are a few very prudent, sensible men, who make the party, or the principle represented in it, an instrument for their own especial ends; and who are ready to sacrifice it and its interests to their own peculiar necessities. These are the persons who can say of Jacobitism, it is our party."

"I was attached to the party in the other sense, and made my earliest campaigns in its service, postponing every thing that was my own to the good, at-

tained or attainable, of the cause. I did much for it. While I passed in Paris for a Frenchman, I was able to act as a Hibernian in Ireland. From time to time I received acknowledgements and praises. It was confessed that I had never brought the interest confided to me into danger. That I had made the warmest zeal for enterprise compatible with the coolest discretion; and, will you believe it, after years of such services, and such acknowledgements, I remained in precisely the same position as I held at the outset, and have not to this hour, been entrusted with secrets such as are known to men said to belong to our party, who had ever been thought full of their own private advantage, and who never had the ability, or looked for an occasion, to serve their cause. Well, I have the knowledge they thought to keep from me. It is my own acquisition. Fools! did they forget that I discovered their enemies' secrets, or were they ignorant that it was much easier to arrive at theirs. Confidence in me would have served them much and cost them nothing. I now know all, and have no terms to keep as to the knowledge, except what my honour dictates. I spare and keep safe, but cannot honour them."

"Well, next I turned to myself, I hoisted my flag on the waters; I commanded a smuggling vessel—still giving support to the old cause, but not the passionate support of other years. I became commander of a fleet—a fleet of privateers; I had my successes, my disasters, but I never rendered such services to the cause of James, as I did on the sea, to the marine of France."

"Praises, promises, were my reward; praise became more ardent, disappointment followed the promises; and now, that I have learned disesteem for every individual, statesman, financier, courtier, soldier, sailor, in authority; now that they have forced me to think more highly of myself than of all others or rather more ignobly of others than of myself; now they are about to give me a command. To give me a command? They taught me to expect it; but I know of what kind it is to be. I am to be appended as the tail to a paper kite. When the body goes well the appendage will follow, but I know the hand that launches and the mind that governs this enterprise. It will fail, it will fall. One thing I promise, mine shall not be the failure or the fall of a mere dependent. If by one of those incomprehensible casualties that are declared impossible till they occur I succeed—a new life will open to me, so will it if I fail; the life that reveals all secrets. On this earth I believe there is one who will feel regret, one more perhaps than can be found among the mourners at a royal funeral."

"Is it fair to ask," said Carleton, "if this enterprise you are to be engaged in, is against the country of your fathers?"

"I should not choose to violate secrecy to answer you, but you can hardly mean to call an enterprise against England, supposing such a scheme in contemplation, against the land of my fathers. My fathers were not English, and they were condemned to leave their homes and possessions in Ireland. To recover these, and to fight against England, would be an enterprise for not against my country. Every frank acknowledgment of an enemy's admiration for English laws and English men I am always free to make; still you must regard it as the acknowledgement of an enemy. But look, they are lighting up the chambers opposite."

"Yes," said Carleton, "many a weary evening have I felt provokingly within hearing of the revels for which they seem again preparing, and have given them no friendly wishes."

"I should not wonder," said Thurot, looking for a short time towards the lighted windows, "I should not wonder that you were annoyed at being unable to take a part in the gay doings you speak of. Your annoyance would not be less if you could have seen the forms that grace them. Shall I liberate you for the night and introduce you at Madame la Comtesse's little fête? I have ample permission."

Carleton shook his head as if he would dismiss the proposition and change the subject. Yet the thought presented by his companion did not altogether displease him.

"Come," said Thurot, "let me interpret that wave of the head. It had not the remotest resemblance to Jove's irrevocable nod; on the contrary it seemed to invite pressing. Will you come, dance with some of the light hearted daughters of France, and look on one of the loveliest creatures that your own country has ever had to boast of; more than to look on her I dare not promise you, for, she has an aunt! Who can say what that dread aunt may please to order or forbid; and yet perhaps you might aspire to the honour of leading her beautiful niece one dance—you are, all unconscious as you may be, already something of a favourite."

"Me," said Carleton, "you cannot mean me!"

"Yes, you, I mean you, and they meant you."

"But how," said Carleton, "could I become known to any body in this dim prison-house, or out of it either; except my taciturn attendant?"

"There are such things my good friend as letters, and young ladies sometimes feel qualified to write them; and when they are grateful, their gratitude is occasionally eloquent and affecting. And so it appears that once upon a time, a young gentleman performed a feat not much unlike that of a hero of romance in a far off town in Ireland, and one of the ladies to whom he played the part of a deliverer, has written some very pretty praises of this youth to her lovely friend now sojourning in our Chateau of Varangeville, and I have had the satisfaction of hearing them repeated, and hope to have soon the honour of introducing the subject of them, and the pleasure of surprising the fair speakers who would have been more chary of their encomiums and admiration, had they known that their hero of romance was so near at hand. Come, let me introduce you!"

Carleton's repugnance to be a sharer in gaities thus recommended was fast fading away. It had subsided to such a degree, that he said something about his deficiency in suitable costume, as the excuse he had to rely on.

"Don't think about your dress," said Thurot, "you are very well as you are; but I have as a dutiful gaoler, cared for you while I was away. You will find in your room some attire which I took the liberty to have conveyed there while we dined, and you can judge whether my skill in describing your stature and form, and Mons. Le Grand's artistical quickness of apprehension in acting upon my humble suggestions, do not entitle us to some share of praise and consideration."

Carleton suffered himself to be persuaded, and while he arrayed himself in the rich attire so well adapted to his fine person, heard from Thurot some account of the ladies to whom he was to be presented.

"I advise you, Carleton," said he, "to be modest; Madame la Comtesse Dillon O'Moore, as she is styled in courtesy, has rather ambitious hopes for her young relative. Narrowly escaping in her own person, the fortune of being raised to an almost regal elevation, she seems to expect that she is to be recompensed in the distinction of her niece. Be liberal of your homage I advise, for if things go well and all ends as it should, you may one of those days have to pay obedience to her as your Queen."



"Would it not be well," said Carleton, "to reserve my duty till that day arrives, and in the meantime profit by the opportunity to offer the devotedness of a cavalier?"

"Well, perhaps, if the majestic aunt would allow, and the fair young lady would accept of your devotions. But believe me, you must be wary. The aunt will insist on your observing the distance and respect which sovereigns exact from subjects. Seriously,—I am perfectly serious, she hopes to see her niece a queen. The prince—you call him pretender, gratified my lady aunt, while Madeleine O'Moore was yet a child or little more, by an ardent encomium on her youthful beauty. The consequence has been unhappy. The casual words, unheard or unheeded by the little Madeleine, have imprinted themselves most tenaciously on Madame's loyal, aristocratic, memory; and, half in patriotism, half ambition, she has mentally destined the gay-hearted and lovely young girl to bear the burden of a crown. You are aware, every body is—how dissatisfied our party are, with some of the intimacies formed by the prince. Madame, whose delicacy is not as much on the alert as her pride, would reclaim him through her niece; and has positively educated the unconscious young lady for the state to which she hopes to see her exalted. She has had her taught to speak and write English fluently and well; has made her acquainted with the literature and history of your country; in short, has ministered to her madness with excellent good sense, adopting the best means in her power to prepare for an event which it is sheer insanity to think of. Meanwhile the niece, wholly unconscious of the greatness thus in store for her, or of the wild scheme which she is expected to promote, yields with the sweetest gentleness to what she believes to be her aunt's eccentricities and caprices, too happy to repay by frank obedience to behests, the wisdom of which she cannot fathom, some share of the gratitude justly due, for the years of maternal anxiety which her aunt devoted to the little motherless infant, the child of her husband's brother."

### RAMBLES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL.

By Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sleeman, of the Bengal Army. 2 vols., large 8vo. London, J. Hatchard and Son.

A modest, unassuming title to a work not only replete with valuable information, but richly enlivened with anecdote, story, and legend, and splendidly got up, and illuminated with beautiful engravings. The contents are various and interesting, whether they relate to matters of lighter literature or are addressed in subjects of public consequence; and when we bestow our meed of praise upon the embellishments, we must add, that it was not merely for their fitness to illustrate the text, but also for their general applicability to the furtherance of the fine arts. The plates of the Taj Mahal, the famous mausoleum of Shah Jehan and his empress, at Agra, for instance, may most advantageously be studied by those artists, foreign or native, now so largely engaged, or about to be employed, in decorating the interior of exchanges, palaces, club-houses, or private dwellings. The magnificence and elegance of these oriental domes and chambers of the dead, may, with admirable effect, be copied in the widest resorts of the many, and the gayest apartments of domestic life. Our northern clime, far from forbidding, invites the judicious importation. The marble screen of the tomb in the Taj is an exquisite piece of fancy; and almost every compartment of the interior of that of Akbar, a design in form and colour for the graceful adornment of our halls or homes. Even the ruins of the China tomb are full of suggestive hints; as is also the tomb of Actmad Od Doulah, both outside and in, the latter in particular combining the wealth of gold and the liveliest tints of flowers, with lines of infinite character and harmony. The specimens of these given in detail may be of great use in promoting and improving the growing fashion of our present time.

But, after all, these are but accessories and our business lies more with the principal attractions. The name of Col. Sleeman is probably familiar to most readers for the distinguished part he took in ridding India of the monstrous abomination of the Thugs—the incorporated bands of murderers, whose patient cunning, minute information, relentless cruelty, and skilful system of assassination, filled the land with crime and blood from the Himalays to Cape Comorin. These sanguinary villains assailed the rich for their plunder; and will it astonish our readers to learn that there still exists a yet more ruthless class of wretches, "professional poisoners!" who destroy the very poorest for the miserable prey they can extract from their murder. The subject is thus introduced:

"People of great sensibility, with hearts overcharged with sorrow, often appear cold and callous to those who seem to them to feel no interest in their afflictions. An instance of this kind I will here mention; it is one of thousands that I have met with in my Indian rambles. It was mentioned to me one day, that an old fukeer, who lived in a small hut close by a little shrine on the side of the road near the town of Moradabad, had lately lost his son, poisoned by a party of dhutooreas, or professional poisoners, that now infest every road through out India. I sent for him, and requested him to tell me his story, as I might perhaps be able to trace the murderers. He did so; and a Persian writer took it down while I listened with all the coldness of a magistrate, who wanted merely to learn facts, and have nothing whatever to do with feelings. This is his story literally:—"I reside in my hut by the side of the road, a mile and half from the town, and live upon the bounty of travellers, and people of the surrounding villages. About six weeks ago, I was sitting by the side of my shrine after saying prayers, with my only son, about ten years of age, when a man came up with his wife, his son, and his daughter, the one a little older, and the other a little younger, than my boy. They baked and ate their bread near my shrine, and gave me flour enough to make two cakes. This I prepared and baked. My boy was hungry, and ate one cake and a half. I ate only half a one; for I was not hungry. I had a few days before purchased a new blanket for my boy; and it was hanging in a branch of the tree that shaded the shrine, when these people came. My son and I soon became stupified. I saw him fall asleep, and I soon followed. I awoke again in the evening, and found myself in a pool of water. I had sense enough to crawl towards my boy. I found him still breathing; and I sat by him with his head in my lap, where he soon died. It was now evening, and I got up and wandered about all night, picking up straws—I know not why. I was not yet quite sensible. During the night the wolves ate my poor boy. I heard this from travellers, and went and gathered up his bones, and buried them in the shrine. I did not quite recover till the third day, when I found that some washerwomen had put me into the pool, and left me there with my head out, in hopes that this would revive me; but they had no hope of my son. I was then taken to the police of the town; but the landholders had begged me to say nothing about the poisoners, lest it might get them and their village-community into trouble. The man was tall and fair, and about thirty-five; the woman short, stout, and fair, and about

thirty; two of her teeth projected a good deal: the boy's eyelids were much diseased." All this he told me without the slightest appearance of emotion; for he had not seen any appearance of it in me or my Persian writer; and a casual European observer would perhaps have exclaimed, "What brutes these natives are! This fellow feels no more for the loss of his only son than he would for that of a goat!" But I knew the feeling was there. The Persian writer put up his paper, and closed his inkstand; and the following dialogue, word for word, took place between me and the old man. *Question.* What made you conceal the real cause of your boy's death, and tell the police that he had been killed, as well as eaten, by wolves? *Answer.* The landholders told me that they could never bring back my boy to life, and the whole village would be worried to death by them, if I made any mention of the poison.—*Quest.* And if they were to be punished for this, they would annoy you? *Ans.* Certainly. But I believe they advised me for my own good, as well as for their own.—*Quest.* And if they should turn you away from that place, could you not make another?—*Ans.* Are not the bones of my poor boy there, and the trees that he and I planted and watched together for ten years?—*Quest.* Have you no other relation? What became of your boy's mother? *Ans.* She died at that place when my boy was only three months old. I have brought him up myself from that age: he was my only child, and he has been poisoned for the sake of the blanket! (Here the poor old man sobbed as if his heartstrings would break; and I was obliged to make him sit down on the floor, while I walked up and down the room.)—*Quest.* Had you any children before? *Ans.* Yes, sir, we had several; but they all died before their mother. We had been reduced to beggary by misfortunes, and I had become too weak and ill to work. I buried my poor wife's bones by the side of the road where she died; raised the little shrine over them, planted the trees, and there have I sat ever since by her side, with our poor boy in my bosom. It is a sad place for wolves, and we used often to hear them howling outside; but my poor boy was never afraid of them when he knew I was near him. God preserved him to me, till the sight of the new blanket—for I had nothing else in the world—made these people poison us. I bought it for him only a few days before, when the rains were coming on, out of my savings—it was all I had. (The poor old man sobbed again and sat down, while I paced the room, lest I should sob also: my heart was becoming a little too large for its apartment.) "I will never," continued he, "quit the bones of my wife and child, and the tree that he and I watered for so many years. I have not many years to live; there I will spend them, whatever the landholders may do: they advised me for my own good, and will never turn me out." I found all the poor man stated to be true: the man and his wife had mixed poison with the flour, to destroy the poor old man and his son for the sake of the blanket which they saw hanging in the branch of the tree, and carried away with them. The poison used on such occasions is commonly the datura; and it is sometimes given in the hookah to be smoked, and at others in food. When they require to poison children as well as grown-up people, or women who do not smoke, they mix up the poison in food. The intention is almost always to destroy life, as 'dead men tell no tales;' but the poisoned people sometimes recover, as in the present case, and lead to the detection of the poisoners. The cases in which they recover are, however rare; and of those who recover, few are ever able to trace the poisoners; and of those who recover and trace them, very few will ever undertake to prosecute them through the several courts of the magistrate, the sessions, and that of last instance in a distant district, to which the proceedings must be sent for final orders. The impunity with which this crime is every where perpetrated and its consequent increase in every part of India, are among the greatest evils with which the country is at this time afflicted. These poisoners are spread all over India, and are as numerous over the Bombay and Madras presidencies as over that of Bengal. There is no road free from them; and throughout India there must be many hundreds who gain their subsistence by this trade alone. They put on all manner of disguises to suit their purposes; and as they prey chiefly upon the poorer sort of travellers, they require to destroy the greater number of lives to make up their incomes. A party of two or three poisoners have very often succeeded in destroying another of eight or ten travellers, with whom they have journeyed for some days, by pretending to give them a feast on the celebration of the anniversary of some family event. Sometimes an old woman or man will manage the thing alone, by gaining the confidence of travellers, and getting near the cooking-pots while they go aside; or when employed to bring the flour for the meal from the bazaar. The poison is put into the flour or the pot, as opportunity offers. People of all castes and callings take this trade, some casually, others for life, and others derive it from their teachers. They assume all manner of disguises to suit their purposes; and the habit of cooking, eating, and sleeping on the side of the road, and smoking with strangers of seemingly the same caste, greatly facilitate their designs upon travellers. The small parties are unconnected with each other, and two parties never unite in the same cruise. The member of one party may be sometimes convicted and punished, but their conviction is accidental; for the system which has enabled us to put down the Thug associations cannot be applied, with any fair prospect of success, to the suppression of these pests to society."

And we regret that, in every case where the author has to tell us anything of fiscal regulations, or of the administration of justice, or rather of law, the same difficulties which apply to the *Indian Poisoners*, apply to all. Evidence cannot be brought forward, the natives are deterred by many causes from venturing to seek redress; and those who do, have often reason to lament it, together with their noses or ears cut off as the punishment for their rashness. Our extracts in continuation may exhibit examples of this kind (many of which will be found in the book, and are eminently deserving of consideration, coming from so experienced a quarter); but in the mean time we will revert to the earlier parts for other descriptions of merit. And using the word "description," here is a portion of a very touching one of a suttee, which Col. Sleeman in vain did every thing in his power to prevent, of course before the abolition by government of that superstitious practice:

"On Saturday the 28th (he writes), in the morning, I rode out ten miles to the spot, and found the poor old widow sitting with the dhuja round her head, a brass plate before her with undressed rice and flowers, and a cocoa-nut in each hand. She talked very collectedly, telling me that 'she had determined to mix her ashes with those of her departed husband, and should patiently wait my permission to do so, assured that God would enable her to sustain life till that was given, though she dared not eat or drink.' Looking at the sun, then rising before her over a long and beautiful reach of the Nerbudda river, she said calmly, 'My soul has been for five days with my husband's near that sun—nothing but my earthly frame is left; and this I knew you will in time suffer to be mixed with the ashes of his in yonder pit, because it is not in your nature, or your usage, wantonly to prolong the miseries of a poor old woman.' Indeed it is not: my object and my duty is to save and preserve them; and I am come to dissuade you from this idle purpose, to urge you to live, and to



keep your family from the disgrace of being thought your murderers.' 'I am not afraid of their ever being so thought—they have all, like good children, done everything in their power to induce me to live among them; and if I had done so, I know they would have loved and honoured me; but my duties to them have now ended. I commit them all to your care, and I go to attend my husband, Omed Sing Opeddea, with whose ashes, on the funeral pile, mine have been already three times mixed.' This was the first time in her long life that she had pronounced the name of her husband; for in India no woman, high or low, ever pronounces the name of her husband—she would consider it disrespectful towards him to do so; and it is often amusing to see their embarrassment when asked the question by any European gentleman. They look right and left for some one to relieve them from the dilemma of appearing disrespectful either to the querist or to their absent husbands—they perceive that he is unacquainted with their duties on this point, and are afraid he will attribute their silence to disrespect. They know that few European gentlemen are acquainted with them; and when they go into our courts of justice, or other places where they are liable to be asked the names of their husbands, they commonly take one of their children, or some other relation, with them, to pronounce the words in their stead. When the old lady named her husband, as she did with a strong emphasis and in a very deliberate manner, every one present was satisfied that she had resolved to die. 'I have,' she continued, 'tasted very largely of the bounty of government, having been maintained by it, with all my large family, in ease and comfort upon our rent-free lands; and I feel assured that my children will not be suffered to want; but with them I have nothing more to do—our intercourse and communion here end. My soul (pra) is with Omed Sing Opeddea; and my ashes must here mix with his. Again looking to the sun—' 'I see them together,' said she, with a tone and countenance that affected me a good deal 'under the bridal canopy!'—alluding to the ceremonies of marriage; and I am satisfied that she at that moment really believed that she saw her own spirit and that of her husband under the bridal canopy in paradise. \* \* \* Satisfied myself that it would be unavailing to attempt to save her life, I sent all the principal members of the family, and consented that she should be suffered to burn herself if they would enter into engagements that no member of their family should ever do the same. This they all agreed to; and the papers having been drawn out in due form about mid-day, I sent down notice to the old lady, who seemed extremely pleased and thankful. The ceremonies of bathing were gone through before three, while the wood and other combustible materials for a strong fire were collected, and put into the pit. After bathing, she called for a pawn (betel-leaf) and ate it, then rose up, and with one arm on the shoulder of her eldest son, and the other on that of her nephew, approached the fire. I had sentries placed all round, and no other person was allowed to approach within five paces. As she rose up, fire was set to the pile and it was instantly in a blaze. The distance was about one hundred and fifty yards: she came on with a calm and cheerful countenance, stopped once, and, casting her eyes upward, said, 'Why have they kept me five days from thee, my husband?' On coming to the sentries, her supporters stopped—she walked once round the pit, paused a moment, and, while muttering a prayer threw some flowers into the fire. She then walked up deliberately and steadily to the brink, stepped into the centre of the flame, sat down, and, leaning back in the midst, as if reposing upon a couch, was consumed without uttering a shriek, or betraying one sign of agony! A few instruments of music had been provided; and they played as usual as she approached the fire—not, as is commonly supposed, in order to drown screams, but to prevent the last words of the victim from being heard, as these are supposed to be prophetic, and might become sources of pain or strife to the living. It was not expected that I should yield, and but few people had assembled to witness the sacrifice, so that there was little or nothing in the circumstances immediately around to stimulate her to any extraordinary exertions; and I am persuaded that it was the desire of again being united to her husband in the next world, and the entire confidence that she would be so if she now burned herself, that alone sustained her. From the morning of the day he died (Tuesday) till Wednesday evening, she ate pawns, or betel-leaves, but nothing else; and from Wednesday evening she ceased eating them. She drank no water from Tuesday. She went to the fire with the same cloth about her that she wore in the bed of the river; but it was made wet from a perspiration that even the shadow of any impure thing falling upon her, when going to the pile, contaminates the woman, unless counteracted by the sheet moistened in the holy stream."

The marriages of inanimate things are almost more remarkable than these human and (on earth) indissoluble unions. Trees, tanks, stones, and shrubs, are married to each other with immense ceremonies and at prodigious cost.

"Among the Hindoos, neither the man who plants a grove, nor his wife, can taste of the fruit till he has married one of the mango-trees to some other tree (commonly the tamarind-tree) that grows near it in the same grove. The proprietor of one of these groves that stands between the cantonment and the town, old Berjore Sing, had spent so much in planting and watering the grove and building walls and wells of pukka masonry, that he could not afford to defray the expenses of the marriage-ceremonies till one of the trees, which was older than the rest when planted, began to bear fruit in 1833; and poor old Berjore Sing and his wife were in great distress, that they dared not taste of the fruit, whose flavour was much praised by their children. They began to think that they had neglected a serious duty, and might, in consequence, be taken off before another season could come round. They therefore sold all their silver and gold ornaments, and borrowed all they could; and before the next season the grove was married with all due pomp and ceremony, to the great delight of the old pair, who tasted of the fruit in June 1834. The larger number of Brahmans that are fed on the occasion of the marriage, the greater the glory of the proprietor of the grove; and when I asked old Berjore Sing, during my visit to his grove, how many he had feasted, he said, with a heavy sigh, that he had been able to feast only one hundred and fifty. He shewed me the mango-tree which had acted the part of the bridegroom on the occasion; but the bride had disappeared from his side. 'And where is the bride, the tamarind?' 'The only tamarind I had in the grove died,' said the old man, 'before we could bring about the wedding; and I was obliged to get a jasmine for a wife for my mango. I planted it here, so that we might, as required, cover both bride and bridegroom under our canopy during the ceremonies; but after the marriage was over, the gardener neglected her, and she pined away and died.' 'And what made you prefer the jasmine to all other trees after the tamarind?' 'Because it is the most celebrated of all trees, save the rose.' 'And why not have chosen the rose for a wife?' 'Because no one ever heard of a marriage between the rose and the mango; while they take place every day between the mango and the chumbalee' (jasmine.) After returning from the groves, I had a visit after breakfast from a learned Mahomedan, now guardian to the young Rajah of Ochoeyrah, who resides part of his time at Jubbulpore. I mentioned my visit to the groves, and the curious notion

of the Hindoos regarding the necessity of marrying them; and he told me that among Hindoos, the man who went to the expense of making a tank dared not drink of its waters till he had married his tank to some banana-tree, planted on the bank for the purpose."

The Rajah of Orcha celebrates the marriage of Saligram with the Toolsee every year at his own expense, and it must be in his personal presence. Of this we learn:

"Saligrams are rounded pebbles which contain the impression of ammonites, and are washed down into the plains of India by the rivers from the limestone rocks, in which these shells are imbedded, in the mountains of the Himalah. The Speetee valley contains an immense deposit of fossil ammonites and bellerophontes in limestone rocks, now elevated above sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; and from such beds as these are brought down the fragments, which, when rounded in their course, the poor Hindoo takes for representations of Vishnoo, the preserving god of the Hindoo triad. The Saligram is the only stone idol among the Hindoos that is essentially sacred, and entitled to divine honours without the ceremonies of consecration. It is every where held most sacred. During the war against Nepal, Captain B., who commanded a reconnoitring party from the division in which I served, one day brought back to camp some four or five of these Saligrams which he had found at the hut of some priest within the enemy's frontier. He called for a large stone and hammer, and proceeded to examine them. The Hindoos were all in a dreadful state of consternation, and expected to see the earth open and swallow up the whole camp; while he sat calmly cracking their gods with his hammer, as he would have cracked so many walnuts. The Toolsee is a small sacred shrub (the *asymum sanctum*) which is a metamorphosis of Seeta, the wife of Ram, the seventh incarnation of Vishnoo. This little pebble is every year married to this little shrub; and the high-priest told me that, on the present occasion, the procession consisted of eight elephants, twelve hundred camels, four thousand horses, all mounted and elegantly caparisoned. On the leading elephant of this cortège, and the most sumptuously decorated, was carried the pebble god, who was taken to pay his bridal visit (Barat) to the little shrub goddess. All the ceremonies of a regular marriage are gone through; and when completed, the bride and bridegroom are left to repose together in the temple of Sudora\* till the next season. 'Above a hundred thousand people,' the priest said, 'were present at the ceremony this year at the Rajah's invitation, and feasted upon his bounty.'

## MILITARY ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILKIE.

The following anecdote may serve as a caution to every young officer who has the command of a detachment in the vicinity of an enemy, to keep a good look-out, and use every precaution when passing through woods or defiles, where an enemy may suddenly fall upon him;—most likely the youth who was the victim in the case was not inclined to coincide with the adage, "*fas est ab hoste doceri*."

During the war in Spain, in 1674, Marshal Schomberg, who commanded the French army, wished to cover Roussillon. He ordered a strong detachment to march to secure the convoys that were coming from Perpignan to St. Jean de Payes, three leagues from that place. This detachment was posted on a height near the high road, from whence the commanding officer sent a Lieutenant and thirty men to take possession of a chapel that was on a hill still higher, about three hundred paces from the post. From this eminence the Lieutenant could easily discover the Spanish encampment on the plain of Boulon, over which their parties must pass, if they wished to disturb the French convoys. From Boulon there was a long hollow way to these two posts, through which the enemy might march under cover; and, as surprises might be expected, as further security, another detachment was posted in a cottage called the Red House. They had orders, on any alarm, to light fires if they made any discoveries, and the three posts were mutually to assist each other. A Spanish officer, with forty Dragoons, entered this hollow way under cover of the night; being well acquainted with the country and the position of the guard, he placed his troops in ambush between the three posts, with the design of surprising the officer's party who went every morning to relieve the guard at the chapel. The Lieut. entered the hollow way without suspicion, when the Spaniards fell on them so suddenly and fiercely, that all his men were killed or wounded before he could recollect himself. He got, for his own share, a couple of sabre cuts from the Spanish officer, who, as a sort of plaster to his wounds, said, "Go, Sir, and learn another time to do your duty better, and to reconnoitre a place through which you are to pass with your guard."

The following example is in direct contrast with the preceding, and will show that, by courage and good conduct, an intended surprise was baffled and turned into defeat; it occurred in Canada, during the war which added that vast and almost boundless colony to the British crown. Capt. Hazen, commanding a company of Colonial Rangers, was posted in a house to the north-west, and at some distance from the village of Lorette, and having ascertained that the enemy had some parties abroad, he employed a spy to gain correct information with respect to their movements; this person returned, giving information that he had seen a large party of the enemy formed into two bodies, and flung off by different roads; that he had narrowly watched their motions, and was of opinion that their intention was to surround and cut off his post, and that they were not then at any great distance. On this information, the Captain left a Serjeant and fourteen men in the house, and, with the remainder, marched to join a friend, who, with twenty men, was stationed in Lorette Church; on his way, he discovered the enemy advancing, and his first impulse was to return to the Serjeant's party left behind, and he explained his intention to the men under his command; but they remonstrated on this course, saying, "Lead us on, Sir, and you may depend on us; the regulars have performed wonders this winter, we will fight and chase the enemy as they have done, or die." Accordingly, they advanced with spirit against the enemy, who were endeavouring to steal upon them, gave them a close discharge of a brace of balls, beside buck-shot, from each piece, and sent them flying. This accomplished, Capt. Hazen, who had heard a few straggling shots in his rear, faced his men about, who had reloaded; he then attacked another party of fifty thus encountered, and in like manner routed them, and pursued the fugitives, who were observed retreating in the direction of the house, to gain possession, and without suspicion that there was any one in it. Knowing they would meet a warm reception there, the Captain followed them leisurely; the Serjeant, who was expecting the visit, reserved his fire till the enemy was within fifteen or sixteen yards, and then let fly at them so unexpectedly, that they turned tail with the greatest precipitation. The Captain then advanced briskly, and the Serjeant seeing his

\* Rightly spelt Ludora in other places.—Ed. L. G.



friends return, sallied out in pursuit of the runaways, and the two parties united in the chase, that continued for two miles, during which several prisoners fell into their hands.

The recent dispute about the Tahiti affair recalls forcibly to my recollection a circumstance that occurred many years since of a somewhat similar nature, and has set me to guess, if the King of Portugal knew of it, what satisfaction or apology he would have required for an affront offered by us to one of his functionaries holding a much higher place in the diplomatic scale than that of Consul. Although bearing a certain similarity to that of Tahiti, there was this difference,—the dispute in the Pacific partook of the serious, the one in the Atlantic was altogether of the order of the ridiculous. At the commencement of the war that succeeded the truce of Amiens, and after the alarm of invasion had passed away, the French otherwise being engaged in Germany, it was thought by the authorities at home, that the best way to annoy the enemy would be to send out expeditions to foreign settlements, consisting of the particular number of five thousand men; one of these, and of that patent number, was put under the command of Major-General Robert Crauford, who was so much distinguished afterwards in command of the light division in Portugal, and who fell at Ciudad Rodrigo. The destination of this expedition was generally supposed to have been directed against some of the Spanish settlements in the Pacific; but on its way there, the destination was altered, and it was finally absorbed in the mass of stupidity and blunders that secured the disasters under Whitelocke at Buenos Ayres. This little armament touched at Porto Praya, on the island of St. Jago, to procure water and refreshments. The group of the Cape de Verd islands are of very little value to Portugal, but are retained as a place of banishment for political offenders; they are supported chiefly by dues from ships that call there for water and refreshments. It may be easily imagined that the mother country does not go to much expense in their support; the functionaries, including the Governor, are in general Mulattoes, and the troops are all blacks, less than half clad, and worse armed. The Governor at that time was a thin shrimp of a man, of the colour of a duck's foot; it would have paid a baboon a bad compliment to compare it with him; dressed out in tinsel finery, and surrounded by half-naked black guards, it was a sight seldom equalled, consequently it was the subject of all conversation. On board the Hercules transport, was a squadron of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the officers, in chatting over their wine, brought up this constant topic. One of them, who had been confined on board the ship on duty, expressed great disappointment in not having seen this curiosity, particularly as it was said the ships were to go to sea the next day. "Oh, my good fellow," said the Hon. Captain K—, "we will bring the little gentleman off in a sack for you to look at." In this wise project he was seconded by another Captain, also the son of a nobleman, and having accepted the assistance of a third officer as volunteer, the boat was ordered, and they pulled for the shore. As soon as landed, they proceeded to the government-house, and having said that they were British officers wishing for an interview with the Governor, they were directly admitted. They no sooner were in the presence of the great man, than they made him acquainted with the object they had in view, and invited him to walk into the sack, the mouth of which they held ready for his reception. When he recovered from his astonishment, the Governor remonstrated, but it was of no avail, they were proceeding to bundle him into the wallet, when he sprang to the other end of the room, seized a pistol, and fired at the trio, fortunately without effect; the report brought in the guard, and the gay youths thought it time to make good their retreat; they fought their way through the guards, whose muskets without locks, and many without bayonets, were only an incumbrance; they succeeded in making their way to the shore, and regaining the boat. The next day, a formal complaint was made to the General; a court of inquiry was assembled, and the termination was a recommendation to the authors of this frolic to take a passage for England when the fleet arrived at the Cape, and either to sell out or retire on half-pay without delay. I once heard an officer of Dragoons, who had been employed in putting down a disturbance at Manchester, asked how many weavers he had bagged? This was certainly rare sport; but bagging a Governor may be pronounced to be unique.

Another event that might have troubled the peace of nations, and brought into collision the two mighty powers of Sardinia and the Republic of Geneva, took place in the course of last September, and is worthy of record as a pendant to the preceding example. In this case, it was neither putting a Consul into durance vile, or bagging a Governor, but an insult to a national flag!

It is well known that the militia and National Guards of Sutherland meet once a-year in intrenched camps to perform military exercises; this year, the citizens of Geneva chose the valley of Plan-des-Onates, between Geneva and St. Julien's, as their place of rendezvous, and there they pitched their tents; a deep ditch was dug round the encampment, the entrance protected by *chenaux de frise*, and outworks constructed, to stop an enemy, prevent surprise, and give those within the camp time to rise and take their arms; a great number of cannon-keepers were established in the vicinity of the entrenchments; in short, everything was arranged that could tend to the security, the instruction, and the comfort of the *Ferociers*; this is the name the National Guards of Geneva give themselves when assembled in those warlike meetings, although very little ferocity attends them. It was very hot weather, and the citizen-soldiers, dreadfully exhausted by two long hours' exercise in the sun, crowded the cantons in great numbers. Two strangers made their appearance among them; they were two Sardinian soldiers, going to join their regiment in garrison at St. Julien; they also sat down at table, called for wine, and seeing four of the Genevese militia apparently looking for a place, they invited them to their table, and to partake of their wine; the latter thought it would be uncourteous to refuse, and accepted the invitation, thus exhibiting the rich and proud citizens of the Republic of Geneva the guests of two poor devils of soldiers, the subjects of an absolute monarchy. Talking and drinking went on for some time, and at last the conversation fell upon politics, when the Genevese, like good patriots, began to treat the two strangers with a magnificent eulogium on liberty; they spoke of the advantage of such a model of a government as that of Geneva, harangued on the bravery, the loyalty, the disinterestedness, in short, all the virtues that belong to republicans. This was all very well as long as the speechifiers confined themselves to generalities; but when wine and enthusiasm had got the better of their discretion, they descended to particulars, and proclaimed that, beyond the limits of the republic, there was nothing but cowardice, abjection, and dishonesty. "You lie, like rascals," exclaimed the two servants of King Charles Albert, "and we will prove it to you with either sabre or bayonet, as you please!" At these words, the *Ferociers* looked at each other, got up suddenly, and set off for the camp, of course to look for their arms, at least, so thought the two Sardinians, for they followed them in expectation of seeing their immediate return; but whether the bonds of discipline restrained them, or from whatever other cause, they remained

snug in their tent. The two champions of monarchical honour repeated their challenge, and were only answered by a thousand cries of derision and insult; they quitted the ground, their hearts full of rage, and they swore that they would have their revenge before the next sun arose. The two friends retired to a short distance, where, concealed by some furze bushes, they waited until the enemy's camp was buried in sleep, and then set out, after the manner of Nisus and Euryalus. At midnight, they reached the entrenchment, slipped down into the ditch, and scrambled up the other side; they passed the sleeping sentries, and gained the centre of the camp; here the flag of the Colonel-Commandant floated majestically in the middle of the tents, surmounted by the standard of the federation. The militiaman placed as guardian of the Colonel and his colours, had long before exchanged his shako for a police cap, and waiting for daylight, he had stretched himself pleasantly on the grass alongside his firelock, and was fast asleep. The two friends lost no time in climbing on the little platform and tearing down the colours, and got safe off with this trophy of revenge. When they had got clear of the entrenchments, they gave a dreadful cry of alarm, shouting out—"to arms! to arms!" The drums beat the assembly, some shots were fired without result, and the *Ferociers* were obliged to look at their enemies making their retreat quietly with an air of disdain. At daylight, the garrison of St. Julien had all gathered round the two soldiers, who exhibited to their comrades the flag, as evidence of their prowess. The garrison, however, comprehended the consequences that might be drawn from this *lark*; the two conquerors were made prisoners *pro tempore*, and the affair was reported to Turin. Orders were immediately sent by the Court of Sardinia, that the Commandant and the Captain of the fort of St. Julien should immediately go before the senate of Geneva, and make official restitution of the flag. The federal council took on this occasion a curious and ingenious course. They declared they did not in the least understand the steps taken by the Sardinian Court, that the fragments of stuff presented to them was not the standard of the republic, that the republic could not accept apologies where they had received no affront, nor excuses for an act which had never taken place. On the return of the ambassadors, Nisus and Euryalus were released, seeing that the party supposed to be injured had declared them innocent. It is asserted, however, that the federal senate has since dismissed the Captain, and put his company in arrest, that had the charge of the camp of Onates that night, when the federal flag was *not* carried off. With regard to the unhappy militiaman to whom the special guardianship of the flag was entrusted, he was to appear before a court-martial.

At the commencement of the last war, when the French camp at Boulogne, formed by what was called the Army of England, broke up, and marched to gain fresh triumphs in Austria, the immediate alarm of invasion in this country subsided; but it was still thought that an attempt of that kind would be made in Ireland, and reinforcements were sent to that part of the empire, to meet any danger of that nature. The Commander of the Forces at that time concentrated the troops, holding them in hand to move on any point where danger might appear, and for that purpose a large camp was formed on the Curragh of Kildare. Its formation was in itself a strategical lesson, and produced a picturesque effect; the heads of the different columns moving from their several cantonnements, all appeared on the Curragh, from different and distant points; at the same time the troops marched to their different positions, at a given signal all the tents sprung from the ground at the same moment, and the camp was formed.

Lord Cathcart was a thorough tactician, and understood perfectly all the details and minutiae of drill. In a short time he brought it home to the conviction of several old hands, who flattered themselves that they were well-practised officers, that they knew nothing at all about the matter. Several of the seniors had been raised to their station by that mighty and indiscriminate engine General Brevet; and if the truth was known, would gladly have been excused from taking the air on any race-course in arms. Among these was the late Major-General Grose, a very good man, but a very *slow coach*; his want of comprehension, or confusion of ideas, often raised the bile of the Commander of the Forces. On one particular occasion he was so far out of his latitude, that Lord C. could not restrain his rising anger; he called out "Go way, General Grose—go home, General Grose!" The honest man, taking this mandate in its literal sense, and perhaps not displeased at its nature, turned his horse's head, and was trotting off, when he was suddenly recalled with "Where are you going, General Grose!—come back here." As this command was directly obeyed, and the victim returned, with perfect repose on his countenance, and no symptom of annoyance, his Lordship's anger was quite disarmed; he smiled, and said, "Come here, General Grose." He then leisurely pointed out what he wished to have done, and showed the means by which it was to be effected. Whether his pupil profited by the lesson, remains a mystery to this day. On another occasion, the troops were all under arms, when Lord Cathcart and his Staff appeared on the ground; amongst them was General Grose, at the head of his brigade; like patience on the back of a horse he awaited his uncertain fate, when Lord Cathcart, breaking away from his Staff, galloped to the astonished Brigadier, and said, "Bless my soul, General Grose, why do you sit idle there!—Why don't you gallop about and do nothing, like Sir Charles Asgill!"

When the camp broke up in the autumn, the infantry were cantoned within a small space between the Liffey and the Shannon, and as nearly as possible in the centre of Ireland. Temporary barracks were hired, and all the small towns within that circle were crowded with troops: so that within a few hours ten thousand men might have been assembled; the cavalry being generally distributed in their usual quarters; among these the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabinieri) were in Dublin. The Lieut.-Colonel having gone on leave of absence, the command was with the late Major Kingston. Among the officers was a Lieutenant, whose name I cannot recollect, but to whom it was supposed the Major was not very partial, from a sort of independence of manner and freedom of remark with which he was blessed. This officer being generally correct in the performance of his duties, left little opening for censure; but the Major had more than once spoken to him about buttoning his jacket close to his neck, which hints, unfortunately, he had neglected to take. It happened that an inspection was ordered by some General Officer; the officer alluded to was very well mounted, and the Major took a great fancy to borrow his charger at the forthcoming inspection. As he considered that this was a sort of condescension on his part, and a kind of conciliatory measure, the first time he met that officer, then in company with a group of others, he said, in that tone and manner which does not expect refusal, "I wish, —, you would lend me your charger for the inspection, and take mine." "What, ride your horse!" was the reply. "Do you think I would be seen on such a *rip*?" At this unexpected answer the Major flared up with indignation. Without a moment's hesitation he marched off to head-quarters, said he had a complaint to make against Mr. —, who had frequently disobeyed his orders, and that moment had treated



him with contempt bordering on insolence. "Do you wish a court-martial?" "Certainly." Before the Commandant had recovered his equanimity, a court-martial was in orders, and most probably he thought it too late to back out. The proceedings on this occasion were long remembered in Dublin, and were a source of great amusement to the garrison at the time. The prisoner had a good knowledge of the ridiculous, and contrived to throw the whole affair into burlesque in his cross-examination of evidence and defence; so that the court and spectators were kept in a constant grin, that broke out in a laugh occasionally. He asked the witnesses what they understood by a *rip*?—was it an English word?—from what source was it derived?—how it was spelt?—if it was any disrespect to a gentleman to abuse or undervalue his horse? If so, that every one who bought a horse of another, brought himself into the dilemma in which he (the prisoner) stood, as they did nothing else but find fault and discover blemishes. One of the evidence was the Hon. Mr. De Ginkell of the regiment; this gentleman was educated, if not born, in Holland, and spoke English perfectly, both as to idiom and pronunciation. Being asked if he was present at the conversation, he answered, "Yes." Question from the court—"What passed subsequent to the prisoner calling the Major's horse a *rip*?" Answer—"Why when Mr. — called de Major's horse one *rip*, den de Major's face got as red as one turkey-cock." This was the climax of absurdity; the prosecutor could not stand it, but laughed as loud as any one else. The doors of the court were closed amidst smiles and laughter. The finding, was that the prisoner was guilty of disobedience of orders (regarding buttoning his jacket), and acquitted of the disrespect; he was sentenced, I think, to be admonished. And so ended this affair, adding one to the long list of courts-martial assembled for frivolous objects. It ought, however, to stand apart, as far as being the funniest court-martial in military records.

The prosecutor in this case subsequently commanded the detachment of the Carbineers embarked with General Crauford's expedition, to which I have just alluded. When they arrived in the River Plate, the movement on Buenos Ayres took place. Out of dislike to an officer belonging to one of the regiments that had been longest out in that country, Whitelocke left him behind at Monte Video, with two companies of his regiment; and in their place he took a squadron of the Carbineers, dismounted, with cross-belts and muskets over their shoulders. After landing at Ensenada de Barragon, there was a swamp of some extent to cross before reaching the ridge of hills; in the midst of the black mud, stirred up by the soldiers wading through this dismal swamp, the Carbineers made a very picturesque appearance in white leather breeches and jack-boots. At the attack of Buenos Ayres Major Kingston received a very slight wound in the leg, which, however, produced *tetanus*, and he died. He had previously heard about the general attendance of lock-jaw on wounds of the leg, and the apprehension he felt on that score might probably have added to the rapid progress of the disease.

There is no man in the British Army whose name is more familiar than that of Sir Denis Pack; nor was there any officer of his day more distinguished for zeal and the most intrepid courage. He had, however, a very restless humour or temper that interfered a good deal with all the minor details of duty, and from that cause had not that popularity amongst his own officers which his higher military qualities undoubtedly deserved. When he escaped from his confinement in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, and got down to Monte Video, he got the command of a battalion formed of the light companies of the different regiments, and was sent to Colonia. His fidgety disposition took fresh activity, probably from being long in abeyance. One morning there appeared, written in chalk, on the door of a barn the following distich:—

"The devil break the gaoler's back  
That sent him to us, Dennis Pack"

When Sir Dennis, some years afterwards, became Lieut.-Governor of Plymouth, it was incumbent on him to keep a table (for which, by the way, he got no allowance, although it is given to Portsmouth). Being still a bachelor, he had occasionally to interfere with the movements of the kitchen, the pantry, and the cellar. To superintend the latter department he had a soldier for servant, who did duty as butler. This man having never been drilled in the mystery of letting champagne corks loose, made a bungling and tedious business of it; he had been spoken to frequently by his master about his tardy mode of conducting his operations, and at last he hit upon an expedient that would settle the question, and the wine into the bargain. He decanted all the champagne that was allotted for an entertainment into a great jug before dinner, and let it fret and fume as it liked; giving the guests the novel enjoyment of drinking champagne deprived of its noise and nonsense.

## THE VILLAGE HEROINE.

A TALE.

"So old Giles Gibbons is dying, I hear," exclaimed the Widow Benson, addressing her son, who had just entered the cottage, and sunk wearied with the fatigues of the day upon the settle which stood beside the fire.

"Dying!" repeated the young man, starting and looking at his mother with an expression which seemed to beseech her to unsay her words.

"Yes, dying," she rejoined. "And is it so very surprising that an old man who has been bedridden these five years should die at last?" she querulously asked.

"No, mother, there is nothing surprising," the youth returned; "but I am much grieved to hear it."

"And I don't know why you should be grieved," she further remarked, whilst a bitter smile sat upon her thin lips. "The old are better in their graves, out of the way of the young."

"Mother, it is unkind of you to talk thus," interposed the youth, whilst his cheek grew flushed; "you know there are sons and daughters whose highest happiness is to promote the comfort of their aged parents."

"Well, well, Ralph, I did not mean to accuse you of wishing me out of the way," she returned in a softened tone; "but I don't think there will be any to lament poor Giles Gibbons."

"Don't say so, mother," cried Ralph; "I am sure there is one who will deeply lament him."

"You can't mean his daughter Jessy?" observed the widow. "She will be released from a task which few young women like; and I don't doubt she will think it a happy release."

"You do Jessy injustice, mother," pleaded the youth; "her task of nursing her poor old father for so many years has been cheerfully performed, and, I am sure, to lose him will be the greatest trouble she could endure."

"You seem to be in her confidence!" said the widow, who, we may remark, did not readily agree with any other person's opinions. To the unjustifiable taunt her son calmly replied by saying that he only echoed the opinions of every one who knew Jessy Gibbons; and so the conversation dropped.

Widow Benson was entirely dependent for her support on her youngest son—the others having consulted their own fancy in leaving the maternal roof. Ralph, however, neither felt nor complained of the burden which had fallen to his lot, and rather rejoiced that he had the power of supporting his remaining parent. To an equally generous mind this self-sacrifice would have awakened emotions of gratitude, and desires to promote the happiness of so dutiful a son; but such was not Mrs. Benson's. She, on the contrary, looked with a jealous eye upon any young woman who, she thought, might stand in the way of her interest. She had once extorted a promise from her son not to marry, unless he had the certainty of a home for her beneath his roof; but not contented with this, she had determined, if possible, to prevent his marrying at all; hence her snappishness on an allusion to the daughter and sole attendant of old Giles Gibbons.

The young husbandman was correct in his surmises respecting the position of that beloved one, whose sad duties he would willingly have shared, and whose griefs he would have felt it happiness to lighten and console; but she was wholly unconscious of the tender interest she had awakened, and believed that her father's expiring breath would leave her unloved in a world which, without the charm which affection bestows, would be to her a barren wilderness. The morning's dawn found Jessy Gibbons an orphan—an orphan in the most complete sense of the word; for though there were few who did not deeply sympathise in her now friendless condition; yet she could not but experience the loss of one in whom the love of years has been concentrated.

The obstinate and selfish prejudices of Mrs. Benson became now more than ever a source of unhappiness to Ralph, who longed at this juncture to offer his home, as well as his heart, to the desolate girl. He loved her dearer now she was in affliction; but his weekly earnings were not sufficient to warrant his taking such a step, knowing, as he did, that his mother would not be willing to forego any comfort she had hitherto enjoyed, that she might promote their welfare.

A residence under the lonely roof of her late father was now felt by Jessy to be impossible. There was sorrow in the thought of breaking up and leaving a household in which she had been reared; but duty was paramount to sentiment. It was necessary she should quit the spot to seek a means of subsistence. Naturally of a strong mind, her plans were matured without the aid of neighbours; and one fine morning beheld her departing from the village, on her way to a distant town, there to learn an art on which she might rear a structure of personal independence. To her surprise, while leaving the grave of her father, to which she had paid a parting visit, she found that she was followed by Ralph Benson. Jessy Gibbons had hitherto never thought of Ralph with any warmer sentiment than that which the other young men of the village awakened; but now, when she beheld his expressive countenance, beaming as it was with affection, solicitude, and sympathy, she could not but understand the motive which had induced him to shun a public farewell, and thus follow her steps in secret. She experienced nothing of the exultation of the coquette in this discovery, but it cannot be denied that the lonely heart of the orphan felt a glow of pleasure in the idea of being thus fondly beloved. She had before respected the character of the young man, and now there was a rush of remembrances which tended to increase that sentiment, and to give it a softer aspect. Ralph was not slow in observing that the orphan maiden did not look on him with displeasure, and he now ventured to reach her side. What were the mutual confessions that ensued, may be so readily conjectured, that it is needless to describe them minutely. We may only mention that, as the stage drove up which was to convey Jessy to her destination, she placed in the hands of her lover one of the flowers which she had gathered from her father's grave, and the action simple as it was, conveyed to him a sweet and soothing sentiment, upon which he might dwell with hope till they should again meet. It seemed to say that the affection that had been buried in that grave might yet live, and be transferred to him.

Jessy commenced her new undertaking with additional pleasure from the fact of feeling herself beloved. A sense of loneliness had made the prospect cheerless; but the assurance of the deep interest she had awakened in one warm heart, created a future of hope she had before never felt. Esteem and gratitude were easily softened into affection; and with women, it is not necessary that the object of her regard should be near, nor even that she should hold communion with him; her fond recollections and warm imagination will suffice to keep alive the flame which has once been kindled in her breast.

We will pass over the two years which Jessy studiously devoted to the acquirement of her business; for she was not the less solicitous to make herself mistress of it because she had the prospect of a home. The limited means of her betrothed husband was of itself a sufficient inducement for her to desire assisting him as far as lay in her power; but the knowledge that his mother would be dependent upon him, increased her anxiety to do so. Her generous nature acquiesced with cheerfulness in the anticipation of the sacrifices which it would be necessary to make in order to afford the widow those comforts which age more especially requires; nay, she loved Ralph dearer for the solicitude he ever expressed for the welfare of his parent, though he failed not to make her acquainted with the promise he had given never to marry until he could feel a certainty of still affording her a home beneath his roof. Happily for the orphan girl, she was wholly unconscious of the adverse interests of her future mother-in-law; and in her day-dreams of future happiness as the wife of the young husbandman, she formed many little plans for her comfort, and in imagination transferred to her the love which her warm heart had entertained for her own departed parents. Little did she deem how great was the difficulty her betrothed found in gaining his mother's consent to the union, and that, had he not pleaded more urgently than he had ever done on any other subject, she would have remained inexorable. Ralph certainly had reason and even prudence on his side, when he declared that he saw no just grounds for postponing his marriage, since Jessy was now fully competent to undertake the important office of village *modiste*, and her industry, taste, and perseverance could not, he thought, fail of meeting with success. But Mrs. Benson was unwilling to admit the validity of his arguments. Independent of the selfish fears she entertained lest the union should war against her interest, she felt some reluctance in yielding up the position of mistress, which she had for so many years enjoyed; and her judgment was too much warped by prejudice, for her to perceive how unlikely it was that one so gentle, and who had from her earliest youth been accustomed to the exercise of forbearance, should assume an unwarrantable authority, or even be desirous of disputing those points where justice might be on her side.

Jessy did all that daughter could do to smooth the asperities of her mother-in-law's disposition; and, of course, was unsuccessful. Yet, notwithstanding the tyranny to which she was exposed, the young wife never repined; no word of complaint ever fell from her lips; nor would she suffer her husband to know how much she underwent, lest it should mar his peace. It is impossible to



conceive—if we have never witnessed it or felt it—how much unhappiness the ill-temper of one individual can inflict on the family with whom he or she is unfortunately connected. As there is no person so unimportant as to be incapable of conferring pleasure, so in proportion is the baneful influence; and thus the domestic harmony of many a little circle is changed to discord, and the most disastrous events not unfrequently ensue. The meekness of the gentle young wife in the present instance, however, preserved the quietude of her home. Had she retaliated, that home would have been to Ralph deprived of half its attractions, and thus her forbearance obtained a reward (the approval of her own conscience alone excepted) the most complete she could enjoy. Independent of the trials of patience Jessy suffered from the widow's querulous disposition, the first twelve months of her married life passed prosperously and happily. She found ample and profitable employment for all the leisure she could spare from the fulfilment of her domestic duties in the pursuits of her business. Indeed so highly were her abilities esteemed, that every damsel in the village was desirous of having her Sunday and holiday gown made by her fairy fingers; no one else, they thought, could fit the shape so exactly, or arrange the trimmings so tastefully, as she did; and even the squire's lady occasionally sent for her to assist her maid when she had dresses to alter; but at the expiration of that period, a trial awaited her which could neither be foreseen nor averted.

Whilst engaged one morning in his usual farming occupations, Ralph met with an accident by the falling of a heavy piece of wood upon his right arm. He thought it trifling at first, and endeavoured to pursue his employment; but the pain and swelling greatly increasing, he was obliged to desist, and return home. His wife's careful nursing, and his mother's experience in the treatment of wounds and bruises, he thought would soon effect a cure; but he found it to be otherwise. The limb was injured so seriously, that medical assistance was necessary. The sincerity and depth of Jessy's affection was now put to the test. His helpless condition required her constant attention, his pain her soothing tenderness, and his spirits her ostentatious but animating piety. Ralph was a well-principled and amiable young man, but he possessed little strength of mind. Accustomed from his infancy to enjoy a robust constitution and vigorous health, he had never thought that sickness and debility might be his lot, and when it came, he sunk into a state of depression from which it was difficult to arouse him. Happily for the young couple they had made a reserve in their season of prosperity, for what they termed 'a rainy day,' and a small sum had been providently saved from the sale of her father's effects. Jessy, however, resolved at once to rely on no such small resources. Her corporal and mental powers were called into full exercise; and she became the sole stay of her stricken husband and his aged mother. With her accustomed benevolence, Mrs. Benson saw no virtue in her daughter-in-law's conduct; she was herself continually bemoaning the evil which had befallen her son, and she thought it a proof of want of feeling that Jessy could be cheerful and gay. She could not understand the motives which actuated that noble-minded girl, and she continually put false constructions on her actions, from the fact of her own selfish nature not being able to comprehend generosity in its self-denying character.

But the skill of the surgeon, and the tenderness and care of the young wife, failed in restoring the use of poor Ralph's injured limb; and after some weeks had elapsed, it was suggested by one of his neighbours that it would be well to obtain the advice of some of the faculty in London, where it could be had gratuitously by becoming an inmate of one of the hospitals. His mother was vehement in her opposition to this plan. She could not bear, she said, that her darling son should be taken a hundred miles away, and left to the care of strangers, perhaps to die of neglect; but Jessy saw the matter in a different light. She felt confident, that under his present treatment, her husband would never regain the use of his limb; indeed the surgeon had talked of amputation as the only means of saving his life, and she had heard that the skill of the first of the profession could be obtained for the poor through the medium of those excellent institutions. Ralph's first idea was, that he must go alone; but Jessy had determined otherwise. She saw the difficulty which would follow giving up her business for a season, especially as it was now their only means of support; but she saw also that the beneficial results which were anticipated from the visit were likely to be rendered ineffectual by his solitary situation. Could she procure a little lodging near to him, and obtain some employment, she felt assured that the chances of his recovery were greater; for she dreaded the probable result of his being wholly deprived of her society and attentions. This plan she thought also would silence her mother-in-law's objections; but on this point she was mistaken. Mrs. Benson declared that she would be left behind alone. She was too weak, she said, to wait upon herself; and by what means was she to be supported? It was in vain that Jessy assured her that she would share with her her earnings, and represented that it was not likely that the neighbours, with whom she had lived for so many years, would suffer her to want either assistance or provision. She was obstinate in her determination to go with them, if, she said, they were mad enough to go at all.

This was a fresh trial for poor Jessy; but she saw no other alternative than to submit; and since submit she must, she resolved to do it graciously. The expense of the journey for three persons would take the principal part of her little store; but this portion of her trouble was removed by the benevolence of the squire, who had always shown a willingness to assist any member of Giles Gibbons's family. He kindly offered his travelling carriage to conduct them, observing, that it would not only spare them the expense, but be a more easy mode of conveyance for the invalid. Jessy's gratitude was unbounded at this unlooked-for kindness, and her heart beat with indescribable emotions as she contemplated this assistance, as a proof that heaven favoured her project by facilitating her means of undertaking it.

The cottage was left under the care of a neighbour, and taking as little luggage as possible, the trio set out on their journey. As they travelled by easy stages, on account of the motion increasing the pain in Ralph's arm, they were three days in accomplishing it; and far from enviable was his or his wife's situation in having their mother for a companion: she could see no pleasing prospect to divert, no mercies to call forth her thankfulness; and she did little else but complain the whole of the way. Jessy, on the contrary, felt so animated by the anticipated result of the visit, that she had no room for the admission of aught save gratitude and hope.

The squire had provided Ralph with a ticket of admission to an hospital of which he was one of the directors, and thither they immediately drove. Jessy's first care was to see her husband comfortably settled in his new abode. This done, she took leave of him, it must be confessed not without a pang, and then sought a home for herself and her mother-in-law. She felt timid and solitary when she found herself alone in London's crowded streets; but she at length succeeded in procuring a small ready furnished apartment near to the hospital, to which she immediately conducted the old woman.

'A miserable home this!' the widow muttered, after she had with some difficulty mounted two flights of dark steep stairs.

'The entrance is unpleasant, but the room is neat and cleanly, dear mother,' Jessy soothingly observed; 'and I trust,' she added, 'that we shall not require to occupy it for a very long period.' But Mrs. Benson could see nothing to admire and nothing to hope. She persisted that Jessy had brought both herself and son to die in a strange place, removed from all their friends, and no arguments on the part of the young wife could quiet her.

Our heroine's next duty was an endeavour to find some employment which would serve to support them till Ralph became convalescent; but here her little knowledge of the state of trade in London had induced her to form a wrong estimate of the difficulties she had to contend with. She imagined that she had only to persevere in her applications to the houses of business where female labour was required, and that success must at length crown her efforts; but she was mistaken and disappointed; and she then discovered that hundreds of her sex were placed in the same pitiable situation, and many of them in consequence wanting the common necessaries of life. Jessy's mind was not, however, of a character to sink under discouragements. She had the satisfaction of finding, on her visits to the hospital, which were as frequent as the rules allowed, that her beloved husband was improving under the care and skill he enjoyed. It is true her money was almost expended, and want seemed ready to startle her by his wan aspect; but her fortitude and humble trust in the protection of an all-wise and all-gracious Providence forsook her not.

The change from a healthy and airy situation to a confined chamber in the most densely populated part of the metropolis, greatly affected the health of the widow. Jessy was less a sufferer from it, because she was less at home; but she began to entertain serious apprehensions lest her mother-in-law's death should be the result; and knowing how dear she was to her son, notwithstanding her faults, the wife was obliged to speak with great caution to him when she gave her report concerning his mother's situation. The failure of Jessy's plans with respect to procuring employment in the manner she expected, induced her to request her landlady's permission to put a bill in her front window intimating that needle-work was performed by a person residing in the house; and the request was most opportunely made, for the woman informed her that she had that morning been asked if she knew of any person who would assist in making up mourning for a lady in whose family a death had just taken place. The offer was an inviting one to poor Jessy, who had exchanged her last piece of silver coin; but she felt it necessary to consult with her mother-in-law ere she accepted of it, as it would constrain her to leave home for the whole of the day. Mrs. Benson was at first angry at what she called her daughter's wish to neglect her; but when her selfishness led her to contemplate the benefit which she should share, she ungraciously consented. Jessy immediately proceeded (agreeably to the direction given her) to the residence of Mrs. Grover, who gladly engaged her services for the ensuing week, and who, moreover, upon hearing her simple story, volunteered to recommend her to the ladies of her acquaintance. The mild eyes of the young sempstress overflowed with tears of gratitude at this assurance; she was too little versed in the ways of the world to know that ladies with really kind intentions are apt, for the want of a little thought, to promise, under the excitement of instinctive charity and sympathy, a great deal more than they are either able, or, in some instances, willing afterwards to perform. Be this as it may, Jessy, by the expedition and neatness with which she executed her task, gave entire satisfaction to her employer. A source of uneasiness, however, occurred on the third day. It was the time appointed by the rules of the institution for visitors to be admitted to the hospital, and she had never yet failed in availing herself of the opportunity to see her husband. She could have borne the privation with fortitude, had she been able to make him acquainted with her engagements elsewhere, but she could find no one who could undertake the mission; and kindly as were the feelings of her present employer towards her, she yet saw that she was too much interested in having the mourning finished, to consent to any delay. Whilst she was sitting musing upon the disappointment and anxiety her beloved Ralph would feel at not seeing her form enter the ward at the usual hour, Mrs. Grover, who, meanwhile, had been planning the arrangement of the crapes or ornaments from a magazine of fashions which lay open before her, was summoned from the room by the footman's announcing that Dr. A—— had arrived.

'Dr. A——,' Jessy repeated, raising her eyes suddenly from her work. 'Do you know that gentleman?' inquired her companion in some surprise. 'Jessy blushed. Not personally, ma'am,' she returned; 'but I have heard my husband speak of a Dr. A—— who has showed him particular attention and kindness.'

'He is one of the physicians in attendance on the hospital, and is well known for his benevolence,' Mrs. Grover observed, as she moved towards the door.

'Oh! madam,' exclaimed the young sempstress, gazing after her with a look of great earnestness—'oh! madam, do you think I might be so bold as to ask to see him?'

'Do you wish to enquire concerning the state of your husband's health?' the lady demanded.

'No, ma'am,' she hesitatingly replied; 'I am not in doubt on that matter. I am thankful to hear he is in a likely way to recover the entire use of his limb; but—but—'

'But what?' Mrs. Grover inquired.

'I am too intrusive in asking such a thing perhaps,' cried Jessy; 'but I thought if Dr. A—— would kindly let my poor husband know that I am working for you, ma'am, and that that is the reason he does not see me to-day, it would dispel his fears, and make me very happy.'

'I will make the request for you,' Mrs. Grover rejoined with an approving smile, 'and I don't doubt it will be granted.'

The lady had not been long absent from the room, when the footman re-appeared with the request that Jessy would wait on Dr. A—— in the drawing-room. She arose with a palpitating heart, and could scarcely summon courage to raise her eyes as she entered the apartment, lest the favour she had asked should have been deemed a liberty; but the kind voice of the physician reassured her. 'So, you are the wife of Ralph Benson, young woman!' he said as she advanced. Jessy curtsied an assent. 'And you are concerned lest your husband should be made unhappy by your absence?' he further interrogated.

'Not by my absence, sir,' was Jessy's reply, 'but by the cause being unknown to him.'

'Well, my good young woman, you may rest satisfied on that head,' he kindly rejoined; 'I shall visit the hospital to-day, and will make a point of seeing him. Pray, is there any other way in which I can serve you?' Jessy hesitated a moment. 'Oh, sir, you are very kind,' she energetically



exclaimed; 'and if it were not too much to ask, I would wish you to visit my husband's mother, who is seriously ill at our little lodging.'

'Give me your address, and I will call upon her to-morrow,' here turned Tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the now happy young wife—gratitude too powerful for expression. She named the number and the street in which she lived; nor did she forget to caution the kind physician not to speak of his mother's illness to Ralph. Again she curtsied, and retreated, but not till the benevolent disciple of Esculapius had forced into her hand a small donation, which, in her present circumstances, was to her a little fortune.

Dr. A—— was not a man to promise much, but he was a man to act, and to gain his confidence and esteem was of no small value. He visited the elder Mrs. Benson on the morrow, and recommended an immediate change to a more airy and healthy situation as the only means of restoring the aged invalid. The widow was touched with the cheerful assent Jessy immediately made to this proposal; she was aware it must be a sacrifice to her feelings to remove her to a greater distance from her husband; she knew also it would add to her toil by lengthening her walk; and her conscience told her that she deserved not such a return from the young creature, whose affection she had made no effort to gain, and whom she had even treated with unkindness.

The change was made as soon as Jessy's engagement with Mrs. Grover would permit, and they now occupied a large airy chamber, open to the fields. 'I trust you will revive here, dear mother,' was the daughter's exclamation a few days after their arrival, as she arranged the pillow of an easy-chair she had hired expressly for the invalid. 'Under good Dr. A——'s care, both you and Ralph will soon be well,' she continued, 'and we shall return home so very happy.' Mrs. Benson's heart responded that she at least deserved to be; but her pride would not at present let her acknowledge that Jessy had done quite right.

'Oh, what a blissful sight it will be to see dear Ralph using his arm again!' the young wife pursued, whilst her countenance was irradiated with delight at the bare idea.

'Nay, it depends upon the manner in which he uses it,' interposed the old woman, whilst a smile of pleasantry foreign to her usual habits lit up her features; 'suppose he exercises it in making you feel its power?'

'I would cheerfully submit even to that,' Jessy laughingly rejoined; 'anything that would prove that his strength was restored.'

'It shall work for thee, my own Jessy, and I shall never think it can do enough to repay all thy kindness,' exclaimed a well-known voice, and Ralph was the next moment in the presence of his mother and his wife. The former uttered a cry of surprise, and the latter sunk into his extended arms. The young man being pronounced sufficiently convalescent, had procured his dismissal unknown to his family; and not being aware of the severe illness of his mother (though he had been informed of their removal,) he had come with the intention of giving them a joyful surprise. His heart beat quick with pleasure when he heard the kindly tones with which Mrs. Benson addressed her daughter; it was a happy omen, he thought, and it made the bliss of his return more complete.

The pale aspect of his mother, however, excited his alarm; but Jessy assured him that her health was already improving, and she doubted not but a week or two at the most in their present abode would restore her so far as to enable her to undertake the journey home. Their kind friend the squire had, she said, through the medium of her sister, offered the use of the travelling-carriage once more. 'And oh how happy home will be after this long absence!' she energetically added.

'Surely I shall value the use of my limbs more than ever I did before,' exclaimed Ralph.

'I shall value you more than ever, after having so nearly lost you,' responded Jessy, whilst she struggled between smiles and tears.

'And I hope I shall value you both more than I have hitherto done,' cried the widow, now completely softened and humbled at the contemplation of the selfish part she had taken, and she opened her arms to fold her children together in her embrace as she spoke.

And need we say how delightful was such a confession to our long-enduring heroine. Her meekness and forbearance had accomplished the desired object. She had won the love of one who had hitherto been dear to her for her husband's sake, but whom her warm heart desired to encircle with its affections for her own. The griefs of her past life were forgotten—that happy moment repaid them all.

Many were the joyful greetings and congratulations which accompanied the return of the Bensons to their native village, and Ralph recommenced his employment with feelings of gratitude which made his labour sweet. Jessy, too, thought that the sun shone brighter, that the birds sang sweeter, and that every thing looked more beautiful, than they had done before; and thus it ever is, when the storms of affliction are past, and the sweet calm of happiness follows. The widow lived to see herself surrounded by a numerous train of grandchild ren; but she was an altered woman. Hitherto her life had been a source of disquiet to those around her, but no (although long-indulged habits could not be entirely eradicated) a new principle having been implanted—a principle of love and peace—its salutary effects were seen in her words and actions, and she became a blessing where she had before been a bane.

Happy would it be for society were hers an insulated case, and happy would it be if forbearance were exercised when families are thus tried, since experience, with few exceptions, proves the truth of the proverb of the wise man of old, that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'

#### EVEN HANDED JUSTICE.

Our friend the Lawyer has elsewhere alluded to the shield which the law interposes for the protection of the humblest member of the community. We have a pleasant example of this, which we derive from a legal friend, formerly a resident of Albany, where the following bit of sharp practice took place: 'I had been a student at law some months, when one morning, during the absence of my principal, I was favored with a professional call from a slender and delicately-framed woman, attended by her little boy, about six years old. His head was extensively covered with a long-napped fur hat, which rested on his ears, and had evidently been purchased with a view to his future growth. His coat of 'pressed cloth' had a very long skirt, and had once composed a part of a gown for his economical mother. The widow and orphan comprised the family. They had come some twenty-five miles to market, in a waggon drawn by one horse, and had brought with them all the products of a summer's industry which they could spare from their scanty harvest. The sum-total, after the sale of stocking-yarn, woollen mittens, socks, chickens, etc., had been calculated upon to a cent, before leaving home; so that any fall in the market, or loss by misfortune or knavery, was calculated to impair her finances, and destroy her hopes. I desired her to sit down, and she then commenced her story. Soon

after taking her stand in the street in the morning, among the many inquiries made of her as to the price of her commodities, was one by Deacon S——, a very pious and reputable member of one of the churches. He wished to know what she asked for a pair of her chickens. The woman answered, two shillings. To this the deacon demurred, but offered eighteen pence. The widow replied that she had but little to bring to market, and had calculated on receiving a certain sum of money for it; she knew her chickens were worth the price charged, and she could not sell them for less than two shillings a pair. Hereupon the deacon left; but soon after, he saw the woman go into a store near by, when he returned to the waggon, and said to the boy that he would take the chickens; and he laid down a 'pistareen,' took the fowls, and left. The mother soon returned, and missed her chickens; and when informed what had been paid for them, and in what manner they had been taken, she determined at once either to 'get her price or have her chickens.' She saw the deacon moving off in 'rather of a hurry,' but she pursued, overtook, and confronted him. She recognized her chickens, and demanded her price. The deacon was indignant; said he had bought them of the boy, and that unless she left him and ceased her complaints, he would put the law in force against her; and thus got off for the moment. I advised the widow to replevy the chickens; and as the office to which she had been directed to get advice was in high repute, she at once acquiesced in the course I advised. I issued the writ, obtained for the widow the necessary bail, and at the usual dinner hour for the old deacon, the sheriff was at the door with the writ of replevin. After making known his business, the deacon expressed, as well he might, much surprise; said the chickens could not be restored; they were cooked; he had friends to dinner; the fowls were ready to be served up, and so forth. The faithful officer however knew his duty, and all the circumstances of the case. He was incorrigible, and demanded the chickens, which in the mean time had been placed on the table before him. The deacon was advised by the sheriff to see the lawyer and settle the matter; in the interim, he would take charge of the chickens, and await the deacon's return. The 'pious old gentleman' came foaming to the office, to effect an amicable settlement of the suit; and as an item in the bill of his hardships, he said that his dinner was in the hands of the sheriff, and his family and friends awaiting his return. I proceeded to make up the bill of costs, and stated them at *thirteen dollars and fifty cents*, which the deacon paid over, and took a receipt, together with directions to the officer to suffer the dinner to proceed! Such 'even handed justice' as this is certainly a fair set-off to the 'abuses of the law' of which so many complaints are made.

Klickerbocker.

#### YOUTH'S DIRGE.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

##### MANHOOD.

The Hours, the Hours, at play no more,  
Fling hyacinths o'er the skies:  
The Venus in the star of yore  
Is lost to weary eyes;  
The reeds still rustle in the air,  
The stream still glides along,  
But dim the Naiad's gleaming hair,  
And mute Pan's lusty song!  
With wreaths, but wreaths of wither'd flowers,  
A spectre train emerge,  
Oh, pale-eyed shapes, are ye the Hours?  
Earth, hear their ghostly dirge!

##### CHORUS OF THE HOURS.

Welladay, Youth is dead!  
Dead with his sweet bride, Pleasure!  
With a heavy tread  
His wrinkled heir, the miser Care,  
Has come to seize his treasure:  
He seizes the spendthrift's countless gold,  
And heaps it over with dust and mould!

##### SATURN.

Ever thus to Youth's bed  
Manhood's sighs knoll him!  
Age sighs for Manhood sped—  
Death shall console him!

##### MANHOOD.

See, slowly lengthening, close the shades  
Along the slopes of mirth!  
Like sunlight from the water, fades  
The Beautiful from earth.  
Oh, blithe the carol heard but now,  
When green leaves freshly stir'd!  
How heavy hangs the autumn bough!  
Oh, whither flies the bird?  
O Hours, that went so arrow-fleet,  
And glow'd with heavenly bloom,  
How slowly drag your leaden feet,  
Dim circlers round a tomb!

##### CHORUS OF HOURS.

Welladay, Youth is gone!  
Cruel rites were done o'er him;  
On his funeral stone  
His slaves were slain—that faithful train,  
That scatter'd flowers before him!  
Laughter and love, and song and jest,  
All with their king of the East at rest!

##### SATURN.

Children, though Youth be sped,  
Wherefore deplore him?  
Death, while ye mourn the dead,  
Comes—to restore him!

#### WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF ACCIDENT.

##### FRACTURED BONES.

There are few accidents more frequent, or more distressing in their results, than those arising from fractured bones; and none in which the attempts at relief afforded by bystanders are fraught with greater danger to the patient. When a person is seen to fall prostrate, the first impulse of the crowd is to raise him



up, without stopping to inquire the nature or extent of the accident, and totally overlooking the fact, that the recumbent position is the one chosen by nature as that best adapted for the sick, the weary, and the infirm—as the only position in which they can enjoy perfect rest, without the exercise of any muscular effort. In the case of fracture of any part of the lower extremity, moving the patient from the horizontal position is productive of great mischief, and a knowledge of this simple fact would, in a majority of cases, avert the necessity of the surgeon's knife, or the patient from permanent lameness and much subsequent torture.

The writer's attention was first particularly drawn to this subject by an accident that occurred some years ago to himself. His horse fell with him, and as it happened in a principal London thoroughfare, a crowd immediately gathered round, and the first cry was, 'Lift the gentleman up.' Happily for him, his presence of mind had not deserted him, and he enjoined them to desist, as being a medical man, he best knew how to proceed. In a few moments he discovered that his leg was broken, and then the consequences of being 'lifted up' occurred to him in all their horror. A shutter having been procured, he directed it to be laid down at his side, and moving very cautiously, so as not to disturb the limb, soon contrived to edge himself upon it; it was then raised by four of the bystanders, and in this manner he was carried to his residence.

A few moments consideration will convince us of the impropriety of raising the body from the ground. It may readily be conceived that, by preserving the horizontal position, if the limb be straight, encased as it is by its various muscles and integuments, the broken bone will remain in its natural situation; but that, by raising the body (and consequently the leg,) we make a lever of the upper half of the bone, the broken point of which becomes the fulcrum, and turns at right angles with the lower half, which, having lost its continuity of support, is disposed to preserve its original posture; and that by this, although the skin may not in every case be actually torn, still there must be an approximation towards it, and that the surrounding parts must be more or less lacerated. Should the skin be torn, the simple fracture, in the language of surgery, becomes a compound one, the inconvenience to the patient more severe, and the chances of recovery considerably lessened.

The possible mischief, and consequent danger, does not rest here. One of the arteries of the limb may be wounded by a point of the fractured bone, and then the danger is much increased. The arteries gradually increase in size from the foot upwards, and above the knee unite into one trunk or main artery, any laceration of which is productive of the worst consequences. Even in the foot they are large enough, if the bleeding be permitted to continue, to produce fatal results, although in that case time enough is generally obtained to arrest the hemorrhage. But should the thigh be fractured, and the femoral, or main artery, of the limb be wounded, the flow of blood is so great, that if not immediately stopped, the patient's life may be lost in three minutes.

The femoral artery takes the course of, and runs parallel to, the thigh bone; and when that is broken, it will readily be seen how likely it is to be pierced by a spicula of bone, or one of its broken points; and this indeed frequently happens.

It now remains for us to consider what we are called upon to do in accidents of this nature. In the first place, do not attempt to alter the position from that in which the patient falls; that is, supposing the limb be not bent. Administer a glass of wine, or spirit and water, obtained from the nearest good Samaritan (and one will easily be found); next, should the accident occur in a crowded thoroughfare, let a ring be formed, to prevent the sufferer from being pressed upon or run over. In a few moments, if his senses have been spared, he will be able to say where he is hurt, by gently moving his limbs. A shutter should now be obtained; and if he possesses sufficient nerve, it will be best, as in the writer's case, for him gradually to edge himself upon it, as he will best know what degree of motion he can bear without pain. If he is unable to do this, one of the bystanders must proceed to assist him, by supporting the injured limb.

It is necessary to observe great caution in doing this. Suppose, for instance, the limb be raised by lifting the foot, if we refer to the observations already made, we shall perceive the same consequences will occur as if the person were raised from the ground. It is therefore necessary to remember, from the first moment of the accident to the last before the cure, that in raising a broken limb, care must be taken to use both hands, the one placed below, and the other above the point of fracture, as if the limb were in two separate pieces, and but slightly held together.

It may happen that the patient is insensible, and the seat of injury not obvious. He may be suffering from compression of the brain, or concussion, or fracture of the skull or spine, or may have sustained some internal and severe injury. In such cases the worst consequences are always to be apprehended, and the sufferer must be treated with the utmost tenderness. If the power of swallowing remain (which may be known by pouring a little water into the mouth), a little wine, or spirit and water, may invariably be given, and this is all that is necessary; great mischief often arises from doing too much. Let the patient be placed upon a litter, and carried home, or to the nearest hospital, with great care and tenderness.

To return to the case of fractured leg. Before placing the patient in bed, be careful that everything is well prepared for his reception, as he will have to remain there at least one month without moving the broken limb. It is of great importance to have the bed so hard and smooth, as to receive no impression from the weight of the body. A small French bedstead, wide enough for one person only, will be found most convenient, a lath bottom being indispensable; if this cannot be had, an ironing board must be placed on the sacking, and on this a horse hair mattress, covered by a blanket, over which nail down the sheet tightly on both sides.

In removing the patient from the shutter, place it on a line, and level with the bed, and let him shift himself upon it, as we have before described. Before this removal, splints had better be applied to the limb, as it can then be supported with less pain to the fractured parts.

Fractures of the arm and forearm are in general more easily cured than those of the lower extremity, although the future freedom of the forearm depends in a great measure on the tact and talent of the surgeon. They, of course, do not involve the necessity of maintaining the recumbent position; and all that is necessary previous to professional attendance is, the placing the arm in a sling or half handkerchief, which should extend from the elbow to the wrist.

Setting a broken limb means nothing more than placing the fractured ends of the bone opposite each other, and retaining them there by the application of splints made of wood or mill-board. Much misapprehension prevails on this point; it is generally considered as a formidable operation, requiring to be per-

formed as soon after the accident as possible. When the fracture happens to be a compound one, with one end of the bone perhaps protruding through the skin, it is then desirable to reduce it as soon as possible; but otherwise, it may be postponed until the bed is fully prepared for the patient's future requirements.

In closing this paper, the writer cannot help advertent to two points of great importance in the treatment of fractures, although in doing so he is aware he is trespassing beyond the limits he has prescribed for himself; they are, on the impropriety of blood-letting, and the use of cold applications, during any period of the subsequent treatment. Bleeding by some is had recourse to prevent inflammation; this it will not do; and the proof is, that uniformly, the more delicate the subject, the greater is the degree of susceptibility to its attacks. But in fractures, we have really no inflammation to dread, nor blood to spare, for nature will require more than her usual supply to repair the injury sustained, and if needlessly subtracted, the period of cure will be proportionably prolonged.

With respect to cold applications, we do not always sufficiently discriminate the nature of the complaint for which they are used. For pain arising from inflammatory action, cold is an excellent application; but for pain arising from contusion of parts, warm fomentations are by far the most soothing and efficient. It is a trite observation, that old fractures are as sensitive to atmospheric changes as the barometer. Where warmth alone has been used, the writer has never known this to occur.

## EARL OF CHATHAM.

From the Last Edinburgh Review.—(Continued.)

The King's resentment was now at its height. The present evil seemed to him more intolerable than any other. Even the junta of Whig grandees could not treat him worse than he had been treated by his present ministers. In his distress he poured out his whole heart to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke was not a man to be loved; but he was eminently a man to be trusted. He had an intrepid temper, a strong understanding, and a high sense of honour and duty. As a general, he belonged to a remarkable class of captains—captains, we mean, whose fate it has been to lose almost all the battles which they have fought, and yet to be reputed stout and skilful soldiers. Such captains were Coligny and William the Third. We might, perhaps, add Marshal Soubise to the list. The bravery of the Duke of Cumberland was such as distinguished him even among the princes of his brave house. The indifference with which he rode about amidst musket-balls and cannon-balls was not the highest proof of his fortitude. Hopeless maladies, horrible surgical operations, far from unmaning him, did not even discompose him. With courage, he had the virtues which are akin to courage. He spoke the truth, was open in enmity and friendship, and upright in all his dealings. But his nature was hard; and what seemed to him justice was rarely tempered with mercy. He was, therefore, during many years one of the most unpopular men in England. The severity with which he had treated the rebels after the battle of Culloden, had gained for him the name of the butcher. His attempt to introduce into the army of England, then in a most relaxed state, the rigorous discipline of Potsdam, had excited still stronger disgust. Nothing was too bad to be believed of him. Many honest people were so absurd as to fancy that, if he were left regent during the minority of his nephews, there would be another smothering in the Tower. These feelings, however, had passed away. The Duke had been living, during some years, in retirement. The English, full of animosity against the Scots, now blamed his royal highness only for having left so many Camerons and Macphersons to be made gaugers and custom-house officers. He was therefore, at present, a favourite with his countrymen, and especially with the inhabitants of London.

He had little reason to love the King, and had shown clearly, though not obtrusively, his dislike of the system which had lately been pursued. But he had high and almost romantic notions of the duty which, as a prince of the blood, he owed to the head of his house. He determined to extricate his nephew from bondage, and to effect a reconciliation between the Whig party and the throne, on terms honourable to both.

In this mind he set off for Hayes, and was admitted to Pitt's sick-room. For Pitt would not leave his chamber, and would not communicate with any messenger of inferior dignity. And now began a long series of errors on the part of the illustrious statesman, errors which involved his country in difficulties and distresses more serious even than those from which his genius had formerly rescued her. His language was haughty, unreasonable, almost unintelligible. The only thing which could be discerned through a cloud of vague and not very gracious phrases was, that he would not at that moment take office. The truth, we believe, was this. Lord Temple, who was Pitt's evil genius, had just formed a new scheme of politics. Hatred of Bute and of the Princess had it should seem, taken entire possession of Temple's soul. He had quarrelled with his brother George, because George had been connected with Bute and the Princess. Now that George appeared to be the enemy of Bute and the Princess, Temple was eager to bring about a general family reconciliation. The three brothers, as Temple, Grenville, and Pitt, were popularly called, might make a ministry, without leaning for aid either on Bute or on the Whig connection. With such views, Temple used all his influence to dissuade Pitt from acceding to the propositions of the Duke of Cumberland. Pitt was not convinced. But Temple had an influence over him such as no other person had ever possessed. They were very old friends, very near relations. If Pitt's talents and fame had been useful to Temple, Temple's purse had formerly, in times of great need, been useful to Pitt. They had never been parted in politics. Twice they had come into the cabinet together; twice they had left it together. Pitt could not bear to think of taking office without his chief ally. Yet he felt that he was doing wrong, that he was throwing away a great opportunity of serving his country. The obscure and unconciliatory style of the answers which he returned to the overtures of the Duke of Cumberland, may be ascribed to the embarrassment and vexation of a mind not at peace with itself. It is said that he mournfully exclaimed to Temple,

'Extinxi te meque, soror, populumque, patresque  
Sidonios, urbemque tuam.'

The prediction was but too just.

Finding Pitt impracticable, the Duke of Cumberland advised the King to submit to necessity, and to keep Grenville and the Bedfords. It was, indeed, not a time at which offices could safely be left vacant. The unsettled state of the government had produced a general relaxation through all the departments of the public service. Meetings, which at another time would have been harmless, now turned to riots, and rapidly rose almost to the dignity of rebellions. The Houses of Parliament were blockaded by the Spitalfields weavers. Bedford House was assailed on all sides by a furious rabble, and was strongly gar-



risoned by horse and foot. Some people attributed these disturbances to the friends of Bute, and some to the friends of Wilkes. But whatever might be the cause, the effect was general insecurity. Under such circumstances the King had no choice. With bitter feelings of mortification, he informed the ministers that he meant to retain them.

They answered by demanding from him a promise on his royal word never more to consult Lord Bute. The promise was given. They then demanded something more. Lord Bute's brother, Mr. Mackenzie, held a lucrative office in Scotland. Mr. Mackenzie must be dismissed. The King replied that the office had been given under very peculiar circumstances, and that he had promised never to take it away while he lived. Grenville was obstinate, and the King, with a very bad grace, yielded.

The session of Parliament was over. The triumph of the ministers was complete. The King was almost as much a prisoner as Charles the First had been, when in the Isle of Wight. Such were the fruits of the policy which, only a few months before, was represented as having for ever secured the throne against the dictation of insolent subjects.

His Majesty's natural resentment showed itself in every look and word. In his extremity, he looked wistfully towards that Whig connection, once the object of his dread and hatred. The Duke of Devonshire, who had been treated with unjustifiable harshness, had lately died, and had been succeeded by his son, who was still a boy. The King condescended to express his regret for what had passed, and to invite the young Duke to court. The noble youth came, attended by his uncles, and was received with marked graciousness.

This and many other symptoms of the same kind irritated the ministers. They had still in store for their sovereign an insult which would have provoked his grandfather to kick them out of the room. Grenville and Bedford demanded an audience of him, and read him a remonstrance of many pages, which they had drawn up with great care. His majesty was accused of breaking his word, and of treating his advisers with gross unfairness. The Princess was mentioned in language by no means eulogistic. Hints were thrown out that Bute's head was in danger. The King was plainly told that he must not continue to show, as he had done, that he disliked the situation in which he was placed; that he must frown upon the opposition, that he must carry it fair towards his ministers in public. He several times interrupted the reading, by declaring that he had ceased to hold any communication with Bute. But the ministers, disregarding his denial, went on: and the King listened in silence, almost choked by rage. When they ceased to read, he merely made a gesture expressive of his wish to be left alone. He afterwards owned that he thought he should have gone into a fit.

Driven to despair, he again had recourse to the Duke of Cumberland; and the Duke of Cumberland again had recourse to Pitt. Pitt was really desirous to undertake the direction of affairs, and owned, with many dutiful expressions, that the terms offered by the King were all that any subject could desire. But Temple was impracticable; and Pitt, with great regret, declared that he could not, without the concurrence of his brother-in-law, undertake the administration.

The Duke now saw only one way of delivering his nephew. An administration must be formed of the Whigs in opposition, without Pitt's help. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable. Death and desertion had grievously thinned the ranks of the party lately supreme in the state. Those among which the Duke's choice lay might be divided into two classes, men too old for important offices, and men who had never been in any important office before. The cabinet must be composed of broken invalids or of raw recruits.

This was an evil, yet not an unmixed evil. If the new Whig statesmen had little experience in business and debate, they were, on the other hand, pure from the taint of that political immorality which had deeply infected their predecessors. Long prosperity had corrupted that great party which had expelled the Stuarts, limited the prerogatives of the Crown, and curbed the intolerance of the Hierarchy. Adversity had already produced a salutary effect. On the day of the accession of George the Third, the ascendancy of the Whig party terminated; and on that day the purification of the Whig party began. The rising chiefs of that party were men of a very different sort from Sandys and Winnington, from Sir William Younge and Henry Fox. They were men worthy to have charged by the side of Hampden at Chalgrove, or to have exchanged the last embrace with Russell on the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. They carried into politics the same high principles of virtue which regulated their private dealings, nor would they stoop to promote even the noblest and most salutary ends by means which honour and probity condemn. Such men were Lord John Cavendish, Sir George Savile, and others whom we hold in honour as the second founders of the Whig party, as the restorers of its pristine health and energy after half a century of degeneracy.

The chief of this respectable band was the Marquis of Rockingham, a man of splendid fortune, excellent sense, and stainless character. He was indeed nervous to such a degree, that, to the very close of his life, he never rose without great reluctance and embarrassment to address the House of Lords. But though not a great orator, he had in a high degree some of the qualities of a statesman. He chose his friends well; and he had, in an extraordinary degree, the art of attaching them to him by ties of the most honourable kind. The cheerful fidelity with which they adhered to him through many years of hopeless opposition, was less admirable than the disinterestedness and delicacy which they showed when he rose to power.

We are inclined to think that the use and the abuse of party cannot be better illustrated than by a parallel between two powerful connections of that time, the Rockinghams and the Bedfords. The Rockingham party was, in our view, exactly what a party should be. It consisted of men bound together by common opinions, by common public objects, by mutual esteem. That they desired to obtain, by honest and constitutional means, the direction of affairs, they openly avowed. But, though often invited to accept the honours and emoluments of office, they steadily refused to do so on any conditions inconsistent with their principles. The Bedford party, as a party, had, as far as we can discover, no principle whatever. Rigby and Sandwich wanted public money, and thought that they should fetch a higher price jointly than singly. They therefore acted in concert, and prevailed on a much more important and a much better man than themselves to act with them.

It was to Rockingham that the Duke of Cumberland now had recourse. The Marquis consented to take the treasury. Newcastle, so long the recognized chief of the Whigs, could not well be excluded from the ministry. He was appointed keeper of the privy seal. A very honest clear-headed country gentleman, of the name of Dowdeswell, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. General Conway, who had served under the Duke of Cumberland, and was strongly attached to his royal highness, was made Secretary of State, with the lead in the House of Commons. A great Whig nobleman, in the prime of

manhood, from whom much was at that time expected, Augustus Duke of Grafton, was the other Secretary.

The oldest man living could remember no government so weak in oratorical talents and in official experience. The general opinion was, that the ministers might hold office during the recess, but that the first day of debate in Parliament would be the last day of their power. Charles Townshend was asked what he thought of the new administration. "It is," said he, "mere lute-string - pretty summer wear. It will never do for the winter."

At this juncture Lord Rockingham had the wisdom to discern the value, and secure the aid, of an ally, who, to eloquence surpassing the eloquence of Pitt, and to industry which shamed the industry of Grenville, united an amplitude of comprehension to which neither Pitt nor Grenville could lay claim. A young Irishman had, some time before, come over to push his fortune in London. He had written much for the booksellers; but he was best known by a little treatise, in which the style and reasoning of Bolingbroke were mimicked with exquisite skill, and by a theory, of more ingenuity than soundness, touching the pleasures which we receive from the objects of taste. He had also attained a high reputation as a talker, and was regarded by the men of letters who supped together at the Turk's Head as the only match in conversation for Dr. Johnson. He now became private secretary to Lord Rockingham, and was brought into Parliament by his patron's influence. These arrangements, indeed, were not made without some difficulty. The Duke of Newcastle, who was always meddling and chattering, adjured the first lord of the treasury to be on his guard against this adventurer, whose real name was O'Bourke, and whom his Grace knew to be a wild Irishman, a Jacobite, a Papist, a concealed Jesuit. Lord Rockingham treated the calumny as it deserved; and the Whig party was strengthened and adorned by the accession of Edmund Burke.

The party, indeed, stood in need of accessions; for it sustained about this time an almost irreparable loss. The Duke of Cumberland had formed the government, and was its main support. His exalted rank and great name in some degree balanced the fame of Pitt. As mediator between the Whigs and the court, he held a place which no other person could fill. The strength of his character supplied that which was the chief defect of the new ministry. Conway in particular, who, with excellent intentions and respectable talents, was the most dependent and irresolute of human beings, drew from the counsels of that masculine mind a determination not his own. Before the meeting of Parliament the Duke suddenly died. His death was generally regarded as the signal of great troubles, and on this account, as well as from respect for his personal qualities, was greatly lamented. It was remarked that the mourning in London was the most general ever known, and was both deeper and longer than the Gazette had prescribed.

In the mean time, every mail from America brought alarming tidings. The crop which Grenville had sown, his successors had now to reap. The colonies were in a state bordering on rebellion. The stamps were burned. The revenue officers were tarred and feathered. All traffic between the discontented provinces and the mother country was interrupted. The Exchange of London was in dismay. Half the firms of Bristol and Liverpool were threatened with bankruptcy. In Leeds, Manchester, Nottingham, it was said that three artisans out of every ten had been turned adrift. Civil war seemed to be at hand; and it could not be doubted, that, if once the British nation were divided against itself, France and Spain would soon take part in the quarrel.

Three courses were open to the ministers. The first was to enforce the Stamp Act by the sword. This was the course on which the King, and Grenville, whom the King hated beyond all living men, were alike bent. The natures of both were arbitrary and stubborn. They resembled each other so much that they could never be friends; but they resembled each other also so much, that they saw almost all important practical questions in the same point of view. Neither of them would bear to be governed by the other; but they perfectly agreed as to governing the people.

Another course was that which Pitt recommended. He held that the British Parliament was not constitutionally competent to pass a law for taxing colonies. He therefore considered the Stamp Act as a nullity, as a document of no more validity than Charles's writ of ship-money, or James's proclamation dispensing with the penal laws. This doctrine seems to us, we must own, to be altogether untenable.

Between these extreme courses lay a third way. The opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of those times was, that the British constitution had set no limit whatever to the legislative power of the British King, Lords, and Commons, over the whole British Empire. Parliament, they held, was legally competent to tax America, as Parliament was legally competent to commit any other act of folly or wickedness, to confiscate the property of all the merchants in Lombard Street, or to attempt any man in the kingdom of high treason, without hearing him in his own defence. The most atrocious act of confiscation or of attainder is just as valid an act as the Toleration Act or the Habeas Corpus Act. But from acts of confiscation and acts of attainder, law-givers are bound, by every obligation of morality, systematically to refrain. In the same manner ought the British legislature to refrain from taxing the American colonies. The Stamp Act was indefensible, not because it was beyond the constitutional competence of Parliament, but because it was unjust and impolitic, sterile of revenue, and fertile of discontents. These sound doctrines were adopted by Lord Rockingham and his colleagues, and were, during a long course of years, inculcated by Burke, in orations, some of which will last as long as the English language.

The winter came; the Parliament met; and the state of the colonies instantly became the subject of fierce contention. Pitt, whose health was somewhat restored by the waters of Bath, reappeared in the House of Commons, and, with ardent and pathetic eloquence, not only condemned the Stamp Act, but applauded the resistance of Massachusetts and Virginia; and vehemently maintained, in defiance, we must say, of all reason and of all authority, that, according to the British constitution, the supreme legislative power does not include the power to tax. The language of Grenville, on the other hand, was such as Strafford might have used at the council-table of Charles the First, when news came of the resistance to the liturgy at Edinburgh. The colonists were traitors; those who excused them were little better. Frigates, mortars, bayonets, sabres, were the proper remedies for such distempers.

The ministers occupied an intermediate position; they proposed to declare that the legislative authority of the British Parliament over the whole Empire was in all cases supreme; and they proposed, at the time, to repeal the Stamp Act. To the former measure Pitt objected; but it was carried with scarcely a dissentient voice. The repeal of the Stamp Act Pitt strongly supported; but against the government was arrayed a formidable assemblage of opponents. Grenville and the Bedfords were furious. Temple who had now allied himself closely with his brother, and separated himself from Pitt, was no despicable enemy. This, however, was not the worst. The ministry was without its



natural strength. It had to struggle, not only against its avowed enemies, but against the insidious hostility of the King, and of a set of persons who, about this time, began to be designated as the King's friends.

The character of this faction had been drawn by Burke with even more than his usual force and vivacity. Those who know how strongly, through his whole life, his judgment was biased by his passions, may not unnaturally suspect that he has left us rather a caricature than a likeness; and yet there is scarcely, in the whole portrait, a single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authenticity.

The public generally regarded the King's friends as a body of which Bute was the directing soul. It was to no purpose that the Earl professed to have done with politics, that he absented himself year after year from the levee and the drawing-room, that he went to the north, that he went to Rome. The notion, that, in some inexplicable manner, he dictated all the measures of the court, was fixed in the minds, not only of the multitude, but of some who had good opportunities of obtaining information, and who ought to have been superior to vulgar prejudices. Our own belief is that these suspicions were unfounded, and that he ceased to have any communication with the King on political matters some time before the dismissal of George Grenville. The supposition of Bute's influence is, indeed, by no means necessary to explain the phenomena. The King, in 1765, was no longer the ignorant and inexperienced boy who had, in 1760, been managed by his mother and his groom of the stole. He had, during several years, observed the struggle of the parties, and conferred daily on high questions of state with able and experienced politicians. His way of life had developed his understanding and character. He was now no longer a puppet, but had very decided opinions both of men and things. Nothing could be more natural than that he should have high notions of his own prerogatives, should be impatient of opposition, and should wish all public men to be detached from each other and dependent on himself alone; nor could anything be more natural than that, in the state in which the political world then was, he should find instruments fit for his purposes.

Thus sprang into existence and into note a reptile species of politicians never before and never since known in our country. These men disclaimed all political ties, except those which bound them to the throne. They were willing to coalesce with any party, to abandon any party, to undermine any party, to assault any party, at a moment's notice. To them, all administrations, and all oppositions were the same. They regarded Bute, Grenville, Rockingham, Pitt, without one sentiment either of predilection or of aversion. They were the King's friends. It is to be observed that this friendship implied no personal intimacy. These people had never lived with their master, as Dodington at one time lived with his father, or as Sheridan afterwards lived with his son. They never hunted with him in the morning, or played cards with him in the evening; never shared his mutton or walked with him among his terraces. Only one or two of them ever saw his face, except on public days. The whole band, however, always had early and accurate information as to his personal inclinations. None of these people were high in the administration. They were generally to be found in places of much emolument, little labour, and no responsibility; and these places they continued to occupy securely while the cabinet was six or seven times reconstructed. Their peculiar business was not to support the ministry against the opposition, but to support the King against the ministry. Whenever his Majesty was induced to give a reluctant assent to the introduction of some bill which his constitutional advisers regarded as necessary, his friends in the House of Commons were sure to speak against it, to throw in its way every obstruction compatible with the forms of Parliament. If his Majesty found it necessary to admit to his closet a Secretary of State or a First Lord of the Treasury whom he disliked, his friends were sure to miss no opportunity of thwarting and humbling the obnoxious minister. In return for these services, the King covered them with his protection. It was to no purpose that his responsible servants complained to him that they were daily betrayed and impeded by men who were eating the bread of the government. He sometimes justified the offenders, sometimes excused them, and sometimes owned that they were to blame, but said that he must take time to consider whether he could part with them. He never would turn them out; and, while everything else in the state was constantly changing, these sycophants seemed to have a life-estate in their offices.

It was well known to the king's friends, that though his Majesty had consented to the repeal of the Stamp Act, he had consented with a very bad grace, and that though he had eagerly welcomed the Whigs, when, in his extreme need and at his earnest entreaty, they had undertaken to free him from an insupportable yoke, he had by no means got over his early prejudices against his deliverers. The ministers soon found that, while they were encountered in front by the whole force of a strong opposition, their rear was assailed by a large body of those whom they had regarded as auxiliaries.

Nevertheless, Lord Rockingham and his adherents went on resolutely with the bill for repealing the Stamp Act. They had on their side all manufacturing and commercial interests of the realm. In the debates the government was powerfully supported. Two great orators and statesmen, belonging to two different generations, repeatedly put forth all their powers in defence of the bill. The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn.

For a time the event seemed doubtful. In several divisions the ministers were hard pressed. On one occasion, not less than twelve of the King's friends, all men in office, voted against the government. It was to no purpose that Lord Rockingham remonstrated with the King. His Majesty confessed that there was ground for complaint, but hoped that gentle means would bring the mutineers to a better mind. If they persisted in their misconduct, he would dismiss them.

At length the decisive day arrived. The gallery, the lobby, the Court of Requests, the staircases, were crowded with merchants from all the great ports of the island. The debate lasted till long after midnight. On the division, the ministers had a great majority. The dread of civil war, and the outcry of all the trading towns of the kingdom, had been too strong for the combined strength of the court and the opposition.

It was in the first dim twilight of a February morning that the doors were thrown open, and that the chiefs of the hostile parties showed themselves to the multitude. Conway was received with loud applause. But when Pitt appeared, all eyes were fixed on him alone. All hats were in the air. Loud and long huzzas accompanied him to his chair, and a train of admirers escorted him all the way to his home. Then came forth Grenville. As soon as he was recognized, a storm of hisses and curses broke forth. He turned fiercely on the crowd, and caught one man by the throat. The bystanders were in great alarm. If a scuffle began, none could say how it might end. Fortu-

nately the person who had been collared only said, 'If I may not hiss, sir, I hope I may laugh,' and laughed in Grenville's face.

The majority had been so decisive, that all the opponents of the ministry, save one, were disposed to let the bill pass without any further contention. But solicitation and expostulation were thrown away on Grenville. His inimitable spirit rose up stronger and stronger under the load of public hatred. He fought out the battle obstinately to the end. On the last reading he had a sharp altercation with his brother-in-law, the last of their many sharp altercations. Pitt thundered in his loftiest tones against the man who had wished to dip the ermine of a British King in the blood of the British people. Grenville replied with his wonted intrepidity and asperity. 'If the tax,' he said, 'were still to be laid on, I would lay it on. For the evils which it may produce my accuser is answerable. His profusion made it necessary. His declarations against the constitutional powers of Kings, Lords, and Commons, have made it doubly necessary. I do not envy him the huzzas. I glory in the hiss. If it were to be done again, I would do it.'

The repeal of the Stamp Act was the chief measure of Lord Rockingham's government. But that government is entitled to the praise of having put a stop to two oppressive practices, which, in Wilkes's case, had attracted the notice and excited the just indignation of the public. The House of Commons was induced by the ministers to pass a resolution, condemning the use of general warrants, and another resolution, condemning the seizure of papers in cases of libel.

It must be added, to the lasting honour of Lord Rockingham, that his administration was the first which, during a long course of years, had the courage and the virtue to refrain from bribing members of Parliament. His enemies accused him and his friends of weakness, of haughtiness, of party spirit; but calumny itself never dared to couple his name with corruption.

Unhappily his government, though one of the best that has ever existed in our country, was also one of the weakest. The King's friends assailed and obstructed the ministers at every turn. To appeal to the King was only to draw forth new promises and new evasions. His Majesty was sure that there must be some misunderstanding. Lord Rockingham had better speak to the gentlemen. They should be dismissed on the next fault. The next fault was soon committed, and his Majesty still continued to shuffle. It was too bad. It was quite abominable; but it mattered less as the prorogation was at hand. He would give the delinquents one more chance. If they did not alter their conduct next session, he should not have one word to say for them. He had already resolved that, long before the commencement of the next session Lord Rockingham should cease to be minister.

We have now come to a part of our story which, admiring as we do the genius and the many noble qualities of Pitt, we cannot relate without much pain. We believe that, at this conjuncture, he had it in his power to give the victory either to the Whigs or to the King's friends. If he had allied himself closely with Lord Rockingham, what could the court have done? There would have been only one alternative, the Whigs or Grenville; and there could be no doubt what the King's choice would be. He still remembered, as well he might, with the utmost bitterness, the thralldom from which his uncle had freed him, and said about this time, with great vehemence, that he would sooner see the devil come into his closet than Grenville.

And what was there to prevent Pitt from allying himself with Lord Rockingham? On all the most important questions their views were the same. They had agreed in condemning the peace, the Stamp Act, the general warrants, the seizure of papers. The points in which they differed were few and unimportant. In integrity, in disinterestedness, in hatred of corruption, they resembled each other. Their personal interest could not clash. They sat in different Houses, and Pitt had always declared that nothing should induce him to be first lord of the treasury.

If the opportunity of forming a coalition beneficial to the state, and honourable to all concerned, was suffered to escape, the fault was not with the Whig ministers. They behaved towards Pitt with an obsequiousness which had it not been the effect of sincere admiration and of anxiety for the public interests, might have been justly called servile. They repeatedly gave him to understand that, if he chose to join their ranks, they were ready to receive him, not as an associate, but as a leader. They had proved their respect for him by bestowing a peerage on the person who, at that time, enjoyed the greatest share of his confidence, Chief-Justice Pratt. What then was there to divide Pitt from the Whigs? What, on the other hand, was there in common between him and the King's friends, that he should lend himself to their purposes—he who had never owed anything to flattery or intrigue, he whose eloquence and independent spirit had overawed two generations of slaves and jobbers, he who had twice been forced by the enthusiasm of an admiring nation on a reluctant Prince?

Unhappily the court had gained Pitt, not, it is true, by those ignoble means which were employed when such men as Rigby and Wedderburn were to be won, but by allurement suited to a nature noble even in its aberrations. The King set himself to seduce the one man who could turn the Whigs out without letting Grenville in. Praise, caresses, promises, were lavished on the idol of the nation. He, and he alone, could put an end to faction, could bid defiance to all the powerful connections in the land united, Whigs and Tories, Rockinghams, Bedfords, and Grenvilles. These blandishments produced a great effect. For though Pitt's spirit was high and manly, though his eloquence was often exerted with formidable effect against the court, and though his theory of government had been learned in the school of Locke and Sidney, he had always regarded the person of the sovereign, with profound veneration. As soon as he was brought face to face with royalty, his imagination and sensibility became too strong for his principles. His Whiggism thawed and disappeared; and he became, for the time, a Tory of the old Ormond pattern. Nor was he by any means unwilling to assist in the work of dissolving all political connections. He was therefore inclined to look on them with dislike, and made far too little distinction between gangs of knaves associated for the mere purpose of robbing the public, and confederacies of honourable men for the promotion of great public objects. Nor had he the sagacity to perceive that the strenuous efforts which he made to annihilate all parties tended only to establish the ascendancy of one party, and that the basest and most hateful of all.

It may be doubted whether he would have been thus misled, if his mind had been in full health and vigour. But the truth is, that he had for some time been in an unnatural state of excitement. No suspicion of this sort had yet got abroad. His eloquence had never shone with more splendour than during the recent debates. But people afterwards called to mind many things which ought to have roused their apprehensions. His habits were gradually becoming more eccentric. A horror of all loud sounds, such as is said to have been one of the many oddities of Wallenstein, grew upon him. Though the most



affectionate of fathers, he could not at this time bear to hear the voices of his own children, and laid out sums at Hayes in buying up houses contiguous to his own, merely that he might have no neighbours to disturb him with their noise. He then sold Hayes, and took possession of a villa at Hamstead, where he again began to purchase houses to right and left. In expense, indeed, he vied, during this part of his life, with the wealthiest of the conquerors of Bengal and Tanjore. At Burton Pynsent, he ordered a great extent of ground to be planted with cedars. Cedars enough for the purpose were not to be found in Somersetshire. They were therefore collected in London, and sent down by land carriage. Relays of labourers were hired; and the work went on all night by torchlight. No man could be more abstemious than Pitt; yet the profusion of his kitchen was a wonder even to epicures. Several dinners were always dressing; for his appetite was capricious and fanciful; and at whatever moment he felt inclined to eat, he expected a meal to be instantly on the table. Other circumstances might be mentioned, such as separately are of little moment, but such as, when taken together, and when viewed in connection with the strange events which followed, justify us in believing that his mind was already in a morbid state.

Soon after the close of the session of Parliament, Lord Rockingham received his dismissal. He retired, accompanied by a firm body of friends, whose consistency and uprightness of principle itself was forced to admit. None of them had asked or obtained any pension or any sinecure, either in possession or in reversion. Such disinterestedness was then rare among politicians. Their chief, though not a man of brilliant talents, had won for himself an honourable fame, which he kept pure to the last. He had, in spite of difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, removed great abuses and averted a civil war. Sixteen years later, in a dark and terrible day, he was again called upon to save the state, brought to the very brink of ruin by the same perfidy and obstinacy which had embarrassed, and at length overthrown, his first administration.—[To be concluded next week.]

### NEW WORK BY SAM SLICK.

*The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England.* By the author of "The Clock-maker." Second and Last Series. 2 vols. Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

The second volume of these Sibiline leaves is full of odd stories. Are we gravely to believe our author, when he tells us that his hero, and Mr. Clergyman Hopewell, are drawn from life, and that the anecdotes he has wrought up to "point the moral" of his discourse are facts? whether romance or reality, the following is very racy:—

"As we sat chatting together late last night, the danger of a fire at sea was talked of, the loss of the Kent Indiaman, and the remarkable coolness of Col. McGrigor on that occasion was discussed, and various anecdotes related of calmness, presence of mind, and coolness, under every possible form of peril. 'There is a good deal of embellishment in all these stories,' said Mr. Slick. 'There is always a fact to build a story on, or a peg to hang it on, and this makes it probable; so that the story and its fictions get so mixed up, you can't tell at last what is truth and what is fancy. A good story is never spilled in the tellin', except by a critter that don't know how to tell it. Battles, shipwrecks, highway robberies, blowed-up steamers, vessels a-fire, and so on, lay a foundation as facts. Some people are saved,—that's another fact to build on;—some captain, or passenger, or woman, faints, and that's enough to make a grand affair of it. You can't hardly believe none of them, that's the truth. Now, I'll tell you a story that happened in a farm-house near to father's, to Slickville, just a common scene of common life, and no romance about it, that does jist go for to show what I call coolness. Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sandford; well, the old Squire and all his family was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived when they chose, and then they could keep in their temper, and could be as cool at other times as cucumbers. One night, old uncle Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. A backlog, you know, Squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one. Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but just seized his ridin' whip, and gave him a most awful whippin'. He tanned his hide properly for him, you may depend. 'Now,' says he, 'go, sir, and bring in a proper backlog.' Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes without so much as sayin' a word, but instead of goin' to the wood pile, he walks off altogether, and staid away eight years, till he was one-and-twenty, and his own master. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own book, he took it into his head one day he'd go to home and see his old father and mother agin, and show them he was alive and kickin', for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard of or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived to the old house, daylight was down, and lights lit, and as he passed the keepin' room winder, he looked in, and there was old Squire sittin' in the same chair he was eight years afore, when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an on-marciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do, but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a most hugacious log, (for he had grow'd to be a most a thunderin' big feller then,) and openin' the door he marches in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' up, says he, 'Father, I've brought you in the backlog.' Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe his eyes, that that great six-footer was the boy he had cow-hided, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more,—he was quite onfakalized, and be-dumbed for a minute. But he came too right off, and was iced down to freezing point in no time. 'What did you say?' says he. 'That I have brought you in the backlog, sir, you sent me out for.' 'Well, then, you've been a d—d long time a-fetchin' it,' says he, 'that's all I can say. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed.' Now, that's a fact, Squire; I know'd the parties myself,—and that's what I do call coolness—and no mistake."

While marking for extract this choice illustration of *sang froid*, we recollect something like a parallel anecdote told of a deceased nobleman, on the occasion of the unexpected return home of one of his family, who had for many years been absent in the East Indies. He was at tea when the long-departed broke into the room.—"Ha, —, my boy, is that you?" was his greeting, "Black or Green?"

We recommend Mr. Slick's homily on wedding festivities to all whom it may concern.—"The Canadian Exile" presses too closely on vexed questions of Colonial politics to suit an unpolitical article like ours, and the Attaché's views

of English watering-places will be more amusing to the general reader. But are not the following pictures applicable to brunnen in general, whether by the side of the Alps or the Atlantic?

"Well," said Mr. Slick, "I like 'em, and I don't like 'em; kinder sort o' so, and kinder sort of not so, but more not so nor so. For a lark, such as you and me has tad, why, it's well enough; and it aint bad as a place for seein' character; but I wouldn't like to live here, somehow, all the year round. They have but four objects in view here, and them they are for everlastin' a-chasin' arter—health or wealth—life or a wife. It would be fun enough in studyin' the folks, as I have amused myself many a day in doin', only them horrid solemncoy-lookin' people that are struck with death, and yet not dead—totterin', shakin', tremblin', crawlin', and wheelin' about, with their legs and feet gone, wheezin', coffin', puffin', and blowin', with their bellowses gone—feelin', leadin', stumblin' and tumbelin', with their eyes gone,—or trumpet-eared, roarin', borein', callin' and bawlin', with their hearin' gone,—don't let you think of nothin' else. \* \* Oh, dear! for a feller like me, that's always travelled all my life as hard as ever I could lick, or a horse like old Clay to carry me, for to come at the end of the journey to wind up the last stage, with a leetle four-wheeled waggon, with a man to drag me on the side-path! What a skary kind o' thought it is, aint it? Oh, dear! it's sot one o' my feet asleep already, only a-thinkin' of it—it has, upon my soul! Let's walk to the seat over there, where I can sit, and kick my heel, for positively, my legs is gittin' numb. I wonder whether palsy is ketchin'! The sick and the well here ought to have a great caucus meetin', and come to an understandin'. Them that's healthy should say to 'others, Come now, old fellows, let's make a fair division of these places. If you are sick, choose your ground, and you shall have it. Do you want sea-air? Well, there is Brighton, you shall have it; it's a horrid stupid place, and jist fit for you, and will do your business for you in a month.—Do you want inland air? Well, there is Leamington or Cheltenham—take your choice. Leamington is it? Well then, you shall have it; and you may take Herne Bay and Bath into the bargain; for we want to be liberal, and act kindly to you, seein' you aint well. Now there's four places for you—mind you stick to 'em."

The group described as under, is, perhaps, only to be studied to perfection in a certain English midland county:—

"Well, then, as you must have somebody to amuse you, we will give you into the bargain a parcel of East Indgy officers, that aint ill and aint well; ripe enough to begin to decay, and most likely are a little too far gone in places. They wont keep good long; it's likely old Scratch will take 'em sudden some night; so you shall have these fellows. They lie so like the devil they'll make you stare, that's a fact. If you only promise to let them get on an elephant arter dinner, they'll let you tell about your rumatices, what you're rubbed in, and took in, how 'cute the pain is, and you may grin and make faces to 'em till you are tired; and tell 'em how you didn't sleep; and how shockin' active you was once upon a time when you was young; and describe all about your pills, plaisters, and blisters, and everythin'. Well, then, pay 'em for listenin', for it deserves it, by mountin' them for a tiger hunt, and they'll beguile away pain, I know, they will tell such horrid thumpers. Or you can have a boar hunt, or a great serpent hunt, or Suttees, or anythin'. Three lines for a fact, and three volumes for the romance. Airth and seas! how they lie! There are two things every feller leaves in the East, his liver and his truth. Few horses can trot as fast as they can invent; yes, you may have these old 'coons, and then when you're tied by the leg and can't stir, it will amuse you to see them old sinners lookin' onder gals' bonnets, chuckin' chambermaids onder the chin, and winkin' impudent to the shop-woman, not 'cause it pleases women, for it don't—young heifers can't abide old fellers—but 'cause it pleases themselves to fancy they are young. Never play cards with them, for if they lose they are horrid cross and everlastin' sarsy, and you have to swallow it all, for it's cowardly to kick a feller that's got the gout; and if they win they make too much noise a-larfin, they are so pleased."

Mr. Slick is as wise as Mr. Weller, Senior, in discerning the snares which are laid for single and unwary men, by the gentlewomen who flaunt round "the Wells,"—and as pungent as Mr. Weller, Junior, in his specimens of the Stiggins and Sawyer species:—

"Everythin' here is managed to bring folks together. The shop must be attractive now, or there is no custom. Look at that chap a comin' along. He is a popular preacher. The turf, club, and ball managers have bribed him; for he preaches agin horse-racin', and dancin', and dress, and musick, and parties, and gaieties, with all his might and main; calls the course the Devil's commun, and the assembly-room Old Nick's levee. Well, he preaches so violent, and raves so like mad agin 'em, it sets all the young folks crazy to go arter this forbidin' fruit, right off the reel, and induces old folks to fetch their gals where such good doctrine is taught. There is no trick of modern times equal to it. It's actilly the makin' of the town. Then it jist suits all old gals that have given up the flash line and gay line, as their lines got no bites to their hooks all the time they fished with them, and have taken the serious line, and are anglin' arter good men, pious men, and stupid men, that fancy bein' stupid is bein' righteous. So all these vinegar cruets get on the side-board together, cut out red flannel for the poor, and caps for old women, and baby-clothes for little children; and who go with the good man in their angel visits to the needy, till they praise each other's goodness so, they think two such lumps of goodness, if j'ined, would make a most a beautiful large almighty lump of it, and they marry. Ah! here comes t'other feller. There is the popular doctor.—What a dear man he is!—the old like him and the young like him; the good like him, and the not so gooder like him; the well like him and the ill like him, and every body likes him. He never lost a patient yet. Lot's of 'em have died, but then they came there on purpose to die; they were done for in London, and sent to him to put out of pain; but he never lost one, since he was knee-high to a goose. He understands delicate young gals' complaints most beautiful that aint well, and are brought here for the waters. He knows nothin' is the matter of 'em but the 'visitin' fever; but he don't let on to nobody, and don't pretend to know; so he tells Ma' she must not thwart her dear gal: she is nervous, and won't bear contradiction—she must be amused, and have her own way. He prescribes a dose every other night of two pills, made of one grain of flour, two grains of sugar, and five drops of water, a-goin' to bed; and it's so prepared she can't take cold arter it, for there aint one bit of horrid mercury in it. Then he whispers to Miss 'dancin' is good exercise; spirits must be kept up by company. All natur is cheerful; why shouldn't young gals be? Canary birds and young ladies were never made for cages; tho' souls made cages for them sometimes. The gal is delighted and better, and the mother is contented and happy. They both recommend the doctor, who charges them cussed high, and so he ought; he made a cure, and he is paid with great pleasure."

"There is another lady, a widder, ill, that sends for him. He sees what she



wants with half an eye, he is so used to symptoms. She wants gossip. 'Who is Mr. Adams?' said she. 'Is he of the family of old Adam, or of the new family of Adam, that live to Manchester?' 'Oh, yes! the family is older than sin, and as rich too,' said he. 'Who is that lady he walked with yesterday?' 'Oh! she is married,' said doctor. 'Widder is better directly.' 'The sight of you, dear doctor, has done me good; it has revived my spirits; do call ag'n.' 'It's all on the nerves, my dear widder,' said he. 'Take two of these bread and sugar pills, you will be all right in a day or two; and, before goin' into company, take a table spoonful of this mixture. It's a new exhilaratin' sedative' (which means it's a dram of perfumed spirits). 'Oh! you will feel as charmin' as you look.' 'Widder takes the mixture that evenin', and is so brilliant in her talk, and so sparklin' in her eyes. Adam is in love with her, and is in a fair way to have his flint fixed by this innocent Eve of a widder.'"

After his Tartuffe and Sangrado, he treats us to that *pièce de résistance* of most pathos-makers, the Consumptive Young Lady. The introduction of such figures seems to us a little out of taste. Mr Slick deals with his subject gently, but it is the species, not the specimen, to which we object. Let us, on the other hand, recommend a daguerreotype portrait, to those who are fond of singing 'The fine old English Gentleman':—

"As we were sitting on one of the benches in the park at Richmond to-day, a livered servant passed us, with an air of self-possession and importance that indicated the easy dependance of his condition, and the rank or affluence of his master. 'That,' said Mr. Slick, 'is what I call "a rael English gentleman," now. He lives in a grand house, is well clad, well fed; lots of lush to drink, devilish little to do, and no care about corn laws, free-trade, blowed-up bankers, run-away lawyers, smashed-down tenants, nor nothin.' The mistress is kind to him, 'cause he is the son of her old nurse; and the master is kind to him, 'cause his father and grandfather lived with his father and grandfather; and the boys are kind to him, 'cause he always takes their part; and the maids are kind to him, 'cause he is their plaguy handsome, free and easy feller, (and women always like handsom men, and impudent men, though they vow they don't); and the butler likes him, 'cause he can drink like a gentleman and never get drunk.

His master has to attend certain hours in the House of Lords: he has to attend certain hours in his master's house. There aint much difference, is there? His master loses his place if the Ministry goes out; but he holds on to his'n all the same. Which has the best of that? His master takes the tour of Europe, so does he. His master makes all the arrangements and pays all the expenses; he don't do either. Which is master or servant here? His young master falls in love with an Italian opera gal, who expects enormous presents from him; he falls in love with the bar-maids, who expects a kiss from him. One is loved for his money, the other for good looks. Who is the best off? When his master returns, he has learned where the Alps is, and which side of them Rome is; so has he. Who is the most improved? Whenever it rains his master sighs for the sunny sky of Italy, and quotes Rogers and Byron. He d—ns the climate of England in the vernacular tongue, relies on his own authority, and at all events is original. The only difference is, his master calls the castle my house, he calls it our castle: his master says my park, and he says our park. It is more dignified to use the plural; kings always do; it's a royal phrase, and he has the advantage here. He is the fust commoner of England too. 'The servants' hall is the House of Commons. It has its rights and privileges, and he is plaguy jealous of them too. Let his master give any of them an order out of his line, and see how soon he votes it a breach of privilege. Let him order the coachman, as horses are seldom used, to put them to the roller and roll the lawn. 'I can't do it, sir; I couldn't stand it, I should never bear the last of it; I should be called the rollin' coachman.' The master laughs; he knows prerogative is dangerous ground, that an Englishman values Magna Charta, and says, 'Very well, tell farmer Hodge to do it.' If a vine that hides part of the gable of a coach-house, busts his bondage, and falls trailin' on the ground, he says, 'John, you have nothin' to do, it wouldn't hurt you, when you see such a thing as this loose, to nail it up. You see I often do such things myself, I am not above it.' 'Ah! it may do for you, sir; you can do it if you like, but I can't; I should lose caste, I should be called the gardenor's coachman.' 'Well, well! you are a blockhead; never mind.'"

Add to these a few pithy words on English wealth and luxury, a sort of "Vale" from the Clockmaker, who, finding that the glory of lionism is "fickle and vain," resolves to take a hint while there is yet time; retreats from London ere he is bowed out—retrenches the superfluous hair from his face, parts company with gold chains and smart cravats, and sets sail for the New World, brisk in the hopes of driving a clock trade with China. It is by mistake we think, or at least out of carelessness, that the following strictures are put into the mouth not of Sam, but of Sam's foolish father:—

"Well I don't know," said the Colonel, 'it is a great country in one sense, but then it aint in another. It might be great so far as riches go, but then in size it aint bigger than New York State arter all. It's nothin' a'most on the map. In fact, I doubt it bein' so rich as some folks brag on. Tell you what, 'wilful waste makes woeful want.' There's a great many lazy, idle, extravagant women here, that's a fact. The Park is chock full of 'em all the time, ridin' and gallavantin' about, tricked out in silks and satins a-doin' of nothin'. Every day in the week can't be 'Thanksgivin' day, nor Independence day nother. "All play and no work will soon fetch a noble to ninepence, and make bread timber short," I know. Some on 'em ought to be kept to home, or else their homes must be bad taken care of. Who the plague looks after their helps when they are off frolickin'? Who does the presarvin', or makes the pies and apple sarce and dough-nuts? Who does the spinnin' and cardin', and bleacin', or mends their husband's shirts or darns their stockin's? Tell you what, old Eve fell into mischief when she had nothin' to do; and I guess some o' them flauntin' birds, if they was follered and well watched, would be found a scratchin' up other folks' gardens sometimes. \* \* \* \* \*

Then look at the sarvants in gold lace, and broadcloth as fine as their masters; why they never do nothin', but help make a show. They don't work, and they couldn't if they would, it would spile their clothes so. What on airth would be the valy of a thousand such critturs on a farm—Lord! I'd like to stick a pitchfork in one o' them rascal's hands, and set him to load an ox cart—what a proper lookin' fool he'd be, wouldn't he? It can't last—it don't stand to reason and common sense. And then, arter all, they hante got no Indigin corn here, they can't raise it, nor punkin pies, nor quinces, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—Lord! only look at five great elephant-lookin' beasts in one ptough, with one great luminakin' feller to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots has more iron on 'em than the horses' hoofs have, all crawlin' as if they was a-goin' to a funeral. What sort of way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airthly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the

way they are sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was.'"

Must we here say good bye to Sam Slick! Let us take, then, a long look at him from head to heel, ere we put him on board the liner. He deserves to be entered on our list of friends containing the names of Tristram Shandy, The Shepherd of the Noctes Ambrosianae, and other rhapsodical discourses on time and change, who, besides the delights of their discourse, possess also the charm of individuality. Apart from all the worth of Sam Slick's revelations, the man is precious to us, as a queer creature—knowing, impudent, sensible, sagacious, vulgar, yet not without a certain tact:—and overflowing with a humour as peculiar in its way, as the humours of Andrew Fairservice or Protestant Miss Miggs, (that impersonation of shrewish female service!) We dare hardly hope for another such figure from the author's portfolio, but are glad to see that though he has done with Sam, he promises us sketches and recollections of colonial life. Dry they cannot—heartless, we are sure they will not be; and, we trust, not much exaggerated. But the farce with which, as well as the fun, the Squire has spiced his seven volumes, will not be laid aside, it is to be feared, without some difficulty.

## NOTES OF MY CAPTIVITY IN RUSSIA.

*Notes of my Captivity in Russia, in the Years 1794, 1795, and 1796. By J. U. Niemcewicz. Translated from the original, by Alexander Laski. Edinburgh, Tait; London, Simpkin & Co.*

AN old tale, it must be confessed, but, for all that, one whose interest is as fresh as if the events only happened yesterday. Written fifty years ago, during the author's residence in the United States, it was first published last year, by the Polish Historical Committee of Paris. In relating the incidents of his long captivity, Niemcewicz takes occasion to present a picture of the Russian court, statesmen, and public functionaries, with many other interesting sketches, not to mention his account of the political occurrences which preceded the downfall of his unhappy country. Niemcewicz was born in 1757, at Skoki, in the palatinate of Brzesc, in Lithuania. He was educated in the corps of cadets, at Warsaw, spent several years in France, Germany, and Italy; and, having been elected nuncia for the palatinate of Livonia, made his political debut at the grand constituent Diet, which lasted from 1788 to 1792, and where he supported "measures for establishing a monarchical power,—hereditary and strong,—together with the emancipation of the peasants, and pleaded always with eloquence the cause of a wise liberty." These opinions, also, he advocated in *The National and Foreign Gazette*. Poems and plays, likewise, devoted to the same cause, proceeded from his pen, and had much success. He joined Kosciuszko, in 1794, and became his inseparable companion, in camp, and in battle-field, suffering captivity with him (though apart) at St. Petersburg.

This brief narrative brings the man at once before our readers. We may now proceed with the "Notes": the description of the events preceding, and of the battle itself of Maciejowice, is animated; but we have no room except for the picture of Kosciuszko wounded and captive:—

"Between four and five o'clock in the evening, we saw a detachment of soldiers approaching head-quarters, and carrying upon a hand-barrow, hastily constructed, a man half dead. This was General Kosciuszko. His head and body covered with blood, contrasted in a dreadful manner with the livid paleness of his face. He had on his head a large wound from a sword, and three on his back, above the loins, from the thrusts of a pike. He could scarcely breathe. This was very painful to me; the silence, or rather sullen stupor, was, at last, interrupted by the sobs and cries of a grief as violent as sincere. I embraced the General, who had not yet recovered his senses, and from this moment until we were thrown into solitary prisons, I remained with him. A surgeon dressed his wounds, but did not venture to say anything about his state. The General still showed no signs of recovery from his swoon. They removed him into a large room on the first floor, where I remained by his bedside weeping, a grenadier being posted at each door within the hall. Towards evening, Fersen wanting this apartment for his dinner and council, the invalid was once more removed into a room above the cellar. The night which succeeded that unfortunate day was the most painful in my life. While I lay on a heap of straw, my mind was suffering a thousand times more than my body. Immediately after the host of officers, who filled the house, had retired to bed, the confused voices, and immoderate laughter of this multitude, gave place to the groanings and imprecations of the dying and wounded. It must be understood that towards the end of the battle, or rather the slaughter, one hundred soldiers of Dzialynski's regiment, and of the regiment of the fusiliers, had retreated into the house which had been the head-quarters of our army. These gallant men defended themselves to the last; but when their ammunition was spent, the Russians entered the house, and then the slaughter began. They killed each other, and stabbed with bayonets, *pèle-mêle*, in every room, and especially in the cellar, where our soldiers had taken the last refuge. The carnage continued until there remained only the dead and dying, who were still there when we were brought into the room, which was situated immediately above the cellar. Some of them dying from the acute pain of their wounds, uttered heart-rending groans and screams; others burning with an excessive thirst, demanded drink; here some begged to be killed, whilst the greatest part exasperated, gave vent to imprecations, for having been, according to their opinion, imprudently sacrificed to an enemy so superior in numbers. It was in the midst of those exclamations of pain, despair and death, having before me an expiring friend, suffering from my own wound, shivering from cold, which began to be very severe, broken-hearted, with the mind overpowered by a thousand reflections on that unfortunate day, and its consequences to my unfortunate country,—it was in the midst of all these torments, I repeat, that I spent the most miserable night that it could fall to the lot of mortal to endure. The dawn dissipated, at last, the horrible darkness. General Kosciuszko awoke like a man who had been in a profound lethargy, and seeing me wounded at his side, asked me what was the matter, and where we were. 'Alas!' said I, 'We are prisoners to the Russians. I am with you and will never leave you.' 'How happy am I to have such a friend in misfortune!' answered he, with tears in his eyes. I soon convinced myself that he was not so dangerously wounded as I had believed. The arrival of Russian officers did not allow us to converse further with each other; and if the joy of victory, the trouble, and the arrangements consequent upon battle, had not permitted our enemies to occupy themselves much with us on the preceding day, they began very early this morning to think seriously of it. They appointed officers and soldiers, who were to guard, to follow, and never to lose sight of us. \* \* \* These guardian angels had instructions to watch our words and actions, to prevent us from having any communication with each other, and to make a report every day of what they had seen, heard, or observed during that day. At ten o'clock we had the first visit of General Fersen, who said to Kosciuszko, 'I pity you, but



such is the lot of our profession of arms.' As he spoke only Russian and German, I acted as interpreter during the conversation, which did not last long. I perceived from Fersen's tones in addressing me, that I was considered by him as a most violent enemy, not only of the Russians, but of the Empress personally, and in this opinion I was afterwards confirmed by information from another quarter. At noon they celebrated the victory of the preceding day by triple discharges of musketry and artillery. It may be easily imagined how these joyful salutes filled my soul with despair."

The prisoners forthwith started under escort for the interior. The following interview is affecting:—

"At some distance from Wlodawa, upon the Bug, we halted a day to rest. Knowing that my sister, Madame Dunin, lived a few miles from this place, I asked Chruszczew to send a Cossack, requesting her to come and see me. As he had been in garrison in my province, was well acquainted with my relations, and had received from them civilities, he had no objection. My sister arrived towards the evening, accompanied by her husband and two children. Having devoted all my time to public affairs, I had not yet seen her since her marriage. Thus her emotion, and the affecting scene occasioned by our interview, may be easily imagined. A few years before, neither of us foresaw that we should ever meet under circumstances so melancholy. She wanted to dress my wound, but knowing she was *ennemie*, I did not allow it. She brought me a complete bed, of which I took only two pillows and some sheets, and offered me money, but, being a prisoner, I was less in want of it than herself, and begged of her not to insist upon that point. Though the officers were always present at our conversations, we still talked enough of our families and our affairs. M. Dunin was a handsome man, and, what is still more, a good husband; her children, the one six and the other four years old, were beautiful as angels. Having spent the rest of the day together, we separated, alas! perhaps for ever. Two days after her departure, my cousin Stanislaus wrote to me, addressing the letter to Chruszczew's care, and informing me that my brothers had fled, and that, in the terror and general havoc, he was not able to borrow more than fifty ducats which he sent me. He promised, besides, to endeavour by all means to obtain my release. I knew beforehand how vain would be his efforts. Our march, as far as Zaslav, where we separated from Chruszczew, lasted more than four weeks; we started every day at eight o'clock in the morning, travelling about six miles, and arriving at three o'clock for dinner and night's lodgings. Each carriage was preceded and followed by a detachment of horse; the other prisoners, escorted by the troops, arriving about three hours after us. When we entered Volhynia, a province wrested from Poland at her second partition, and which did not take any part in the last revolution, we found only traces of the depredations of the campaign of 1792. The nobility and landed proprietors were living on their estates. Chruszczew, who was receiving every day couriers from Suwarow and Fersen, with orders and instructions, learnt that a rumour was spread over the country, that the true General Kosciuszko had escaped from the battle, and that the Russians, in order to throw terror among the patriots, and discourage them, had substituted for him another prisoner, with whom they were parading through the country, leading him under an escort of two thousand men. In order to silence this rumour, and undeceive the public, as soon as we stopped at a town or village, Chruszczew sent for the Lord of the place, or its principal inhabitants, took them in Kosciuszko's room, to show him, and assure them of his existence, and the hopeless condition in which he was. These interviews were on both sides very painful, often even accompanied with tears. We could say nothing in the presence of our guard but what was allowed us. Men have been seen before this time exhibiting ferocious animals, now it was a ferocious animal that was exhibiting a man."

In the most disconsolate conditions, however,—such are the compensations provided for affliction—there are occasions of mirth. Titow, a stupid officer, had received instructions to treat the prisoners with increased severity, accompanied with "orders to send every evening a courier with an exact journal stating what we were doing, besides a report not only of our health, the road by which we passed, the place where we stopped, but also of our conversations, temper, and perhaps, even gestures. This was dreadful work for our dear Titow, who scarcely knew how to read; how, then, could he conceive, compose, and make a fair copy, every day, of a work of such length, and on so difficult a subject! Zmiewski and Karpen, who had studied in Moscow, were called to concoct these sublime compositions. It was in the evening that our learned editors were busy with their work; the houses where we lodged were often so small, that there was only a little closet for General Kosciuszko, and a single room for us all. Lying upon my straw, and pretending to sleep, I heard distinctly all the observations they made on us, with all their debates upon the choice of words and the elegance of style. Though I suffered much, I confess that I was often obliged to hide my face under my cloak, lest I should betray the laughter that their stupidity excited. I do not know whether it was those labours, or the length of our journey, that exasperated Titow; the fact, nevertheless, is, that he was growing every day more rude and insufferable. His greatest pleasure was to speak ill of Poland. \* \* \* I resolved not to speak to him at all, but to read and be silent. This put him in terrible fits of anger, for as soon as he began his invective, I took my book and read as if I was alone. \* \* \* Tired at last, and almost infuriated with my obstinacy, he wished to take revenge for once by a sally full of salt and erudition, and said to me angrily, 'It is in vain that you study continually, you will never be so learned as Pygmalion.' 'Pygmalion a learned man!' exclaimed Fischer, bursting with laughter. 'Are you astonished?' said the Major, 'you see how ignorant you are, with all your books; you do not know that Pygmalion, according to our Greek religion, was so learned a man, that having in his house a marble girl he taught her to speak, read, and write!' 'Ah! yes, yes; I remember now,' interrupted Fischer, 'it was in the time of the Empress Anne!' \* \* \* Titow remained at Kiow, where he spent all the day. Under the basilic of Riow there are catacombs, or subterranean vaults, called in Russia, *Pieczary*, where seventy bodies of Russian saints and martyrs are deposited. These black dry skeletons are attired in their pontifical robes. In my visit to Kiow, in 1786, I had seen those pretended relics, which are continually visited by great numbers of people. This place is the Russian Mecca; and a Muscovite would doubt of his salvation if he did not, at least once in his life, go on a pilgrimage to it. The Major had too much good sense to think differently; thus, though covered the day before with the blood of the unfortunate people whom he had beaten, he went now, with a contrite heart, and humble countenance, to visit those holy places. When he returned at night, all beaming with joy, he related to his comrades how his heart had thrilled when he approached those cousins-german of the Everlasting, how many times he had fallen on his knees, how he had prayed, and how the priest had taken the cap from the head of a saint and put it on his, &c. His comrades listened to him, sighed, and envied him his happiness."

We must, however, hasten on to the Secret Prison, at St. Petersburg, where

our author was confined. Having passed the first night sleepless, he was up by six o'clock; they brought him coffee in a gilded bronze cup, belonging to Kosciuszko, by which he knew the General was probably his neighbour—such are the accidental comforts of such situations. His miserable condition was indeed, relieved by a few pleasing incidents, notwithstanding which, the trial was more than all intellects could bear. Witness the case of Mons. Bonneau, a Frenchman:—

"After six months of hard captivity, his mind became deranged; they sent him to an hospital, but scarcely had he recovered, when they put him again into prison, and he relapsed into a state worse than ever. He was not, however, cured this time in an hospital, but kept in prison. Sometimes he was quiet, and appeared stupified; but now and then the house resounded with his cries and howlings. Often he chanted the mass and vespers in a beautiful voice. I saw him once passing through the corridor, when the guard opened the door for his going out; he seemed to be twenty-five years of age, and to have a very fine countenance, but pale and worn out. Although he was not found of reading, I sent him my books, and he spoiled several of them unintentionally, for it seems that he wrote something on them, and the officer without any ceremony, tore the leaves out. I perceived, however, once in a book which was brought back, words written with blood, as he was not allowed to have either pen or ink. I could not well make out what he wished to say; but it was something like the words—'I am Karpen,' and then, 'it is for you that I am here, Pol...'. I sincerely pitied the condition of this unfortunate young man. When he made too much noise and disobeyed, they were often so cruel as to flog him. They gave him one shilling per day for his food; he had some milk in the morning, and soup with a piece of meat for dinner, and supper; the half of this little was often stolen by the officer."

One of the prisoners, named Kilinski, is too remarkable a character to escape notice:—

"He was a shoemaker by trade but born with boldness, activity, and a truly popular eloquence, he became a personage of distinction, as soon as the revolution, and especially the insurrection at Warsaw, had shown the people his importance and powers. Ten thousand operatives and shopmen were obedient to his voice. It was quite natural that the commander of such an army could no longer be looked upon as a shoemaker. He promised to levy a regiment from the citizens of Warsaw, was made their colonel, and nothing could have been done better; for he procured at first one thousand men to our army, and then, being engaged in his military duties, he seldom attended the council, of which he was a member, thus sparing us many disputes and delays in the debates. It was strange to see young men of the first families, who held but the commission of lieutenant or captain, calling upon Colonel Kilinski in the business of the service, and paying him all the respect due to his rank. People wondered at those things in France; but in Poland, where the aristocracy was at its zenith, and the people were scarcely looked upon, such an instance struck many with horror. Kilinski, retaining the propensities of his early profession, was in the habit of getting tipsy; and having once a dispute with Colonel Granowski, he gave orders to his regiment to take arms, and wished to attack that of his adversary. He was, however, an excellent man, and far from having the sanguinary character of certain monsters at that time in France. The Russians apparently endeavoured to make Kilinski expiate, by a thousand insults, the crime of his having been a colonel. They gave him but 25 kopeikas per day. He bore his misfortune, however, with courage, and amused me often with his letters to Kapostas, which he gave me to read. Their style was not at all that of a colonel, but that of a shoemaker. \* \* \* He wrote also his own life, very interesting from his naïveté, and portraying well the manners of our people. Fearing that he might be discovered, I advised him to burn the chapter describing the part he had taken in the revolution, as he applied in it the same epithets to the Empress as if she had been the wife of a cobbler. He observed religiously all holy-days, even the carnival. On Shrove Tuesday he put on his Polish dress, with a beautiful girdle, embroidered with gold and silk. He was released at the same time as Kapostas."

In this state of things books were the chief resources against despair. When, at length, ink, pens, and paper were allowed to the captive, Niemcewicz employed himself in translating, and in writing elegies and novels. Nevertheless, the want of air and exercise which he suffered, was almost intolerable. To show how dreadful his condition was, he gives the following instance:—

"One day, after dinner, being in this state of depression and heaviness, and unable either to read or write, I threw myself upon my bed and fell asleep. When I awoke, I heard the clock striking six. Well, the idea of having spent two hours without feeling the weight of my chains, of having, in oblivion of my misfortunes, diminished by two hours the time destined for my sufferings, was enough to fill my heart with joy. Necessity is the mother of invention. Conscious that exercise was by all means indispensable to me, I fell upon the idea of making myself a ball for playing. I picked up, accordingly, all the hair which fell in handfuls, from my head, added to it that of my beard, and my servant made me a ball of it; every morning I played with it for an hour, so as to be tired, and to perspire copiously over all my body; I then changed my linen and reposed. It is, perhaps, to this school-boy exercise that I am indebted, not for having borne my captivity with less difficulty, but even for having survived it."

At length, the Empress died, and the Polish captives were set free. Niemcewicz's freedom was delayed—he was uneasy; great, however, was his satisfaction when he saw the *Praporczyk*, or ensign, enter his cell:—

"He immediately ordered the soldier to leave the room, and said, 'As a proof of my attachment to you, I will entrust you with a secret of the greatest importance.' 'What is it?' said I, with an astonished air. He bowed low. 'Our immortal sovereign has deigned to die.' At this I scarcely refrained from bursting out into laughter, but soon feigning an exclamation of surprise, 'Is it possible?' said I, 'when? how?' 'Several days ago, and after a short illness, but such was the will of St. Nicholas; we must be humbly resigned to it; it is a great loss, but I hope the Emperor will indemnify us for it.' 'Do you think that event will bring any change in our fate?' He remained silent for a long time. 'You will not betray me?' said he then in a low voice. 'No,' said I, 'I give you my word for it.' Although there was nobody in my room, yet he approached to my ear, and said in a very low tone of voice, 'The soldiers who brought your dinner to-day, informed me that they were told not to come for it any more, as you were expected yourself to-night in town.'"

Liberty came at last. At the request of Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz consented to accompany him to America; thus his exile from his country continued. He found comfort in literary effort; and soon, on the motion of Jefferson, the American Philosophical Society elected him a member. Five years afterwards, he returned to Poland, having, in the mean time, married Mrs. Livingston Kean, of New York. Soon, however, he went back to the United States, nor left there again until 1806, when, Napoleon being at war with Prussia, the



French army entered Poland. The King of Saxony, sovereign of the Duchy of Warsaw, created by Napoleon, appointed Niemcewicz Secretary to the Senate, Member of the Supreme Council of Public Education, and Inspector of Schools. In 1811 he, with others of his countrymen, underwent a third exile taking refuge in Germany, and in 1821 was dismissed from his office. The rest of his life is contained in these few paragraphs:—

"Called by the choice of the notables of Warsaw to the Presidency of the Society of Benevolence of that city, Niemcewicz found in these functions a vast field for honourable and useful labours. But a still more conspicuous proof of public respect awaited him. The Royal Society of the Friends of Sciences at Warsaw, after the death of the learned philanthropist Starzye, elected him their President; and it was in this capacity that, in 1829, he conducted the imposing ceremony of the inauguration of the statue of Copernicus, from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, which was erected before the mansion of the Royal Society, in one of the principal places of the capital. The day after the revolution of the 29th November 1830, he was called into the Council of Administration of the kingdom, which surrounded itself with justly popular names. In the stormy times which followed, Niemcewicz contributed more than once to preserve the national movement from excesses which might have weakened its force and tarnished its purity. When he was afterwards elected Senator Castellan, the Diet, by a special bill, dispensed with the proof of his eligibility. The following year, in the month of July, Niemcewicz being acquainted with the English language and manners, was sent by the National Government to plead the cause of his country before the British Cabinet; this was just at the time when the French Cabinet made proposals in London regarding the common mediation of the two Courts in the affairs of Poland. But the obstacles which were thrown in his way by Prussia did not allow him to arrive in time at London; and soon the fatal intelligence of the capitulation of Warsaw gave a deadly blow to the hopes of the Poles. Niemcewicz, more than seventy years old at that time, did not, however, hesitate to undergo his fourth exile, and share the fate of his countrymen who left Poland. He continued, at first, to labour in order to influence public opinion in England and Ireland in favour of his country, and contributed to the establishment of the Literary Society of the Friends of Poland in London. He afterwards came to reside in Paris, where his noble efforts in the cause, which he had already served upwards of half a century, were to terminate only with his life. As a member of the Polish Literary Society at Paris, he delivered speeches, read his various works, and took part in the struggles of the press, on the affairs of Poland, in which that Society was engaged. Niemcewicz, always actively occupied with historical studies regarding his country, established at Paris an Historical Committee, which has already collected a great number of manuscripts, and to which he has bequeathed all his papers. He was a political speaker, a poet, and a prose writer; as a poet, he tried the art in all its branches, and wrote satires, fables, epigrams, idylls, &c.; as a prose writer, he was historian, author of memoirs, and of political works. Active to the last, in spite of his advanced age and his infirmities, he died at Paris, the 21st of May 1841, at the age of eighty-four years, respected by his countrymen, by foreigners, and even by his enemies."

Niemcewicz, having expressed before his death, a wish to be buried at Montmorency, the Poles are now engaged in erecting a monument there.

### THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

Dublin, Oct.

So much scientific opinion upon the Dalkey Atmospheric has been put forth, that perhaps you may like to hear a little unscientific. Engineers can only feel through their heads how a train runs, but your common travellers feel it through their entire persons; thus, by a strange consequence, weakness of body proves a more potent reasoner than strength of mind; and the weaker the body is, the nearer it approaches an infallible railway-ometer. Professional gentlemen likewise become hardened to such a degree by constant train-trying, that exorcism itself, I believe, would affect them as little as it does eels,—qualmishness no more than if they had the stomachs of Jack Tars or ostriches. At all events, my humble verdict will have this one advantage—disinterestedness; neither trading spirit nor theoretical prejudice, which must frequently bias the dictum of directors, shareholders, engineers, &c., can warp my evidence:

Truth lies so deep and dark within her well,

Those even who touch her scarce her form can tell!

Perhaps most of your readers know that the Atmospheric Railway from Kingstown to Dalkey extends about one mile and three quarters: according to my non-chronometer, the distance was performed in somewhat more than two minutes, or at about the rate of 45 miles per hour. This is whirlwind pace. I seemed merely to get into the machine to get out of it, and had very little jaunt for my money, (but three pence, however,) which reminded me of the poor cookmaid, who complained she had small enjoyment of her bed, as the night passed away before she had well laid herself down. Another advantage over the steam locomotives all travellers whose nerves are not made of bell-wire or brains are capable of distraction, will appreciate;—the atmospheric carriages glide on with little more noise than Queen Mab's coaches; their sound resembled most the rustle of autumn leaves swept forward by a low wind—very mysterious, and rather awful! None of that continuous harsh bluster and bewildering screech from a dozen valves and vent-holes, before you set off; nor of that eternal puffing, panting, snorting, and fiery evomition—like the efforts of a broken-winded dragon to swallow the ground in his fierceness and rage—with which the common train-engines stun, stupify, and derange you. When you proceed, none of the clatter from a tail of carriages as if a colossal rattle-snake were on your track. Besides, you are not sitting near a huge copper bomb-shell ever ready to burst, and a furnace threatening to lick up with its fiery tongues the whole wooden apparatus (human contents included) behind it. You are not smothered and blinded with smoke, grit-gravel, and coal-dust. These are vast negative advantages of the Atmospheric;—what others it may possess I forget, or failed to observe. A positive merit is its smooth onward motion. Now comes the grand defect—its unpleasant sideling joggle. This amounts, by times, to a lateral swing-swing, and if continued, would become almost as emetical. Whether it exceeds the similar defect on steam railroads, I cannot decide, but believe none are altogether free from it. For a considerable part of the "Grand Junction," a passenger feels himself oscillate like a human pendulum at the Old Bailey, and each neighbouring pair of shoulders are shaken together like dice in a backgammon box. It is yet worse, while it lasts, than the vibratory motion communicated through the bracements of a steam-vessel from the engine to the berths. These I consider the chief discomforts respectively of our new sea and land vehicles—annoyances which appear within the province of art to provide against, as it can scarce hope to discover a sedative for Ocean's stupendous oscillation, or a preventive for the dire

concussions entailed by our time-annihilating means of transport now in general use. With regard to the Dalkey Atmospheric, perhaps its very flexuous course may augment the disagreeable joggle above-said. Its spine resembles a gigantic antediluvian serpent; black, and embossed with ridge-like joints or rings at its vertebrae; or some immense fossil millipede, whose slough, just laid open, shows us where a convulsion of Nature had caught and imbedded the living reptile, and her transmutative forces in tract of time metallified it. This slough, by the bye, is a narrow, deep and steep-walled channel, little pleasanter to wind through than a long tunnel, except that most of it is non-vaulted a-top. Harbour laws, I believe, prohibited any other; but if a desire to save ground dictated it, the economy seems ill-judged; travellers might almost as well be shot along a large spout, with its leaden sides to contemplate for a prospect. Even the steam railways, though thrice its width, are rendered irksome and repulsive by their interminable monotonous banks, where neither flower blooms nor shrub flourishes to attract the eye or refresh the spirit, or sweeten the soot-loaded gale from the chimney. That same flexuous course of the Atmospheric may also be numbered among its items of superiority, as it enables the train to make any desirable point without those wide rectangular land tacks incumbent on a steam locomotive. But this does not concern the passengers' sensations in travelling—my proper object; nor does its power to ascend hills, its suitability for long trips, liability to accident, &c. I must here ask, however, if a much greater velocity would prove advantageous or the reverse? Swift and safe movements are opposed: the means of conservation can never increase at a like rate with those of destruction and injury. One hundred, two hundred miles per hour have been talked of by our "go-a-head" (i.e., go-headlong) speculators; but were the trackways lined with flag-men, watchers, and warners, a single small mischance might occasion the death or disfigurement of several thousand persons. As it is, the problem of an artificial satellite on the earth's surface has been, though not resolved, represented on many an arc, by these quick-rolling engines: increase their speed much more, and a brush from them would prefigure the swish from a comet's tail—they would either sweep everything they met off the place it stood, or burst themselves and their freight into a shower of corpuscles, or both! Maximum rapidity may be a very utilitarian object, but can we call it a useful? Your go-a-head men seem to consider it what Mammonites consider money—the one thing needful. Suppose it brought the Land's End within an hour of London Bridge, would the gain exceed the sacrifice? Is there any use in space at all? or why was Providence superfluous enough to give Earth such vast dimensions if Man be wise to annihilate them? "What a geometer art thou, O God!" exclaimed the mathematician of yore: our practical gentlemen, who would fain bring the four corners of the planet together, tacitly, but virtually, pronounce the Omnipotent unacquainted with—Proportion.

### Foreign Summary.

M. E. Biot stated in a note that the historical records of China shew that the compass was known and in use in that country even from the 27th century before the Christian era.

M. Feldmann communicated the results of recent keratoplastic experiments, or the transplanting of cornea. Amongst others, he successfully transplanted the cornea of a cat to the eye of a rabbit.

M. Laugier mentioned a new method of dressing suppurating wounds, attended with quick cicatrization and rapid cure: the treatment is simply a thick solution of gum arabic and gold-beater's skin.

EGYPTIAN OVERLAND.—It seems that some difficulties have arisen respecting the arrangements for this important transit. A railroad between Cairo and Suez, a canal, the amount of annual payment to Mehemet Ali, foreign jealousies, and probably native fears and interests, have all to be decided on and adjusted. But we have strong hopes that every thing right and desirable will be accomplished; as it is stated Mr. Emerson Tennent, whose official knowledge and talent render him so eligible for the task, was on his way from Athens to Egypt to negotiate a settlement with the Pasha.

TROGLODYTES.—The Paris Globe states that M. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire in his lectures at the Jardin des Plantes lately, presented several individuals (not living) of the Pithesian race, known as Troglodytes. From their organisation, form, facial angle, and disposition of the eyes, he observes, they resemble men and might seem to be negroes reduced to brutes, or the negroes would be but Troglodytes of a superior race. These Troglodytes are found, as their name imports, dwelling in caverns in the forests of Nigritia, or else in huts covered with leaves. The negroes call them men of the woods; but men of science refer them to the monkey class.

The crowning stone of the Scott Monument, in Edinburgh, whose foundation was laid upwards of four years ago, was placed, with Masonic ceremony, on the 26th ult.

AN IRON LIFE-BOAT.—About twelve months ago a subscription was raised at Havre for the construction of an iron life-boat. This boat being finished, was a short time ago submitted to trial in the presence of a committee appointed for the purpose, who declared it to be perfect; and, consequently, it is now placed at the port for service, in case of need. It is built of cast-iron sheets, is 26 feet 3 inches in length, and 5 feet 3 inches in breadth. The reservoir of air is divided into three compartments, perfectly distinct from each other, so that any accident happening to one of them would not destroy its buoyancy. Self-acting valves let in or out such quantities of air as may be required to preserve its equilibrium, according to the weight with which it may be charged, and, by means of a water-proof cloth, so arranged as not to confine the motions of the rowers, excludes the possibility of its being swamped by shipping water.

On dit that Miss Burdett Coutts is about to bestow her hand and her immense wealth on a youthful surgeon.

The Anti-Corn law League has, it seems, taken Covent-garden Theatre for the next season, at a rent of £3,000.

Mr. Hurst, M.P. for Horsham, has suddenly discharged his servants, given up housekeeping, and departed, with his family, for the continent. His debts exceed £150,000.

The Queen has appointed Thomas Horne, Esq., Attorney-General, and Valentine Fleming, Esq., Solicitor-General for Van Dieman's Land.

The Queen has subscribed £200, and Prince Albert £100, towards the erection of baths and wash-houses in London. Queen Adelaide has also given £100.

A member of the Society of Friends, near New York, has sent £500 to the subscription in aid of Father Matthew, and the Duke of Devonshire has sent £100.



The vacant ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick worn by the late Marquis of Donegal has been conferred, it is said, upon the Earl of Rosse.

It has been facetiously remarked, that the delicious and piquant flavour of *Punch* is imparted by three lemons—Mark Lemon, Leman Rede, and Leman Blanchard; who, with Douglas Jerrold, are the principal contributors.

The Earl of Eldon, it is said, has acted most liberally towards the biographer of his grandfather—having presented Mr. Horace Twiss, not only with the copyright of all the Eldon papers, but with a cheque for £1,000 into the bargain.

A gentleman at Saratof has discovered that the most efficacious remedy for the bite of rabid animals, is the insect *tentania aurata* reduced to powder, and given to the patient. Dr. Wagner has tested the remedy, and met with the most satisfactory results.

The decrease in the stock of bullion in the Bank of England, since the first of the new returns on the 7th of Sept., is about £1,000,000; and since the 30th March, when the stock of bullion held by the Bank was at the highest point, the decrease is about £2,200,000.

The Duke of Leinster presided at a meeting last week at College-green, Dublin, whence has emanated a resolution to raise a sum of £20,000 for Father Matthew—in the first place, to pay his debts; and in the next, to purchase him an annuity, in order that he may continue his labours for the promotion of temperance.

The Duc D'Aumale, left Paris, with the Prince de Joinville, on Tuesday, for Naples; where he is expected to arrive on the 20th or 21st. On the 25th, he is to be married to the Princess Caroline Augusta, daughter of the Prince of Salerno, and cousin of the King of the Two Sicilies.

Lord Francis Egerton has been unanimously re-elected, for the fifth time, Lord Rector of the University and King's College, Aberdeen.

Mr. Templeton, who has been making a tour of the principal towns of England, has been realising a golden harvest by the exercise of his vocal talents. He will shortly, we hear, visit the United States.

Lord Western died a few days back at Felix-hall. His Lordship was born in 1767, and after representing the borough of Maldon in the House of Commons, obtained a seat for the county of Essex, which he continued to fill until 1832, when he was raised to the peerage.

The Limerick Chronicle announces upon authority, that the anxiously wished for brevet will take place in January next.

The Queen has been pleased to confer the dignity of a baronet of the United Kingdom upon Vice-Admiral Sir H. Parker, G.C.B.

General Sir Richard Armstrong, who is now employed on the Staff of the army in Canada, has been placed on the list of general officers who are in the receipt of the increased rate of pay of 25s. per diem. This gallant officer has seen considerable service in the Peninsular and India. For his gallantry at Busaco, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees, he has for some years past held honorary medals.

**THE GREAT BRITAIN.**—It was rather generally supposed that this vessel would have left Cumberland basin on the high tides of the early part of this week. She could not, however, be got ready in time, and her departure is postponed to the corresponding period of next month; when it is confidently expected she will proceed to sea. We understand no doubt is entertained of there being a sufficient rise of water to carry her out without difficulty.

**MINISTERIAL CHANGES.**—Rumours of ministerial changes are rife. It is very generally believed that three offices, all held at present by Peers, namely, the offices of the First Lord of the Admiralty, President of the Board of Control, and Postmaster-General, will be vacated by their present occupants before the meeting of Parliament. The first-named office, it is said, will be filled by Lord Ellenborough, and the second by Lord Stanley; in which case Mr. Gladstone would have the management of the Colonies, and the Board of Trade will fall to Lord Dalhousie. These rumours originate with the Morning Post.

Sir Robert Sale, in addition to being appointed to the command of a regiment, has received the lucrative appointment of Quartermaster-General of her Majesty's forces in India, for which country he will proceed in December.

**THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.**—Some difference, it is said, has arisen between the Bishop of London and Sir Robert Peel. The parish of St. George, Hanover square, is a large one, and the death of the late incumbent rendered the opportunity favourable for dividing it; but the Bishop has a son-in-law in holy orders, and is anxious that the receipts of the parish should not be reduced in the case of his relation.

**INTERESTING RELICS.**—Last week, the workmen occupied in digging the foundations of the chapel of Notre Dame, in the Cathedral of Troyes, behind the high altar, for the purpose of putting down a new altar of white marble, came on two tombs placed one over the other, the upper one containing the remains of Thibault III., Count of Campagne and Brie, who died in 1200, when on the point of going to Palestine to the crusades, and the other enclosing the ashes of Henry I., another Count of the same family, deceased in 1180, on his return from the Holy Land. Near them was a coffin containing the remains of Bishop Hervee of Troyes, whose episcopal rule lasted from 1206 to 1223. The cover was taken off in the presence of the Bishop of Troyes, some Canons of the Chapter, and M. Arnault, corresponding member of the Society of Antiquaries. Several objects which had formed part of the robes of the deceased were found there in tolerable preservation. On the gloves were observable a amb near a cross, and the words, "In nomine Patris et Spiritus Sancti."

Nov. 2, 1844.—M. Arago communicated the result of experiments on the transmission of electricity a distance of 12,500 metres on a railway at Milan. When the circuit was metallic throughout, there was a considerable loss of power indicated by the needle as a fall from 30 deg. to 17 deg. But when the return current is through the earth, the two extremities connected with the apparatus being wells, the loss is trifling, the same measure shewing a fall from 30 deg. to 27.5 deg. only, the volume of the conductor compensating the inferiority of the conducting power. M. Arago, with MM. Regnault and Bréguet, are about to prosecute similar inquiries on the Rouen railway.

We may mention, too, the death, on the 12th inst., at the age of only forty four, of Mr. William Grieve,—to whom the lovers of dramatic spectacle have owed so much, for the scenic splendours which have long been among the theatrical temptations at Drury Lane, and more recently at the King's Theatre.

A MS. of one of Shakespeare's plays has at length been discovered, a contemporary MS. of the two parts of Henry IV. made into one. It was found in the charter chest of an old Kentish family, and is said to exhibit some additional scenes, and a variety of important readings. Mr. Halliwell has the

MS. in his hands, and is to edit it forthwith for the Shakespeare Society, as their first publication for the ensuing year. Mr. Collier is understood to have seen it, and to have collated it with the printed text.

The *Revue de Paris* says, that the poet Béranger writes yet, though he will not publish; and has by him a volume of very remarkable songs which Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Lamennais, have vainly urged him to send to press. The poet has determined that they shall not see the light until after his death.

**BURIED TREASURE.**—The *Nouvelliste Alenconnaise* gives a curious account of excavations which have been, at different times, undertaken, and are now again renewed, near the little country town of Saint Come, on the Mont-Jalu. In search of an alleged buried treasure. An ancient tradition, confirmed it is said by documentary evidence, asserts that, at a certain spot in the very heart of the mountain, twelve massive statues, six gold and six silver, representing the twelve apostles, in the life size, were buried, during the troubled times of the revolution. Thirty years ago, says the provincial account, the father of Mdlle. Leontine Fay, determined to possess himself of this treasure, bought the mountain and set his excavators to work; but abandoned the search, after an expenditure of 200,000f. Other explorers have followed, and other sums been sunk, in the vain search after the graven images; but of late, the Apostles of Mont Jalu have been left to the keeping of their own impenetrable mystery. Now, however, a company has been formed for their resuscitation; and science has been called in to aid the French Dousterswivels. Their faith, however, is not in the old divining-rod—but in the modern divination of animal magnetism. A young girl and a young man have been thrown into magnetic sleep, upon the mountain; and they have vouched for the excavation. M Fay has, however, written a letter to a Paris journal, in which he qualifies his share in the statement in question,—reducing his alleged outlay of 200,000f. in the experiment, to 9,500. He has no objection he says, to accept his portion of the ridicule thrown upon the magnetisers, which he will have to "divide with so many honourable men"—but he has a great objection "to pass for a fool"—which he seems to dread, might attach to him only because of the alleged amount.

**MUD BATH.**—The Russian journals are filled with accounts of the marvellous cures effected by the mud baths of the lake of Eupatoria, in the Crimea. This saline water, six versts only from the Black Sea, and forty-five from the Russian town of Eupatoria, dries up during the summer heats, leaving a thick, stagnant slime, in which the sick, whom medicine has failed to cure, plunge their afflicted bodies; and in its hot mire their pores distend, absorbing the saline gases, which are said to have a wonderful virtue for the purification of the blood. At the village on the lake, called Sak, which is frequented by the bathers, a magnificent hotel has been erected,—offering every luxury as an accompaniment to the mud bath; and among the Russian fashionables, the move, —made up of the love of excitement, and the superstitious search after health, which, in all countries, carries men from the Abanas and Pharpars at their door to some distant Jordan,—is all, just now, in the direction of the lake of Eupatoria.

**THE OAK—CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.**—Take an acorn in the fall of the year, tie a string round it in such a way that when suspended, the blunt end of the acorn where the cup was, is upward. Hang it thus prepared in the inside of a bottle, or hyacinth glass, containing a little water, taking care that the acorn does not reach the water within an inch; wrap the bottle all over in flannel, so as to keep it dark and warm, and put it in a warm place. In three or four weeks the acorn will have swollen, its coat will have burst, and a little white point will make its appearance at the end opposite the water. This point is the roof; the acorn is now changing its nature and becoming an oak; still, however, it must be stationed in the dark, still it must be kept clear of the water, and so it must continue till the young root is at least half an inch long.

Then the water may be allowed to rise higher; but it is only when from the neck or root, a little point begins to turn upward, that it is safe to allow the water to touch it. At this time, the acorn has ceased to be an acorn, and has really become a young oak; for the little point directing itself upward, is the beginning of that trunk which a century later, may form the timber of a frigate. —As soon as the young stem begins to shoot, the oak will require a dose of light, a little every day; and it also yearns for more food, so that its root, which in reality is its mouth, must be allowed to touch the water and drink it.

After these events have come to pass, our little nursing breathes, and must have air; digests; and must have light; sucks greedily, and must have fresh water given to its root, which, however, should never be permitted to be wholly covered; just that point where the stem begins, should always be kept out of the water. The pot having been brought to this, its first state of existence, must be kept in the window. At first it will be a stout thread, whitish, and covered with tiny scales, then the scales will expand a little and the end will become greener.

Next will appear some little leaves; hair will begin to grow, veins will branch; the old scales will fall off, and by slow degrees the leaves will arrange themselves upon the stem, each unfolding from the bosom of the other. And thus, out of a little starch and gum,—for the acorn was not much more —manifest parts will be curiously produced by the wondrous creative powers of nature.

Gardener's Chronicle.

**SPAIN.**—The conspiracies alleged to have been discovered at Madrid and Barcelona, to murder Narvaez and to overthrow the Government, continue to fill the Spanish and French journals.

The Madrid attempt was to have been made on the night of the 25th October, when General Narvaez went to dine with the French Ambassador. Six assassins were placed at the corner of the street of the Infantes de Barquillo, commanded by a Captain who had been dismissed at the time of the last pronunciamientos: two were to stop the horses of the General's carriage, two to shoot the coachman, and two to fire into the coach. Narvaez passed sooner than he was expected; and the Captain, who had calculated upon the night for the execution of his project, hesitated to strike by day, and deferred his enterprise till the morrow. In the night he was seized with remorse; went to Narvaez and avowed his crime. He and his six associates were arrested; and they were found to belong to the lowest classes of the people. A house in the neighbourhood was searched, and concealed fire-arms were discovered in it. Other persons were arrested—thirty in Madrid, and some officers in the Union (formerly the Luchana) regiment, on its way to Old Castile under General Oribe. Among the prisoners was General Prim, Count of Reuss—the leader of that revolution in Catalonia which resulted in the exile of Espartero and the elevation of Narvaez.

There are three reports as to the precise charge preferred against Prim. One is, that he had supplied the assassins with arms. Another, that he had held treasonable correspondence with General Espartero and one of his former



Ministers, (supposed to be S. Mndizabal,) in which a plan was laid down for a pronunciamiento throughout Spain in favour of the Constitution. The third, that he had offered his services to an "insurrectional committee" at Madrid. The Procurator fiscal, charged with investigating the case against him, had made a report recommending a capital prosecution. The Count was to be tried by a Court-martial; and General Shelly had undertaken his defence.

The *Paris Presse* represents Prim as a young man, inflated with the eclat of his recent career, involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and disgusted with not receiving more aid from Government.

The Court-martial on General Prim assembled on the 4th under the presidency of General Mazzaredo, Captain-General of Madrid and a friend of Narvaez. The proceedings were abruptly stopped by the discovery of some technical defects; and on the 6th, the Procurator fiscal began to prepare a new trial. The charge now is understood to be only conspiracy for an insurrection; the punishment sought, transportation to the Philippine Islands.

**POLAND.**—The *Silesian Gazette* states that in the course of August last a secret association for political purposes was discovered in the kingdom of Poland, and many arrests were made at Warsaw and at other places. A committee appointed to inquire into the matter have liberated twenty persons, and have condemned three lawyers to hard labour for life in Siberia, and eighteen others to the like punishment for ten years; all the property of the condemned to be confiscated.

**ALGERIES.**—The *Algiers correspondent* of the *Times* has some interesting observations on the Kabyles and the French policy towards that race. The Kabyles engaged in the present sanguinary war comprise, more or less, those of Dellys, Bougia, and Djegelli; including all the mountainous environs, and particularly the Jurgiva group of the Atlas. That group, the highest mountain-range in Barbary, is eight leagues in length, and presents continuous chains of rocks. The inhabitants of the two sides are ever at war with each other; but they boast of never having been conquered by Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, or Turks. They are powerful, industrious, and wealthy; and about 80,000 in number; willing to trade, but not to be subjugated. Dellys is the site of a large city, the Rusucurum of the ancients, of which there are still some ruins. It had an artificial port; but now there is only a small and indifferent roadstead. Here the French have formed a "settlement," which was the scene of the late disastrous reverse; they had 500 soldiers reduced to 400 by sickness; thirty armed "colonists" and 500 native subjects; with five block-houses. When first attacked by the hostile Kabyles, the native French subjects fled; but the attack was repulsed. Then followed General Comman's expedition. And now Marshal Bugeaud had arrived with reinforcements. Five hundred Kabyles, say the French accounts, made their submission; and the Marshal had countermanded reinforcements ordered by land; but the English writer doubts whether there is not some serious mistake in this flattering view.

The *Revue de Paris*, speaking of the Prussian monarch's constant endeavours to attract to the common centre of his capital all the men of Germany illustrious in letters, mentions a familiar visit recently paid by that prince to the poet Tieck (one of his pensioners), unannounced, and at a late hour of the evening. It is probable that he caught the poet in his night-cap;—at any rate, His Majesty found him, it is said, in dishabille. Seeing the bard's confusion, His Majesty hastened to say—"Pardon me, Herr Tieck, for having called on you in my great coat." After all, however, these familiarities of an elephant are unwieldy things.

**WAR OFFICE NOV. 8.**—1st or G. en. Regt. of Ft. Grds.—Mjr. and Col. E. Clive to be Lt.-Col. by pur. v. Grant, who ret; Bvt.-Col. H. R. Ferguson to be Mjr. by pur. v. Clive; Lt. and Capt. J. Spottiswoode to be Capt. and Lt.-Col. by pur. v. Ferguson; Ens. and Lt. J. T. Oswald to Lt. and Capt. by pur. v. Spottiswoode—63rd; Capt. J. R. Norton, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. H. J. Swyny, who exch.—64th; Capt. J. Stainforth, from h.-p. 2d Garr. Batt. to be Capt. v. Battley, app. Paym 8th Lt. Drags.; Lt. R. H. Smith to be Capt. by pur. v. Stainforth, who ret; Ens. the Hon. J. L. Browne to be Lt. by pur. v. Smith; R. Bickerstaff, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Browne.—65th; Lt. P. D. Stokes to be Capt. by pur. v. Drought, who ret; Ens. B. W. R. Trafford to be Lt. by pur. v. Stokes; R. B. T. Thelwall, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Trafford, 72d; Lt. A. N. Sherson to be Capt. by pur. v. Gore, who ret; Ens. R. Roede to be Lt. by pur. v. Sherson; J. J. W. Norman, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Roede.—74th; J. Napier, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Godley, prom in 3rd W. I. Regt.—3d W. I. Regt.; Ens. D. Godley, from 74th Ft. to be Lt. without pur. v. Mowbray, app. to 53rd Ft.—Brevet—Capt. J. Stainforth, 64th Ft. to be Mjr. in the Army, July 19, 1821; Bvt.-Mjr. J. Stainforth, of 64th Ft. to be Lt.-Col. in the Army, Jan. 10, 1837.

**OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, NOV. 8.**—Corps of Ryl. Engrs: 2d Capt. R. J. Stotterd to be Capt. v. Gregory, ret. on full pay; 1st Lt. G. R. Hutchinson to be 2d Capt. v. Stotterd; 2d Lt. M. H. Synhe to be 1st Lt. v. Hutchinson.

#### PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Oct. 7.—M. Ballard read a paper on the means of extracting from sea-water the sulphate of soda and potash in sufficient quantity for all the purposes of commerce, without having recourse to the present expensive process. Hitherto it has been found impracticable to obtain the sulphate of soda from sea-water in abundance; but M. Ballard has been able, from an evaporating surface of 200 hectares (about 500 English acres,) to obtain 2,500,000 kilogrammes in one year. We extract from the paper of M. Ballard, showing the causes which have hitherto prevented such results, and his means of remedy:—"When two salts differ in their acid and their basis, and a double decomposition is possible, the presence of the first may favour the solubility of the second. When these two salts have, on the contrary, the same acid and the same basis, and the double decomposition is no longer possible, the same phenomenon does not take place. The solubility of one of the salts is diminished by the presence of the other, except in the case of the formation of a double salt. Thus, the hydrochlorate of magnesia impedes the solubility of sea-salt, because it is an hydrochlorate, and that of the sulphate of magnesia, because it is a salt of magnesia. It favours, on the contrary, the solubility of sulphate of soda, because probably, in this case, the double decomposition takes place. The solubility of the sulphate of soda is even diminished by the presence of the sea salt, because it is a salt of soda. The solution of the problem is simple. Since the hydrochlorate of magnesia impedes the solubility of the sulphate of magnesia, and the chlorurate of sodium, between which the decomposition is to be effected, and, on the contrary, favours the solubility of the sulphate of soda to be precipitated, it must be driven off. Since sea-salt impedes the solubility of sulphate of soda, and favours the precipitation of the product to be isolated, a further quantity must be added. To extract from the water the sulphate of magnesia, to eliminate the chlorurate of magnesia, and to add sea-salt in excess,

such is the process to be carried on." M. Ballard adds that the sulphate of soda thus obtained is hydrated, but pure; it does not contain sulphate of magnesia, and is free from the excess of acid and the proportions of iron which are frequently found in the sulphate of soda of commerce.

#### DR. WOLFF.

At length there are positive tidings of Dr. Wolff; and though he writes under great despondency, the consequence no doubt of the anxiety which he has undergone, and the shameless extortion to which he is exposed, yet we cannot but hope that, having crossed the Bokhara frontier, his person may be considered as safe,—and we give him our hearty welcome out of Ogréland. The following letter has been received from him by Capt. Grover:—

Mesched, Month of Shaban 23.

My dear Grover,—Not venturing when at Bokhara to keep a journal, I have forgotten the date of the Christian month!

After the infamous Nayib Abdool Summat Khan had forced from me the promise to pay him 6,000 tillas, I should after all have been put to death if Abbas Kulli Khan, the Persian Ambassador, had not saved me. I am now arrived in Persia, broken down in constitution, robbed of everything I had, and with a debt of 6,000 tillas (£2,500), which I am to pay to the brother of the Nayib Abdool Summat Khan, who is to accompany me to Tehran.

You thought that £4,000 could be collected for my purpose; if you can now assist me in paying the debt above mentioned to the infamous Nayib, who forced the promise from me in his garden, surrounded by his guards, well; if not, I shall be obliged to go to prison in Persia.

The King has also sent with me an ambassador who is to go to England, and the Nayib has forced me to promise to pay the expenses of that ambassador out of the money he advanced me. That same ambassador has excited the Turcomans of Mawr and Sarakhs against us; i. e., against Abbas Kulli Khan and myself, on our way to Mesched, and forced Abbas Kulli Khan to pay him and the other ambassador appointed for Persia 150 tillas in the midst of the desert.

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Mesched.

The above, though dated from Mesched, was written at Mostroon. I am now at Mesched, and two hours after me your ghulam (special courier). Ali Ahmed Beyk, arrived; he found me broken down in Mullah Mehdee's house. I will only add, that the Nayib wants only the interest of the above money, to be paid to his son when of age.—The ambassador from Bokhara is also here; he has letters and presents for the Shah, the Sultan, and Queen Victoria.—The Nayib has settled with the King that I should bear the ambassador's expenses from the money the Nayib expects to be paid back.—I am not yet out of danger, but am too confused to explain all now.—Mullah Mehdee will do it for me.—Lieut. Wyburd has been murdered at Bokhara.

JOSEPH WOLFF.

To this mention of Lieut. Wyburd, Capt. Grover has appended the following note:—

Lieut. Wyburd, of the Indian navy, is another diplomatic victim. This talented officer was sent on a secret diplomatic mission to Khiva in the year 1835, and has never since been heard of. This unfortunate man, it is right to say, was not abandoned to his fate by the British government; for, in a letter written to me by Lord Aberdeen's direction, I find it stated, that on Col. Stoddart's being sent on his mission to Bokhara, in 1838, he was instructed to inquire after Lieut. Wyburd. I have not, however, been able to learn that any effort has been made in his behalf since that time. I directed Dr. Wolff to obtain all the information he could concerning this unfortunate man, and to purchase his freedom should he be in slavery. The Doctor says he has been murdered at Bokhara; but it remains to be seen on what evidence that assertion is made.

I am advised to state an interesting circumstance that occurred to me at St. Petersburg, as it will show that the good Doctor's mission has not been entirely useless. Dr. Wolff was authorized to draw upon my private fortune for the ransom of any Christian prisoners he might find at Bokhara. In the first batch he purchased were ten Russians, and this circumstance was fortunately known before my arrival in Russia. A message from his Imperial Majesty was brought to me by the British Minister, expressing his Majesty's thanks, and wish to reimburse me. My reply was—that I considered it a very great honour to have been in any way instrumental in the release of his subjects, and that repayment was quite out of the question.

I am glad to take this opportunity to publicly thank his Majesty for his kind declaration, conveyed to me by the British Minister—"That he would do everything in his power for the relief of Dr. Wolff."

JOHN GROVER, Captain, Unattached.

Army and Navy Club, Nov. 6, 1844.

#### TITLES GRANTED BY NAPOLEON TO HIS MARECHALS.

(Taken from a Versailles catalogue of date 1838.)

Titles.	Born.	Creation.
Moncey, Duc de Conegliano.....	July 31, 1754 .....	May 19, 1804
Jourdan, Count.....	Apr. 29, 1762 .....	ditto
Masena, Duc de Rivoli.....	Mar. 6, 1758 .....	ditto
Angereau, Duc de Castiglione.....	Nov. 11, 1757 .....	ditto
Bernadotte, Prince de Pont Corvo .....	July 26, 1769 .....	ditto
Soult, Duc de Dalmatie.....	Mar. 26, 1769 .....	ditto
Brune, Comte.....	May 13, 1763 .....	ditto
Lannes, Duc de Montebello.....	Apr. 11, 1769 .....	ditto
Berthier Pr de Neufchatel et Wagram .....	Nov. 10, 1753 .....	ditto
Murat, Duc de Cleves et de Berg .....	Mar. 25, 1768 .....	ditto
Mortier, Duc de Trevis .....	— 1768 .....	ditto
Ney, Duc de Elchingen et Princes de Moskwa .....	Jan. 10, 1768 .....	ditto
Davoust, Prince de Ecknuhl.....	May 10, 1770 .....	ditto
Bessieres, Duc de Istra.....	Aug. 6, 1768 .....	ditto
Kellerman, Duc de Valmy.....	May 28, 1735 .....	ditto
Lefebvre, Duc de Dantzick.....	Oct. 28, 1754 .....	ditto
Belune, Duc de Belune.....	Sept. 17, 1664 .....	ditto
Oudinot, Duc de Reggio.....	April 25, 1797 .....	July 12, 1809
Macdonald, Duc de Tarente.....	Nov. 17, 1765 .....	ditto
Marmont, Duc de Raguse.....	July 20, 1774 .....	ditto
Suchet, Duc d'Albuera.....	March 2, 1772 .....	July 11, 1803
St. Cyr, Marquis St. Cyr.....	Apr. 13, 1764 .....	Aug. 27, 1812
Poniatowski, Prince Poniatowski.....	May 7, 1764 .....	Oct. 16, 1813

All those of date 1804 were so created at the Camp of Boulogne. All these portraits are in the gallery at Versailles. We believe every one is dead except Soult.



## Miscellaneous Articles.

## THE COCA OF BOLIVIA.

The coca, which is so essential to the Indian's comfortable existence, is a staple of this climate. This plant, at the time of the conquest, was only used by the Incas and those of the royal, or rather, solar blood. The plant was looked upon as an image of divinity, and no one entered the enclosures where it was cultivated without bending the knee in adoration. The divine sacrifices made at that period were thought not to be acceptable to Heaven, unless the victims were crowned with branches of this tree. The oracles made no reply, and auguries were terrible, if the priest did not chew coca at the time of consulting them. It was an unheard-of sacrilege to invoke the shades of the departed great, without wearing this plant in token of respect; and the Coyas and Mamas, who were supposed to preside over gold and silver, rendered the mines impenetrable if the labourers failed to chew the leaves of coca while engaged in the toil. To this plant the Indian resorted for relief in his greatest distress; no matter whether want or disease oppressed him, or whether he sought the favours of Fortune or Cupid, he found consolation in this divine plant. In the course of time its use extended to the whole Indian population, and its cultivation became an important branch of trade. It produced at one period no less than 2,641,487 dollars yearly; and we are told that its leaves were once the representative of money, and circulated as coin. The virtues of the coca are of the most astonishing character. The Indians who are addicted to its use are enabled to withstand the toil of the mines, amidst noxious metallic exhalations, without food, rest, or protection from the climate. They run hundreds of leagues over deserts, arid plains, and craggy mountains, sustained only by the coca and a little parched corn; and often, too, acting as mules in bearing loads through passes where animals cannot go. Many have attributed this frightful frugality and power of endurance to the effects of habit, and not to the use of the coca; but it must be remembered that the Indian is naturally voracious; and it is known that many Spaniards were unable to perform the Herculean tasks of the Peruvians until they habitually used the coca. Moreover, the Indians without it lose both their vigour and powers of endurance. It is stated that, during the siege of La Paz in 1781, when the Spaniards were constantly on the watch, and destitute of provisions, in the inclemencies of winter, they were saved from disease and death by resorting to this plant. The coca possesses a slightly aromatic and agreeable odour, and when chewed dispenses a grateful fragrance; its taste is moderately bitter and astringent, and it tinges the saliva of a greenish hue. Its effects on the system are stomachic and tonic, and beneficial in preventing intermittents, which have always prevailed in the country. The mode of employing coca is to mix with it in the mouth a small quantity of lime prepared from shells, much after the manner that the betel is used in the East. With this, a handful of parched corn, and a ball of arrow-root, an Indian will travel on foot a hundred leagues, trotting on ahead of a horse. On the frequented roads, I am informed, that the Indian guides have certain spots where they throw out their quids, which have accumulated into little heaps that now serve as marks of distance; so that instead of saying one place is so many leagues from another, it is common to call it so many quids!

Three Years in the Pacific.

## A SKETCH.

Day is sinking  
Far in the purple west;  
Night is drinking  
Dews that she loves best;  
While now the pearly shower  
Gems each green blade and flower;  
And the blackbird from her nest  
Pours her wild note of harmony,  
That seems to call both earth and sky  
To silent rest.

The summer-breeze,  
Folding its idle wing,  
Stirs not the trees,  
Whose leafy branches fling  
Broad shadows o'er the way,  
Where gipsy-children play,  
Making the dark forest ring  
With mirth, while splashing in the stream,  
Whose parting waters as they gleam  
Fresh beauty bring.

Light-hearted sings  
The milkmaid with her pail;  
And Robin, wearied, flings  
Aside his busy flail.  
Then on the rustic stile  
They lean to chat awhile;  
And Robin, with a nail,  
Scores on the bar her name;  
Then, breathing soft the same,  
"Hopes to prevail."

But Phillis, starting,  
Sees the bright sun has set;  
One kiss at parting  
(Her cheek with tears is wet),  
Then down the narrow lane,  
In which the creaking wain,  
Rich heap'd with golden corn is met,  
Away the timid maiden hies.  
Poor swain! her mischief-working eyes  
He can't forget.

M. J.

## ST. PETERSBURG.

It is said, that the soil of St. Petersburg is in many parts fathomless bog, and that the piles rather float than directly sustain the buildings above them; and it is well known that a prevalence of west winds—such as, if rare, will probably occur once in a century or two—would suffice to raise the waters of the Gulf of Finland high enough to sweep away the devoted city. It will be remembered how nearly this happened in the reign of Alexander. When St. Petersburg was first founded, and the energetic Peter had wrested the sceptre of spiritual power from a formidable priesthood, every here and there some fanat-

tic of the order rose up in his despair against the man of fate, and howled forth his curses and prophecies against the abomination of the tsar's impious creation, foretelling for it the fate of Babylon, Nineveh, and Gomorrah. Monks and priests in different parts of the Muscovite dominions raised up their voices in prophecy, and died. Whether inspired by their hatred, their bigotry, or the chances which the natural course of events afforded of the realization of their denunciations, these prophecies so strongly seized on the superstitious imagination of the vulgar, as to have been never since eradicated; and from time to time an almost unbroken succession of prophets have continued to foretell the desolation which is to overwhelm the modern capital of the tsars. The inundations of the city in Alexander's reign drowned in the dungeons of the fortress of St. Petersburg several fanatics who had predicted the event. In these dungeons now linger at least two enthusiasts, who fancy that on them has descended the mantle of their unhappy predecessors. The impression produced by these prognostications is assisted by the perishable aspect of the stupendous buildings which everywhere rise around us, whose stuccoed walls are always peeling and cracking to the gripe of keen frost and the blistering sun. I forget who has called St. Petersburg a vast encampment of lath and plaster; but the comparison is far from an inapt one. Nothing can be more true, as Custine observes in other words, than that man can here never rest from his labour: when he has raised up a crowd of colossal edifices, he has not only not built for future ages, but has hardly done any thing for his immediate posterity. Such continuous reparations are necessary, that each generation may almost be calculated to have built the whole city, by instalments of annual repairs. To this the material, no less than the climate and situation, contributes. That chiefly used in St. Petersburg for external embellishment, is in no climate very durable; but the thick massive walls of brick or stone, which, elsewhere comparatively time-defying, are here mere hollow shells, which the fraud of architects, courtiers, and ministers, has filled with sand and rubbish, although the price of every brick and stone which it has replaced, has been wrung from the blood and sweat of the Russian people.

Nothing can be more obvious than that, in a very few years—in half the time that has elapsed since St. Petersburg arose from the marsh—if this city were not being perpetually built, the marsh would again succeed the city; the stucco would be dust; the walls it covers, ruins imbedded in the mud, cold spongy moss of this northern climate again creeping over it, with the acid cranberry that alone seems to flourish in its alternate bed of snow and stagnant waters. "Only the St. Isaac's cathedral, the Alexander column, and the granite quays of the Neva's bank," it is said, "would a century hence survive the ruins of St. Petersburg, were it not for the intervention of man's preserving hand."

Revelations of Russia.

## SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE

"There is a liberality which enriches." Sir Thomas Gresham proved it. It has been seen that he remitted a year's rent to his tenants in the new Butts to induce them to make a respectable and flourishing appearance on the occasion of the Queen's visit. The effect of this was so beneficial, that from "forty shillings a shoppe by the yeere, hee within two yeres after raised that rent unto foure marks a yeere." An advance of above thirty per cent. within so short a period as two years was pretty well, but that was only a beginning. "Within a while after that," we are informed, he raised each shop to "four pounds ten shillings per annum," being an advance of a hundred and twenty-five per cent. on the first-named rent. The shops, it is added, were well provided for the time. Rather an odd idea of what was required by a well provided shop at that time is supplied by the information, that then the milliners and haberdashers sold "mouse-traps, bird cages, shoeing horns, lanterns, and Jews' trumpets."

From this period the Royal Exchange continued to increase in wealth and importance. Thither the nobility repaired to purchase the most costly articles, and the treasures of merchandise thus collected were great in value and superb in appearance. It is described in the most glowing terms by the writers of the time. Its area constantly presented an animated and varied scene. The merchants from foreign parts, whose attire least resembled that of the English, usually attended in their national costume. While the English merchant appeared with his puffed-out inexpressibles, long vest, short cloak and ruffs, and pyramidal head covering, the Flemish trader came with his fur-trimmed coat and hat, and close-fitting pantaloons, and the Venetian sported long robes and an elegant bonnet to represent the dignity of the proud republic to which he belonged.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."—I was at the assizes for Cumberland in seven successive years before I had a brief. It happened that my old friend Mr. Lee, commonly called Jack Lee, was absent in the criminal court, when a cause was called on in the civil court, and some attorney, being by that absence deprived of his retained counsel, was obliged to procure another, and he gave me a guinea, with a scrap of paper as a brief, to defend an old woman in an action for an assault brought against her by another old woman. The plaintiff had been reposing in an arm chair, when, some words arising between her and my client, the latter took hold of the legs of the chair. This sort of assault of course admitted of easy proof, and a servant maid of the plaintiff's proved the case. I then offered in court that a chair should be brought in, and that my old female client should place herself in it, and that the lady (the plaintiff) should overset the chair and my old woman, as she had been upset herself. Upon the plaintiff's attorney refusing this compromise, the witness (the servant maid) said, that her mistress, (the plaintiff) was always willing to make up the matter, but that her attorney would never allow her to do so, and had no will of her own. "So then," observed I to the jury, knowing that her attorney's name was Hobson, "this good lady has had nothing for it but 'Hobson's choice.' " And pray then, gentlemen," I added, "as the good woman wants no damages and the cause is Hobson's, give him but a penny at most if you please." This penny the jury gave. When I record that in the same assizes I received seventy guineas for this joke, for briefs came in rapidly, I record a fact which proves a lawyer may begin to acquire wealth by a little pleasantry, who might long wait before professional knowledge introduced him into note and business.

Life of Lord Eldon.

Sir W. Parker has been raised to the dignity of a baronet. It will be recollected that this gallant officer, known in the navy as "Amazon Parker," contributed in no small degree to the termination of the Chinese war; his eminent services were recognised by Parliament, and the first flag-officer's good service pension which reverted to the Admiralty was conferred immediately on Sir W. Parker by the Earl of Haddington.

Mr Brunel, engineer of the Great Western Railway, has arrived in Dublin to complete the survey of the atmospheric line from Dalkey to Wexford.



## LETTER FROM PARIS.

The statement that the Duke of Wellington wore one of Napoleon's swords at a state banquet given to the King at Windsor Castle, has given publicity to the following anecdote: In 1804 the Emperor sent for his jeweller, M. Nicot, and, observing to him that the sword, which he wore at his coronation, did not harmonise with the imperial costume, commanded another. The celebrated diamond, known as "le regent," was transferred to the new hilt; and the old sword, with this exception, was sold to the jeweller. In 1815 the Emperor sent again for Nicot, and told him to put a large emerald in the place the diamond formerly occupied, and he would re-purchase it. But before the order could be completed the hundred days had expired, and the jeweller was again the legitimate possessor of the sword—a fact which he one day incidentally mentioned to one of his customers, an English lady. The next day a stranger called upon him, and wished to purchase the sword—offering to give him his own price for it. But Nicot refused to part with the only relic he possessed of his imperial master; and "the Duke"—for it was no less a personage—after paying him a just compliment for his loyalty, gave his card and left. The sword is now under a glass case in Nicot's drawing room; and he has left it in his will to the Invalides. I have in my library a valuable memento of Napoleon—three volumes of the history of his campaigns in Italy, which originally formed a part of the imperial library at Rambouillet—and one of them contains the following endorsement, in the hand writing of his American biographer: "These books were all that Bonaparte had with him respecting his Italian campaigns on his voyage to St. Helena. This is the identical set, and in this volume there are marks of his pen. They were recognised by Count Las Casas, when I showed them to him. H. LEE."

Few sovereigns understand "king-craft" better than Louis Philippe. I mentioned in my last that Horace Vernet was at Versailles, finishing a large picture of the capture of Abd-el-Kader's Smala, for the Royal Galleries at Versailles. The king went to see it, not long since, and was delighted—complimented the artist particularly on the figures of the French troops in the foreground, one of which, an old grenadier, he declared must be a portrait. "Yes, sire," replied the artist, "Schomberg is a 'vieux moustache' of the empire, who has for the last ten years been winning fresh laurels in Africa, and took a prominent part in the scene of the picture. I sketched him when in Africa, and thinking he would obtain the cross of the legion of honor, painted him with it on his breast, as your Majesty can see; but I was pained to learn, by a letter from him yesterday, that he has no longer any hopes of receiving it—so I must efface it." "No," replied the king, "I authorize you to let it remain."

Murry, the son and successor of the celebrated English publisher of the same name, has concluded a bargain with Scrope Davies, Esq., the friend of Lord Byron, by which he is to give him £1,000 sterling for his reminiscences of the noble poet, including, it is said, a number of his letters which have never been published. I have this information second hand, from Mr. Davies, who now resides here, and I anticipated a work of great interest. While at Baden-Baden, last summer, I had the Countess Guiccioli for a "vis-a-vis," and must retract the unfavorable opinion of her charms, which I gave in a former letter. In full dress, as I saw her at Court, she was certainly not beautiful, but in that simpler costume, which is permitted at the "Conversations Caus," one could discover many traces of that voluptuous loveliness which enchained the bard who had declared:

"My days of love are over; me no more  
The charms of maid, wife, and still less of widow,  
Can make the fool of what they made before."

"GET THEE TO A NUNNERY."—In the latest French journals we find narrated a revolt of a nunnery, to which "the revolt of the harem" was a trifle. The inmates of the harem had never heard of a police; but the insurgent nuns of the French nunnery had been brought up with the fear of the police before their eyes, and yet dared to "kick up a row," as Bombastes Furioso expresses it. These nuns, eleven hundred in number—a formidable body of young and middle-aged ladies, with their minds "made up to mischief"—had lost their Abbess, and were informed that a new one, not quite to their taste, had been appointed to rule over them. Accordingly, in emulation of the Ecole Polytechnique, they resolved that the spirit of Young France should not be understood to inspire the males only of the rising generation—the nuns got up an emeute! Suppressed it was; but, to the credit of the fair rioters be it added, that they smashed every pane of glass in the nunnery before they surrendered. We remember a Christmas insurrection of the Göttingen students which passed off with less real damage, and yet a corps of Jägers were sent from Hanover to keep the Burschen in order. Since Serne's parrot of the Visitandines, no event in a nunnery has created such a sensation in France. The late Laureate had a pet project of Protestant nunneries, and the zealous members of the Romish Church in England seem bent at present upon reestablishing their nunneries on as extensive a scale as possible. For a century or two, we have had few nunneries in this country; but if we are to judge by the exploits of these French nuns, such establishments might be recruited from the refractory young ladies who are occasionally brought before Police Magistrates for laughing at overseers and breaking workhouse-windows. Everything in this world has its use, if men could but find it out; and the termagants whom workhouse-matrons and workhouse-overseers, with the whole *posse comitatus* of their under-strappers, cannot tame, might possibly make very good nuns. Spectator

Dr. Lepsius, the head of the Prussian scientific mission in Egypt, has finished his travels in Ethiopia, and is about to pass the winter in Thebes; still pursuing his archaeological and geographical inquiries. A letter from him, published in the *Prussian Gazette*, relates several singular facts which he learned from Osman Bey. Among others, he mentions, "that in the small state of Fazoglo a custom exists of putting to death by hanging the Kings who may happen to lose the affection of their subjects. The father of the reigning Monarch fell a victim to this barbarous custom. As soon as the Monarch begins to displease his relatives and ministers, they approach him, and, without any preamble, declare to him that no longer pleases either men or women, or oxen, or asses, or poultry; that all his subjects abhor him; and he cannot do better than to die."

PASSING THROUGH A THUNDER CLOUD.—The fear engendered by the proximity of the cloud in which lightning is elaborated, is founded not on any distinct and explicable principles, but on a vague impression that the chances of damage are augmented as we approach the cause of danger, whatever that cause may be. If, then, the risk of injury be admitted to increase as the distance from the thunder cloud is diminished, it would follow, by necessary inference, that destruction would be inevitable to those whose temerity or misfortune might place them actually within the dimensions of the cloud. Experience, however, does not justify this. On the contrary, thunder clouds have been repeatedly traversed with impunity. In August, 1770, the Abbé Richard passed through a thunder cloud on the small mountain called Boyer, between

Chalons and Tournus. Before he entered the cloud, the thunder rolled as it is wont to do. When he was enveloped in it, he heard only single claps, with intervals of silence, without roll or reverberation. After he passed above the cloud, the thunder rolled below him as before, and the lightning flashed. The sister of M. Arago witnessed similar phenomena between the village of Estagel and Limoux; and the officers of engineers engaged in the trigonometrical survey repeatedly experienced the same occurrences on the Pyrenees.

Manuel of Electricity.

## SEIZURE OF THE ARGENTINE FLEET.

[From the B. Ayres Packet, Oct 12]

Early in the morning of the 29th ult. an armed pilot boat schooner, bearing the Oriental flag, was seen standing out from the shore; upon which, the Argentine vessels suspecting her to be one of Garibaldi's craft, placed themselves in readiness to act according to circumstances. This suspicion was, however, soon removed by the confidence with which she approached till within a short distance of the Argentine corvette, 25 of May, when she anchored. A boat was immediately sent from the corvette to bring the commander on board, when it was ascertained that she was the Oriental schooner of war Sancala, one of the small vessels lately armed by the legal President, for the purpose of protecting the commerce of the Buseo against the piratical depredation of Garibaldi. It was also learnt that on her way out she had taken several fishing boats; and had pursued another so close, that it escaped only by taking refuge on board a merchant barque in the harbor. The commander of the Sancala having delivered some despatches from President Oribe, of which he was the bearer, returned to his vessel, which immediately got under way to return to the Buseo. Shortly afterwards it was observed that the barque in the harbor which had given refuge to the fishing boat, and which it has subsequently been ascertained is the Rosalva, having on board the well known Silas Burroughs, owner of the ship Herald, which was seized sometime ago by the Argentine squadron, for sailing without papers, and the perfect legality of which proceeding has been fully acknowledged by the government of the U. S.—having hoisted the American flag and sent a boat on board the U. S. frigate Congress, the latter had manned her boats and despatched them in pursuit of the Sancala, which they boarded, and hauling down the Oriental flag, hoisted in its stead the American ensign and pennant; the Oriental commander and crew being sent prisoners on board of the Congress. About this time the Argentine schooner of war 9th of July, which had been cruising during the morning, was returning to her anchorage; and when within half gun shot of the American brig of war Bainbridge, the Sancala, now transformed into an American vessel of war, and which had taken up a position near the latter, ordered the 9th of July to send a boat on board, which demand being complied with, the officers and crew were made prisoners, and American boats were manned and dispatched to take possession of the 9th of July, which was easily effected, as no hostile intention was suspected. Simultaneously with this extraordinary transaction, the U. S. frigate Congress got under weigh, and coming close alongside the Argentine corvette 25th of May, fired a gun, and ordered Capt. Fitton to strike his flag, which, of course, the latter refused to do, requesting at the same time to be informed of the cause of such an abrupt and singular proceeding. Capt. Voorhees, however, declined giving any explanations; but leaving the 25th of May made sail towards the Argentine brigantine of war Republicano, which happened to be under weigh, and coming up with her sent his boats on board to take possession, which was as easily accomplished as in the case of the 9th of July—the officers in both instances being sent on board the frigate, after having been obliged to surrender the keys of the magazines and arm-chests. Whilst this was going on Capt. Fitton sent a boat with an officer on board the Congress, again begging to be acquainted with the cause of these astounding acts of hostility, but the request was utterly disregarded, and the officer and crew of the boat made prisoners. After the Republicano had been secured, the Congress returned alongside the 25th of May, when Captain Voorhees again summoned Captain Fitton to strike, which the latter again peremptorily refused to do unless forcibly compelled; whereupon the Congress fired a shot over the 25th of May, and, Captain Fitton regarding resistance as useless, from the immense disparity of force, fired another shot and hauled down his colors. Upon this, Captain Voorhees dispatched his first Lieutenant, with two boats, to take possession of the 25th of May, which was done in the same manner as in the case of the two other Argentine vessels. Captain Fitton was immediately sent on board of the Congress, when Captain Voorhees deigned, for the first time, to explain the motive of his outrageous proceedings, which was the allegation that some of the musket shots fired by the Oriental armed schooner Sancala, in pursuit of the fishing boat, had struck the American merchant barque Rosalva. Captain Fitton then informed him—that the fact of the flag ought sufficiently to have indicated—that the Sancala did not belong to the Argentine naval forces accidentally under his command, and that he had never seen her before that morning; but that he understood she was one of the craft armed by the legal government for the protection of neutral vessels trading to the port of the Buseo. After this declaration, Capt. Voorhees, perceiving that he had been a little hasty, signified to Capt. Fitton and his officers that they were at liberty to return to their respective vessels and hoist their flags; but Capt. Fitton, energetically protesting against the gross insult that had been offered to the flag of the Republic, refused to hoist it again, without ample reparation, or before receiving orders from his Government.

The Argentine officers, however, returned to their vessels, when it was found that six seamen, foreigners by birth, who had voluntarily entered the service after receiving a large bounty, had been taken from the "Republicano," and that all the fishermen prisoners had been set at liberty. Capt. Fitton then drew up in writing the protest he had verbally made, to which Captain Voorhees returned an answer no less curious than laconic, also in writing, that he was ready "to respect the Argentine forces and belligerent rights as long as they respected the American forces and neutral rights;" just as if they had ever disregarded them, and had not, on the contrary, carried that respect to a degree unprecedented in the annals of maritime warfare!

Such was the state of things when Commodore Toll, the new Commander of the Argentine squadron off Montevideo, arrived; and this officer, without waiting, we believe, for fresh instructions, ordered the vessels to resume their colours; Captain Pinedo succeeding Captain Fitton in the command of the 25th of May. Commodore Toll immediately notified to the neutral naval commanders the re establishment of the blockade, that had been momentarily suspended through an abuse of force as ignoble as it is outrageous. At the date of the last advices, the Sancala, with her commander and crew, was still detained by the Congress, under pretence that no papers were found on board of her—just as if it were customary or necessary for small armed craft to carry papers, when not going beyond the waters of the country to which they belong; or, as if there were any difficulty in the way of ascertaining the fact, whether her commander bears, as he states, a commission from President Oribe.



## UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

In the present state of affairs between the United States and Mexico, every official document throwing light on the matter will be read with interest. We annex two letters, the close of the diplomatic relations at the last accounts, which we take from the New Orleans Picayune, of the 29th ult.

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES, Mexico, Nov. 4, 1844.

To his excellency M. C. Rejon, Minister of Foreign Relations &c., of the Mexican Republic:

The subscriber, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, has received and read with surprise the note of his Excellency M. C. Rejon, Minister of Foreign Relations of the Mexican Republic, dated the 31st ult., which was designed as a reply to a note of the subscriber of the 14th of the same month, protesting against the proposed invasion of Texas by Mexico, and against the manner in which it was to be conducted.

The undersigned cannot hold communication with the Government of Mexico, except in terms respectful to himself and to the Government and people which he has the honour to represent. The note of his excellency Senor Rejon accuses, with reiteration, in terms the most grossly offensive, the Government of the United States with deceit, artifice, intrigues and designs of a dishonourable character, and of shameless usurpation. It further imputes to General Jackson, that he sent to Texas, while he was President of the United States, Gen. Houston, with the secret purpose and dishonourable design of exciting the people to revolt, with the view of procuring the annexation of the said territory to the United States. These imputations are founded, in part, upon a misrepresentation of the note of the undersigned so gross and palpable and it is repeated with such frequency, and in language so offensive, as to manifest a design deliberately to insult the people and government of the United States. To these imputations, so unfounded, made in language so insulting, and with the same object, the undersigned cannot reply: he has, therefore no other alternative than to request that the note be withdrawn.

The undersigned proposing to despatch by a special messenger, who will set out from here immediately, communications to his government, and as the future relations which may subsist between the United States and Mexico may depend on the representations which may then guide his government, he begs that an immediate reply may be made to this note.

The undersigned, &c.

WILSON SHANNON.

NATIONAL PALACE, (Mexico) Nov. 6, 1844.

To his Excellency Wilson Shannon, Envoy Extraordinary of the United States of America:

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Relations, &c. has received the note of his Excellency Wilson Shannon, Envoy Extraordinary, &c. of the 4th ult. relative to the letter of the undersigned, dated the 31st of October last, repelling the protest which his Excellency made against the invasion of Texas by the Mexican Government, and the mode in which it was intended to be accomplished.

The course of conduct pursued by the Government and Southern People of the United States in the question of the said province, belonging to the Republic, having been very irregular, the undersigned has not been surprised that when the question was placed in its true point of view, stripped of the embarrassments in which it has been sought to disguise it, the American Legation has not chosen to enter upon it—setting up the pretext that it is not permitted to maintain communications with this Government except upon terms respectful to the Legation, and the Government and people which it represents. And, in fact, to what other cause can be attributed this exclusive solicitude which his Excellency Wilson Shannon manifests to demand for himself, his government, and his people—diverting attention from the true question—those tokens or respect which he has denied to the Mexican Republic and its government, which he has so many times, in his note of the 14th of October, denominated barbarous? Is it that the government of the United States is superior in dignity, or does its Legation possess the right of falling short in so grave a manner in its intercourse with a government to whom it has refused those observances which are due, as a matter of courtesy, to private individuals?

Mexico could with justice advance a claim in reparation of these injuries, and would very easily obtain it, if the American government, in place of desiring to cultivate relations of good understanding and friendship, did not seek opportunities to shift or change the issues—provoking a rupture which the government of the undersigned has endeavored, and will still endeavor, to avoid. The government would have been able to return insult for insult, employing the same language, haughtily discourteous, which characterized the two former notes of the American Embassy, more particularly the last one; but it knows too well what is due to itself, in seeking to shield itself from opprobrium in the eyes of the world on a question in which justice and reason are on its side.

If Mexico has been compelled to refer to important acts by which to show the disloyalty of two Administrations and of the Southern people of the United States, it was because no other resource was left by which to make her rights palpable, as well as the injustice by which it is sought to wrest from her an important portion of her territory, the acquisition of which had been thought necessary by all parties and Administrations of the American Republic for twenty years, as is proved by the note of the American Legation of the 14th of October last. Nevertheless, the Mexican government has aimed to limit itself to that which was necessary to make itself understood in the matter, manifesting always in its discussions the consideration due to the majority of the American people, from whose representatives it looks for satisfaction for the want of respect exhibited in this matter by the actual President of the Republic, and whose respectable Senate, and distinguished men, like Adams and Clay, have given to Mexico proofs of their justification of its course.

Thus, the Government of the undersigned, far from finding any motive to withdraw the note which it directed to the American Legation on the 31st ult., the more the subject is considered the more it is convinced of the necessity of allowing it to stand in the terms in which it was transmitted, feeling that it has not exaggerated those facts which it has used to expose to the world the system of falsehood which has been pursued towards Mexico for twenty years, and which the note of the American Legation of the 14th of October abundantly corroborates.

For the reasons above expressed, the undersigned has instructions to insist upon his note in every particular, and at the same time to repeat that if it should happen that the actual government of the United States, by encroaching upon the rights of Mexico, interrupts the relations of friendship which the Government of this Republic has sought and will seek in good faith to maintain, the Mexican Administration, accepting the hard condition which it is forced to adopt, will repel the unjust aggression made upon it, and hold the government of President Tyler responsible for all the evils which may ensue.

The undersigned reiterates with these reasons to his Excellency, Mr. Shannon, the assurances of his very distinguished consideration.

MANUEL CRESCENCIO REJON.

WANTED.—No. 18 of Vol. I., and No. 11 of Vol. III., of the Anglo American, for which 12½ cents each will be paid.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 10 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1844.

The British Mail Steamer *Caledonia* brings our English files to the 19th ult. inclusive, but the intelligence contained in them is, for the most part almost devoid of interest. The *Caledonia* experienced much severe weather and foul winds; she was likewise detained in Halifax sixteen hours by a gale, and upon her arrival at Boston on Friday evening the 6th inst., she was with some difficulty made out. She did not arrive at her destination till last Saturday at 10 A.M.; and, to add to the disappointment of New York and the South, her mail was detained at Stonington a whole day through stress of weather, and did not arrive here till Monday morning.

The first great point of enquiry on these occasions is always the Cotton market, and we are happy to find that prices have not only remained firm but have slightly improved. Still, however, the prudentia system is steadily adhered to, we find no buying on speculation, the quantities taken up are exactly or nearly what are necessary for the completion of actual orders, so that the cotton market is at this period the exponent of the cotton trade.

It seems to be a settled affair that the *Earl of Ellenborough* is to be placed at the head of the Admiralty; honours are showered on his Lordship in plentiful profusion, and, since they are bestowed through the agency of the Duke and Sir Robert, two of the shrewdest men of the times, we are to presume that the Noble Ex-Governor-General has really performed great public services, although some of them are as yet occult to our dull apprehension. Be it so; "Palmam qui meriet ferat" is a good maxim to stand by.

The Agitator continues to "agitate." His conduct reminds one forcibly of an ancient and authoritative observation that "the dog will return again to his vomit." Mr. O'Connell finds the word *Repeal* a better rallying word than *Federation*; hence, though he apparently treated the former with too much slight considering his intimacy with it, and adopted the latter with too much ardour, considering how little he knows about it, yet he finds it his best policy—though a bad one—to try back upon the old slogan. The truth is, he has got so awfully damaged in his Quixotic career, that he will some of these times be brought to Derrinane politically bruised equal to the physical battering of his prototype the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. One of the junior O'Connells, by the bye, has been trying to warm himself and his partizans at a false fire. Some small donations to the Repeal fund have been reported by him as from this country; among others a small sum from the little village of Astoria, near New York city, and this has been magnified into the voice of liberty speaking from the distant regions of the Rocky mountains, and exhilarating the hearts of Repealers with the thought of the universality of that feeling which was supposed to inhabit their own breasts. Alas, alas! "Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus." Now, whether Mr. John O'Connell knew not the geography of this Repeal bounty, or whether he attempts thereby to mystify the Repealers and bolster up a rotten scheme, in either case it is a paltry business, and will assuredly be laughed at. But perhaps in the whole world not another man could be found capable of flying "from Dan to Beersheba," from one professed principle to another with such unblushing effrontery, or be received back with such confidence when he returns from measure to measure. "He must have given these people *stuff* to make them love him," or else he has thrown dust in their eyes till they are altogether blind. But he will deal no more in strong measures.

A highly important meeting has recently been held in Manchester, on the subject of the duties on Raw Cotton, and with a view to obtain either an abrogation, or a substantial reduction of those duties. Many curious and interesting pieces of information were elicited at this meeting, more especially from the Speech of Mr. A. H. Wylie, of the firm of Gordon, Wylie & Co., who has not only large dealings in Cotton in England, but is also a manufacturer in the United States. From him it was elicited that upon a quantity of Cotton manufactured in the United States equal to that manufactured by the firm of which he was a Member in England there was a difference of about £20,000 in favor of the American expense, notwithstanding the high price of labor in the last-named quarter. Taking this or something like this to be the fact, does it not speak volumes on the subject of Tariff as regards the Cotton manufacture? There can be little need of protective duties under such circumstances as these, and it is easy to see how the great Staple of Cotton can be made advantageous to American interests. With the present English duties thereon amounting annually to about three fourths of a Million Sterling, they give, without any other protection, a large pecuniary advantage to the American manufacture; without those duties, there would immediately be given advantages of immense importance in the sale of the raw American product. In fact, assemblies like those to which we allude, afford as much information incidentally as they do through direct argument, and all such as were here touched upon were establishing the principles of free trade more or less. It is doubtful whether so great a drawback from the national estimates as £750,000 would immediately be granted, upon the score of probable counterbalances ensuing therefrom, but the Income tax has been so productive that the thing is possible. Yet again, the moving party in the matter is not one whom the government would step far out of its



course to oblige. Nevertheless if the arguments in favor of reduction be based on plain common sense, and shewing great practical advantages—and no one can see such things more clearly than Sir Robert Peel—the concessions may yet be made or modified, and every step in that direction is useful to commercial interests.

The affairs of Spain are so replete with intrigue, conspiracy, treachery, and bloodshed, that the soul sickens in perusing its annals. No sooner does any minister attain to a high point of elevation than he becomes a mark for the shafts of all others who desire his position,—insensate that they are, and forgetful that a similar fate may be their own in succession. Espartero falls and Narvaez succeeds him; Narvaez is menaced that Prim may be the brief lord of the ascendant; and thus whilst private faction, ambition, avarice, and revenge are stalking through the devoted land, the people are plunged deeper and deeper into distress, and one of the gardens of the world is turned into a desert. The present predominating power is urgent for the restoration of old despotism; it may help to swell the horrors of civil war, and sharpen the axe of the executioner, but no functionary of this day—not even a Spanish one—can bring back the dark and barbarous institutions which Spaniards have washed out with their best blood.

In our news columns to-day will be found an account of a very singular transaction which is said to have taken place between an United States and an Argentine naval force. The account, we must premise, is an *ex parte* one, taken from a Buenos Ayres journal, and is capable of a very different colouring. We give it for what it is worth, and refrain from animadversion, at least until some thing more of the matter is known.

The Hon. Caleb Cushing, who went out to China as Envoy Extraordinary, has effected a treaty with the Celestial Government which is said to be in every way as favourable as that which has been concluded between the British Government and China. An English Journalist says "and a *leettle* more too;" the "*leettle* more" being something relative to Lead, a matter of no importance whatever. The treaty itself is under discussion in the U. S. Senate, with a view to its ratification, and this it will in all probability receive as it now stands, the articles being generally advantageous to this country.

With regard to the Texas question there is not perhaps so complete a unanimity of opinion, but the bias seems to be strongly in favour of annexation, and the anticipation of Mexican remonstrance or other action thereupon does not weigh very strongly. It is believed by many that the British Government will not interfere with it, and that without such interference Mexico will not feel sufficiently strengthened to go beyond words in the matter. In all likelihood the fate of Texas is sealed, and the necessary formalities are all that are now necessary to make it the twenty-seventh state in the Federal Union.—Even as we are closing our remarks a couple of diplomatic notes are presented to our view of a highly belligerent character; they are from and to the American and Mexican ministers at the government of the latter, and they breathe out fire and sword; but the perusal of them does not alter our notions of the final result a jot. Texas will be a Federal State as we have just asserted, and Mexico will have to chew the cud of it as best she may. In the meanwhile we commend the letters to general perusal; they will be found under the proper head in our journal.

The gay, the young, and the sprightly seem now to be getting their hands, or rather their feet, into full practice for the New Year's festivals. The next ball we have to herald is one to be given on Wednesday evening next, the 18th inst., at the Apollo Rooms, by the Sixth Company of the National Cadets. These military fellows, blue, grey, or scarlet, do so throw us poor creatures clad in black into the shade, that we should be afraid to take the field beside them, were it not for the assurances, always to be confided in, that they will exercise no strife against us but the strife of good fellowship. In that, however, we may boldly—"have at them!"

The Ball given on Monday evening last, by the "Scottish Guards," was, in truth, what it promised; it was *recherché*. There were present nearly all the field officers now in the city, and there were numerous ladies and civilian visitors, including among the latter H. B. M. Consul of this port. To the invited guests a sumptuous repast and abundance of the choicest wines were offered, and the dancing, and enjoyments of the party were prolonged until a late hour of—the morning. This last is indeed an auld Scottish custom, on such occasions.

#### WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4, 1844.

To the Editor of the Anglo American:—

The Metropolis of the Union, being, during the session of Congress, the great resort of the statesman, the man of letters, the man of pleasure, and the eminent of all professions, it is not surprising that even in your mighty Emporium, where Arts, Sciences, and Literature prosper, there should be a strong desire, among the intelligent part of your community and among the Patrons of the Anglo American, to read the "Washington Correspondence," which paints LIFE as it passes under the notice of the various contributors to the diurnal and weekly press.

Apart from politics, which the plan of your excellent and able miscellany almost excludes—at least so far as respects the Partisan movements of this great Republic—I propose to send you an occasional letter, concerning our public amusements, literary meetings, the drama, the assemblies, and other public entertainments of our Metropolitan city. Such communications are now generally looked for, not only in the columns of the daily papers, but even in those

of the weekly and monthly class, which profess to furnish their readers with novelty, variety, and miscellaneous intelligence.

The fashionable and gay season has already commenced in Washington, and as it is the short season, no time will be lost in making the usual arrangements for parties, assemblies, soirees, levees, &c.

I had the pleasure of attending this evening the first brilliant entertainment of the season, and partook of the delight that was so universally produced by the wonderful, extraordinary and enchanting performances of the Campanologian Band of Swiss Bell Ringers, at the Assembly Room, which is remarkably well adapted for musical entertainments, it being 84 feet long and 43 feet wide,—a lofty, handsome, and well furnished Saloon, that is likely, as I understand, to be used during the present season, for a series of rich and popular entertainments to be brought out under the direction of Mr. Ward, formerly manager of the National Theatre. The audience who, this evening, enjoyed the exquisite musical treat of the Campanologian Band, was of the most respectable order. There were many members of Congress in the Saloon, numerous parties of ladies and gentlemen, of the *élite* of this Metropolis. The applause bestowed upon the Swiss Bell Ringers was quite enthusiastic. I have no doubt they will continue to attract very numerous and distinguished audiences.

But I cannot extend the present communication. Regard it only as introductory of an occasional Washington Correspondence, and as an evidence of the high esteem which I entertain for the Anglo American.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY CONCERT.—This splendid affair is now in active state of preparation and will take place on Thursday evening next, the 19th inst. at the Tabernacle, Broadway. The object of this concert, that namely of aiding the charitable funds of the Society, has already rendered it popular and interesting to every feeling heart. It is well known that the utmost means of the St. George's Society of New York have been faithfully devoted to the alleviation of distress, the comfort of misery, the care of sickness, and the succour which the pressure of want and poverty in a foreign land so pressingly calls for. These means at the best are small and the requirements are awfully great, they therefore occasionally are induced to ask assistance from without, but not without offering a *quid pro quo* to those who assist in the benevolent scheme for replenishment; and to the honor of art, be it said, that professors abound, willing to be assisting in so gracious a labor.

We believe it may safely be said that whenever the St. George's Society here have undertaken a task like the present they have done it well; giving abundant satisfaction to the public, and reaping a substantial addition to funds always employed usefully, contributing to relieve the necessities of hundreds—nay thousands. In the case now alluded to we are happy to know that the Bill of entertainment will include the names of the *élite* in every department of music, and we may point to those of Mrs. Seguin, Madame Otto, Miss Taylor, Messrs. Seguin, Frazer, Brough, and Sig. De Begnis, vocalists, and to the distinguished OLE B. BULL, Miss Bramson, Miss Elizabeth Sloman, Miss J. A. Kyle: Groneveldt, and Norton, Solo Instruments, together with an Orchestral band of volunteers of the highest quality of art, the whole conducted by Mr. G. Loder, than whom no musician better understands his difficult business, as proofs that it is a superior feast now in preparation for musical ears.

Furthermore, and we know we shall give great satisfaction to many a reader, those who have the matter in charge are already assured of its triumphant success, as the demand for tickets is exceedingly flattering, and that there is every probability of the Tabernacle exhibiting on Thursday next an array of beauty, fashion, splendid dress, judicious criticisms, and kind heartedness not frequently brought within the compass of four walls.

We understand that the entire committee will be in attendance to see to the most comfortable seating of the visitors, an effective police will be there to keep order, and all the requisite precaution; will be taken to facilitate the ingress and egress of parties and keep a due arrangement of the carriages. It is also said that the committee will not issue one ticket beyond the estimated capabilities of the Tabernacle.

THE FORRY MONUMENT.—It is with no ordinary satisfaction we learn that the call of the committee appointed to superintend the erection of a monument in Greenwood Cemetery to the memory of the late Dr. Samuel Forry, has been so promptly responded to by the leading members of the medical profession in this city. So unanimous and emphatic has been the esteem with which his professional brethren have regarded his labors in the cause of medical and physical science, that the most concurrent and spontaneous action resulted upon the first intimation being made of the above proposal. As this is primarily designed as a tribute of respect from the entire medical profession of the country, it is earnestly hoped that all who delight to do honour to the memory of one who in a remarkable degree devoted himself a sacrifice to the interests and advancement of the profession, will lose no time in enrolling their names on the subscription lists now in the hands of the leading members of the faculty, or at the store of H. G. Langley, 8 Astor House. We would especially invite early attention to the above, and a liberal effort on the part of those who contribute, as the expense attending the erection of the marble monument, the iron enclosure, and the purchase of the lots, will prove a heavy disbursement. At the late meeting of the New York Historical Society, of which the Doctor was a member, very marked demonstrations of respect were paid to his memory, and a resolution to the effect was unanimously adopted by the Society.

#### Music and Musiscal Intelligence.

PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.—It is surely the fate of this house and its present establishment never to be in a tranquil state; the quarrels of Italian musicians have long been proverbial, but this remark could never have more complete illustration than is daily given here by the worshipful professors of the vocal art.



Hardly has the effervescence subsided which ensued upon the appearance of a rival Prima Donna, when another horrible vision springs up in the likeness of a young aspirant who is found to have too many qualifications for a seconda donna, and who must not be permitted to take higher ground. The latest opera introduced here, "La Cenerentola," unfortunately brought Miss Moss more prominently forward than the great ones of song had anticipated; she is ordered to suppress some passages of which she had not previously been deemed capable, but she perseveres, she obtains applause mingled with surprise, and must therefore—be crushed. We must say that if the ordinary report be true the young lady has helped forward the mischief which has befallen. However fine the vocal qualities she possesses, and they are many, she is too great a novice in operatic matters as yet, to be entitled to the distinction of large characters for her name on the public bills. It is indeed asserted that this privilege was in her original articles, that it was evaded, and that, when finally insisted upon, a man—if we are not profaning the name—of the company told this fair, young, person, that she was a liar! Be that as it may she ought not to have been pertinacious on such a point. The consequence, however, was a change in the cast, not for the better, for the successor of Miss Moss was obliged to incur the ridicule of singing a portion of an Italian opera in English!—whilst the rest was in the original language. With respect to the general performance of this opera we shall say that Picot, who is really an amiable woman as far as we can learn, is also a charming singer of the Cenerentola; her contralto notes are much in use in this part, and rich and mellow they certainly are; but we protest against that horrid tremolo. In the grand finale, the "Non piu mesta" she was admirable indeed. Tomasi is a fine specimen of the full round barytone verging on the true bass quality, he was warmly and justly applauded, and he wanted only a little more animation to have been capital in his Dandini. Sanquirico is a clever Don Magnifico, he acts well, but he acts over-much. But we regret to say that we could find little to praise in Don Ramir of Antognini; he was out of tune, he hid the text in tinsel ornament, and, was more a bully than a prince in action. This opera is one of Rossini's best, and should always command a continued run.

**THE SECOND SLOMAN CONCERT.**—Those really talented young ladies, with the effective assistance of their father, have given a second concert at the Apollo Saloon, and it went off with even increased applause. Before we proceed in our remarks, we would correct an error into which we were led by the general resemblance in point of features in this family. The young pianist here is *not* the young lady whom we heard with so much pleasure at Niblo's, the latter being now married. Miss Anne Sloman is, in fact, the youngest, the fair pianist being also her senior. To return to our business. We have not much to vary from our former account of the musical abilities of these two clever young performers. Miss A. Sloman, however, was much firmer in her singing, and was deservedly applauded throughout her performances. Miss Elizabeth Sloman won every ear and every heart by her singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which was loudly encored; and her execution on the harp exhibited both taste and feeling in a high degree. Mr. Sloman himself sang a mock scena, involving the whole history of "Blue Beard," capably; it convulsed the audience with laughter, and was of course encored. This is a clever burlesque, the composition, or rather the arrangement, having much merit. It opens with the March in Blue Beard, and a little air called "Yes, Beda," both in minor key, and conveying a most ludicrous idea to those who are familiar with the original composition; the scena also includes snatches of many musical gems, from the most popular operas of the most popular modern composers, and the whole is really a work of merit, as well as of comic effect. We believe that these entertainments will be repeated once more in the course of a few days, and we would strongly advise every lover of music or of laughter to be there.

### The Drama.

**PARK THEATRE.**—A most prosperous course of Opera has just terminated. That it has been really so may be fairly inferred from the circumstance that "The Bohemian Girl," and that only, has been the staple during the entire series, and that the benefits of Mr. Seguin, Mr. Frazer, and Mrs. Seguin—we give them in their order—have been of the most triumphant description. This opera, if it had not other claims to public approbation, would yet have the charm of novelty, the delight of scenery, processions, dances, and all the wild interest which the introduction of Gypsy characters is calculated to inspire. But Balfe is deserving of much higher praise than this; he is a sound musician, of great experience, fine taste, and not a little tact. It may perhaps be said of him that he has borrowed a few ideas for this opera, but in these days we can hardly find a composer who does not. If Donizetti, Adam, and others who appropriate by wholesale, can be pardoned, surely some indulgence may be allowed to Balfe, who has at most done it in a small way; unless the maxim holds good, that small robbers are to be punished while great ones are to be admired. The Seguins and Frazer now proceed to Philadelphia, where, we doubt not, they and their opera will be fully successful. In the ensuing week a drama which has been and still is eminently successful in London will be brought out here. It is called "Don Cesar di Bazan."

With regard to the opera of "The Bohemian Girl," we have been informed by a respected friend that although the Count Arnheim was written for Mr. H. Phillips, and intended by him for his performance, yet that circumstances prevented his doing so, and the part has been well performed by Signor Boranni.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—The new Burlesque, "William Snell," is doing quite as well as ever its prototype did; laughter and interest divide the feelings of the audience, and as for variety they have surely enough when they witness in one night such representations as "William Snell," "The Golden Farmer," and "The Flying Dutchman."

**MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—The indefatigable manager of this favourite establishment certainly "goes ahead" of all others that we wot of for his prompt determination and celerity in carrying out a plan. He has just produced here the favourite new piece called "Don Cesar di Bazan;" it is cast unexceptionably, played without a mistake, all goes "trippingly off," and as for the audience their name is legion. The hero, Don Cesar (Walcott) is a reckless

rollicking Spaniard, without a maravedi in his purse, and hardly a cloak to his back, but he has retained his honour and his courage. He is condemned to death for being too ready with his sword, but he is permitted an honourable death on condition of marrying one whose face he must not see. The bride is an ambitious gypsy, Maritana (Miss Clark) who is nevertheless virtuous and innocent, but whom the Spanish minister Don Jose (Fenno) wants to throw into the arms of the King of Spain (Debar) for the double purpose of drawing his royal master's attention from state affairs, and for the advancement of his own infamous designs upon the Queen. Don Cesar is saved from death by means of a boy named Lazarillo (Miss Taylor) whom he had saved from infamous and undeserved punishment, and after certain plottings and counterplottings Don Jose's treachery is discovered. Don Cesar is restored to wealth and honour, he acknowledges his humble but virtuous wife, and the piece concludes.

Of those whose names and parts we have here spoken we cannot hesitate to reiterate unqualified praise; we know Walcott's *humour* but we had not any idea of his talent for pathos, but he possesses it in a high degree. Of the clever Miss Clark it is unnecessary to speak, for her qualities are largely bruited abroad. Miss Taylor did the persecuted, mild, and faithful boy charmingly, and looked the character finely. Fenno did the remorseless and scheming Don Jose in excellent keeping, and the parts of the King by De Bar, and the comic characters of Spanish nobility by Mrs. Hardwick and Nickerson were agreeably sustained. There is an excellent bacchanalian song and chorus in the first act, which pleases greatly; in short the thing is a real dramatic gem, and, when it has run its first career here, it will be placed among the best of the stock pieces.

**CHATHAM THEATRE.**—The manager has secured the valuable talents of Mr. John Dunn at his establishment. This actor possesses a large share of the *vis comica* in his disposition, and is exceedingly happy in eliciting it before an audience. His Rascal Jack is inimitable.

Messrs. Mueller & Place have opened the American Theatre, New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, jr., are now there. The Italian Company, now playing at Palm's, is engaged, by Mr. Povey, general theatrical agent in this city, at the American, for March and April, and will play four times a-week. Mr. H. Phillips will, in all probability, play for six or seven nights in the same theatre in January. He is to be followed by the Swiss Bell Ringers.

The Theatre Royal Olympic, in Montreal, opened for the Season last Monday, with an excellent company; the persons engaged consist of the following—Mrs. George Jones, Mrs. W. Penson, Mrs. Mestayer, Mrs. Henry, Misses Linwood, Groves, Montgomery, Fitzjames, &c. &c. Messrs. Charles, Howes, Mestayer, Dunn, Henry, Farley, Hall, Addams, J. G. Jones, &c.

Mr. Booth is engaged for part of January and February next, at the American Theatre, New Orleans.

\* \* Our Literary Notices are unavoidably postponed.

### ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

#### GRAND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT

AT THE TABERNACLE, BROADWAY.

On Thursday Evening, December the 14th,

IN AID OF

THE CHARITABLE FUND OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,

The following Eminent Artists have kindly proffered their services:—

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

MRS. SEGUIN,	MADAME OTTO,	MISS TAYLOR,
Her first appearance at a Concert } since her return.	[By permission of Mr. Mitchell]	
MR. FRAZER,	MR. SEGUIN,	MR. BROUGH,
His first appearance at a Concert } in this country.	His first appearance since his return.]	
SIGNOR DE BEGNIS.		

PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTALISTS.

Violin—OLE BULL.

Pianoforte—MISS JOS. BRAMSON,	Harp—MISS ELIZ. SLOMAN,
Flute—MR. JOHN A. KYLE,	Clarinet—MR. GROENVELDT,
Trumpet—MR. JOHN THOMPSON NORTON.	

THE BAND will be numerous and efficient, and consist of the first Instrumental talent in the country.

Conductor—MR. GEORGE LODER.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR, to be had at the principal Music stores, or of the following Gentlemen, Members of the Committee:

W. D. CUTHBERTSON, President of St. George's Society, 61 Water st.	
J. TAYLOR, Jr., 1st Vice President do.	72 Beaver.
HENRY JESSOP, 2d Vice President do.	91 John st.
A. Barclay, H. B. M. Consul, Ex-P.,	Henry Owen, 91 John st.
Thomas Dixon, Ex-P., 51 William.	William Jackson, 177 Broadway.
Charles Edwards, Ex-P.	John Spawforth.
Edw. F. Sanderson, Ex-P.	John Warrin, 74 Maiden lane.
Robert Bage, 126 Maiden Lane.	J. K. Braabury, 72 Beaver st.
Joseph Rhodes, 50 Exchange Place.	B. H. Downing, 49 William st.
A. D. Paterson, Anglo American office, 4 Barclay st.	James R. Walters, 296 Broadway.
Alfred Waller, 130 Pearl st.	Charles Cox, 4 Wall st.
	Edmund Baldwin, 155 Broadway.

### PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 16, 1844.—First night of "Don Cesar de Bazan," and "The Spy."

TUESDAY—Miss TURNBULL'S Benefit.

WEDNESDAY—"Don Cesar de Bazan," and "The Spy."

THURSDAY—Mr. CRISP'S Benefit.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY—"Don Cesar de Bazan," and "The Spy."

### LECTURES ON SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY.

MR. CLIREHUGH respectfully intimates to his friends and the lovers of Scottish Melody, that he has prepared a Series of Lectures illustrative of the Ancient and Modern Minstrelsy of Scotland, including the early Historic and Romantic Ballads of the chivalrous periods of the Hardyknute, the Wallace, the Bruce, the Douglas, the James' and

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER; the Heroic, Pathetic, and Humorous Ballads of Prince Charles Stuart, and his Adventurous Wanderings; also, the Origin and History of the oldest and most admired Scottish National Melodies which have been wedded to verse by the Immortal Ramsay, Burns, Macnail, Tannahill, Scott, &c. with Anecdotes of these Authors and their Songs. The Songs in illustration will be announced in the Programme of each Lecture. These Lectures will commence at an early day, of which due notice will be given, and be continued once a week till concluded. D.7-1f.



## LONDON CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

**NOTICE.**—The Publishers of the American edition of the *Christian Observer* give notice that, at the earnest solicitation of the numerous Episcopalians, they propose to resume the publication of that work with the January No., 1845, provided a sufficient number of subscribers should be obtained within that time to warrant their so doing. In order to secure its permanent success the subscription price will be \$3 per annum, and the publishers hope to be sustained in their effort to circulate one of the best religious publications, by receiving the cordial support of all who desire the accomplishment of the undertaking.

MASON & TUTTLE, 123 Nassau-Street.

\* Periodical Dealers and the Trade generally will be supplied at the usual wholesale price.

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The Bonus (or profits to policy holders of five years standing,) declared at the last annual meeting in May, 1844, was as follows:—

60 per cent. on the amount of annual premiums, as a reversionary addition to the policy—15 2-3 per cent. payable in present cash—or, on the average, 2 per cent. in permanent annual reduction of future premiums—at the option of the assured.

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30	1 21	1 30	2 22	2 46
35	1 46	1 54	2 54	2 80
40	1 61	1 64	2 93	3 26
45	1 72	1 78	3 47	3 85
50	1 94	2 06	4 21	4 68
55	2 34	2 96	5 29	5 86
60	3 73	4 25	6 68	7 49

**PROFITS.**—The following examples are given of the profits distributed at the last annual meeting of the Society, which was held in London, in May, 1844.

Age.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premium.	Policy taken out in	Bonus in addition to annual premium.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent Reduction of annual Premiums.
60	\$5000	\$370 84	1837	\$852 31	\$386 26	\$60 93
			1838	720 52	321 38	49 08
			1839	584 00	256 48	37 98
AT ANNUAL MEETING, MAY, 1844.						
54	20,000	1000	1837	2148	875	113 75
59	5,000	237 08	1837	663	295	44 82
56	15,000	877 73	1838	1482	615	82 40

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And transmitted to any paper in the UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

This Agency, which has been some time established and is now in successful operation, will be found useful to those who wish to Advertise, in any of the Country Newspapers, as by this medium considerable labor, expense and delay is saved to the Advertiser, for in whatever number of papers an advertisement may be ordered to appear, only one copy of it is required, while the charge is the same as made by the respective publishers.

A File of all the principal Papers published in the United States and Canada is kept at the Office, with a List of the Terms, the Population of the Towns, and the Counties through which the several papers circulate.

M. W. R. BRISTOL, Professor of Music, &c., would be very happy to receive a few pupils on the Organ or Piano Forte. For terms &c., apply at 95 Eldridge-street. Lessons in Harmony, Composition, &c. [Nov. 23-6m]

## INTRODUCTORY

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

**THE UNDERSIGNED**, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sail of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading Interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Descriptive Lists of Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the gratuitous use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEONARD, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the City Hall, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, gratuitously.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. LEONARD, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.

P.S. Ships and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners' below—Brigs', alone.

**ALBION NEWSPAPER.**—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable price. Address D. E. at this Office. St.25-1f.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.**—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pen, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River  
 " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.  
 " " Harlem River.  
 View of the Jet at  
 Fountain in the Park, New York.  
 " in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.**—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by  
 June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

## LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

**A COSTIVE AND DYSENTERIC** time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Child in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Ra with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the **BRANDRETH PILLS**, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the **BRANDRETH LINIMENT**, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever, and Ague the **BRANDRETH PILLS** are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the **BRANDRETH PILLS** secure to the human body, is **PURE BLOOD**.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the **BRANDRETH'S PILLS** surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head.—A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth, Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1840 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Ag.17]

**GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—LAW AGENCY.**—THOMAS WARNER, No. 18 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c., begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such Law business in England and parts adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, T. W. on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby T. W. has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

T. W. therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill, and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms.

St.25-3m.

## McGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

**THIS ESTABLISHMENT** situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843.

JAMES MCGREGOR.

[Mar. 9-1f.]

## NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

**DAILY**, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 24 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners.

May 11-1f.



# SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Indiscriminate Use of Mercury, Arsenic, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.*

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How con- solating, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's SARSAPARILLA! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with the regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skillful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself WELL and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable SARSAPARILLA cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER.

218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's SARSAPARILLA. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing. He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative SARSAPARILLA. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good; the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of SARSAPARILLA. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your SARSAPARILLA alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above named Daniel McConnikan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,

Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your SARSAPARILLA. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your SARSAPARILLA, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the SARSAPARILLA. I sent one dozen bottles, which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to the neighbourhood.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Burt, Kingston, T. Brickle, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's SARSAPARILLA that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's SARSAPARILLA, and take no other.

NOTICE.—W. THOMPSON, General Agent and Collector, Washington City, attends to the Collection of Accounts, and any other Agency and Commission Business, which may be entrusted to him by Publishers, Merchants, and others having subscribers or claims in the District of Columbia.

REFERENCES.—Messrs. Sturges, Bennett, & Co., Walker & McKenzie, J. O. Sullivan, and A. D. Paterson, Esq., New York; Messrs. Gowen & Jacobs, and Alderman Hays, Philadelphia; Messrs. Dobbin, Murphy & Rose, Baltimore; and Messrs. Cales & Seaton, Washington, D.C.

## DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseases, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take Brandreth's Pills; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, biters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; if upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Lonic or Bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well-being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus securing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and general weakness, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born today of bilis, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac-similes of the labels on the box, it like the Pills, they are genuine—It is not, there has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be noted there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant, B. BRANDRETH, M. D. Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. (Sept. 11.)

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, fruit, Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plans. Ap. 20-11.

M. RADEK, 40 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segars Manufacturers, and manufacturers. Ap. 20-1y.

## OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, May 1, Aug. 1, Nov. 1, Dec. 1, 1844.	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, May 16, Aug. 16, Nov. 16, Dec. 16, 1844.
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 10, Oct. 10, Feb. 10, May 10, Aug. 10, Nov. 10, Dec. 10, 1844.	June 25, Oct. 25, Feb. 25, May 25, Aug. 25, Nov. 25, Dec. 25, 1844.
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, May 1, Aug. 1, Nov. 1, Dec. 1, 1844.	July 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, May 16, Aug. 16, Nov. 16, Dec. 16, 1844.
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, May 16, Aug. 16, Nov. 16, Dec. 16, 1844.	July 31, Oct. 31, Feb. 31, May 31, Aug. 31, Nov. 31, Dec. 31, 1844.
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, June 1, Sept. 1, Nov. 1, Dec. 1, 1844.	Aug. 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, May 16, Aug. 16, Nov. 16, Dec. 16, 1844.
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 10, Dec. 10, April 10, June 10, Sept. 10, Nov. 10, Dec. 10, 1844.	Aug. 25, Oct. 25, Feb. 25, May 25, Aug. 25, Nov. 25, Dec. 25, 1844.
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, July 1, Oct. 1, Dec. 1, 1844.	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, July 16, Oct. 16, Dec. 16, 1844.
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 10, Jan. 10, May 10, July 10, Oct. 10, Dec. 10, 1844.	Sept. 25, Jan. 25, May 25, July 25, Oct. 25, Dec. 25, 1844.

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-alp, N. Y., and to BARRING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 3.